

THE

BOYS OWN PAPER

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.
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COLORED FRONTISPIECE:
"MAN OVERBOARD!"



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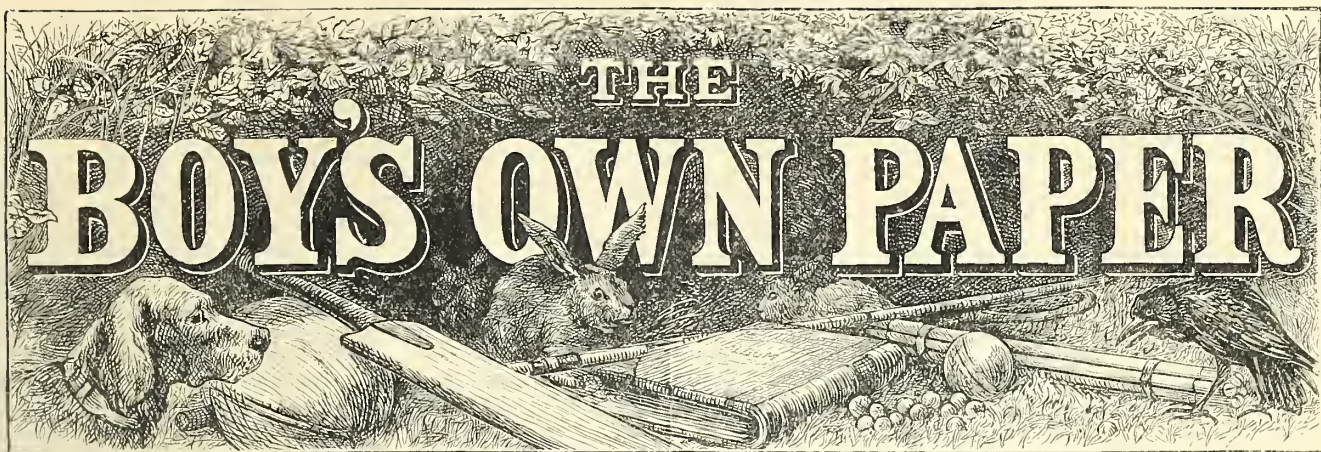
W. H. OVEREND, 1886.

[THE BOY'S OWN PAPER]

GROVER & BLACK, NOTTINGHAM

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

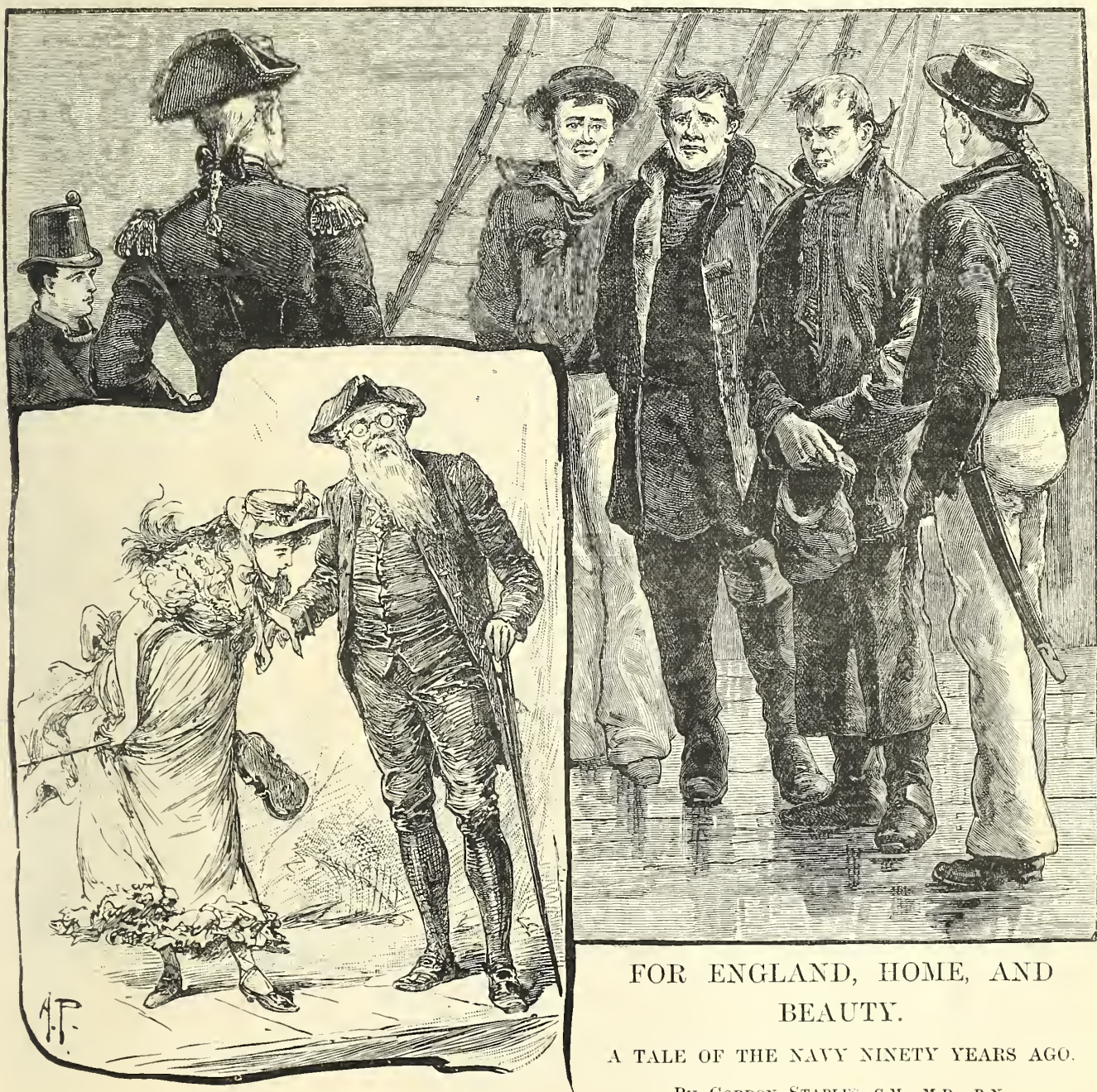
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FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND
BEAUTY.

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

"A pretty lot of simpletons they looked!"

CHAPTER V.—A STRANGE PRESSGANG ADVENTURE, WHICH HAS THE MERIT OF BEING TRUE.

DICK stirred the fire with hearty goodwill, then settled himself in his chair to listen to the conclusion of Peniston's story, for what boy does not like to hear of an adventure with a little bit of struggle and a little bit of fun in it?

"I had just finished dinner," continued Peniston, "when the sentry, after a premonitory knock, popped his head between the curtains, and said,

"If ye please, Mister Fairfax, it's wanted on deck you are by the first liftinant, and sorra else."

"I went up at once, and there were our first luff and Bluebeard, whose real name you'll hear in a minute, talking and laughing in the gangway.

"I saluted and stood silent.

"You're come for Mr. Fairfax. Here is Lieutenant Sampson, who has borrowed you. I don't quite know what the strange duty you have to perform is, but it is duty, and I know you'll consider it so, and do your best."

"I will, sir," I replied, saluting again.

"Bravo, boy. Now bustle off and put on plain clothes."

"I was below in half a minute, and back again before they knew where they were. Down I ran and took my seat in the gig, and our first lieutenant waved me a smiling adieu.

"It was evident enough that if I acted my part well and successfully I should have him for a friend for many a day. So I resolved to do my best.

"As soon as we landed on the jetty, after giving some directions to his men, Lieutenant Sampson, alias Bluebeard, led me straight to this very inn, and the landlord himself let us in by a back door and conducted us to this room.

"Leave us for a short time now, landlord," said Bluebeard; "come back in half an hour, and you will find this young gentleman and me gone, but a Miss Fairface will be here. Let her have whatever she likes to keep her in good-humour, and see that a good dinner is on the table by six o'clock."

"Out went the landlord, carefully closing the door behind him; then Sampson turned to me:

"Now, Susan, lass," he said, laughing, "there is the looking-glass, and in that box yonder you will find your dress, for this occasion only." Get into it and make yourself as charming, as spruce and trig, as a king's cutter in a sea-way."

"Off went Bluebeard, and I proceeded to obey orders at once. I first locked the door, then I turned out and examined all myinery from top to toe. The rig ran thus—a stylish little jaunty hat to wear above my long, flowing tresses of dark hair; stays to make me neat around the waist; a white dress, trimmed with lace and ribbons of blue, and from its length evidently meant to dance in; silk stockings, and pumps with buckles of silver.

"When I had everything on, and I took a glance at the glass, I was both surprised and delighted at my smart appearance. I made at least a score of

attitudes in front of that glass before I got tired, curtsied and bowed and smiled and frowned, and flirted with my fan, and even danced a *pas* or two, and finished off by calling myself a fool, but immediately afterwards consoling the image in the glass by saying it was all for the good of the service.

"I next bundled all my male attire into the box, locked that, and unlocked the door. Then I rang the bell.

"It was that sly old landlord who entered.

"I await your commands, Miss Fairface," he said, hiding a smile behind his fingers.

"Attend to the fire," I said, "and bring me a glass of—of—"

"Grog, miss?"

"Certainly not," I replied, with a frown. "A glass, sir, of eau-de-sugar."

"He was soon back with the beverage, and at the same time he laid upon the table a case containing that charming old violin on which I have just been playing.

"Perhaps," he said, "Miss Fairface would like to play. The doctor won't be long, miss."

"The doctor?" I asked, in some surprise, but the man had disappeared.

"I played and sang to myself for fully two hours, and acted again before the glass for quite another hour. Then I sat down to think, and I dare say I must have fallen asleep, for it was quite dusk when I started to hear a loud rattat-tat at the parlour door.

"Come in!" I cried.

"And the door opened, giving me a full view of a smart-looking old man in black, a gold-headed cane, a dark three-cornered hat, and long white beard.

"Your servant, miss," he said, with a bow; "pray let me ring for lights."

"You won't be a bit surprised, I'm sure, Dick, to know that this old doctor was no one else but Bluebeard himself in disguise. But I would never have known him had he not taken off the beard for a moment.

"Then we both had a hearty laugh, and admired each other's get-up.

"The obsequious waiter who attended to us at dinner could have entertained no suspicion of our identity, so solemn and polite he was. When the man retired to order a hackney, Bluebeard explained his plans, and you will understand these fully in a few minutes. To begin with, anyhow, I was to act Miss Susie, the doctor's daughter.

"We were soon safe inside our hackney and away it rattled, and, in about a quarter of an hour, brought us to a lonely spot quite on the outskirts, and near a wood.

"The hackney was dismissed, and, with my over-mantle wrapped around me to cover my white dress, I followed my companion for some distance in silence. Had he not carried a lantern it would have been impossible to make out our road, so dark was it under the trees.

"In good time he stopped, and, placing his fingers in his mouth, emitted a shrill whistle, then another, and still a third. In a few moments, from the wood to our right, came back, in an echo-like answer, three similar sounds.

"It's all right, Susie, my dear," said Bluebeard, taking my hand, "mind

your feet, else you'll fall and spoil your pretty dress."

"We had not gone far ere lights from two windows glimmered across our path. It looked as though we were nearing a cottage, but I soon discovered it was a large caravan, and that there was another not far from it.

"Everything all right, Dan?" said Sampson.

"Everything, sir, all taut and square, and the men are in the other van."

"Sober, I trust."

"Sober, sir? Yes, sir, and will be. I'll brain the first man who dares disobey me."

"Right, Dan. Now we'll go. Mount, Susie, my girl."

"The inside of the caravan was most clean, neat, and cosey, and a fine fire was burning in one corner, while at the after-end were two sleeping berths, precisely like those you see on board merchant ships.

"The caravans were soon out on the road, and presently up came a big, round moon; it rose higher and higher, and soon it was all nearly as light as day, or would have been but for the great oak-trees and the solemn nodding pines, for our path lay all through the woods, and inland to the north and west as well as I could guess."

"I sat for hours outside by my companion, who was driving. But the strange monotony and gloom of the woods, and the ever-flickering white moonlight that shimmered down through the spreading boughs, made me sleepy at last. I nodded, and would have fallen had not Bluebeard given me a friendly shake.

"Go and turn in, Susie, my lass," he said. "We have a long, dreary road before us, and it is like this nearly all the way."

"I took his advice and was soon sound asleep in one of the berths, nor did I wake till morning.

"Before I opened my eyes I began wondering where I was, for all was still except a sound like waves breaking and tumbling round a ship, and this, you know, was the wind among the trees. Then I remembered all, and jumped up and dressed.

"My father—so I must now for a time call Sampson—was absent, but soon joined me, and a servant entered at his heels bearing a tray on which stood a savoury and most sumptuous breakfast.

"All the forenoon I wandered about the silent woods, for we were not to go on till the sun was well over the foreyard, if you understand.

"The place where we lay was a patch of level grassy sward in the forest not more than three miles from the village which was our destination.

"The other caravan was hidden among the trees, and we started at last; we took no one with us except a young man to drive.

"All the fun of the fair was at its height when we reached the village—flags were flying, a band was playing, there were booths of every kind, and stalls covered with confectionery, and games of all sorts going on, and, amid

* Much of that wood has now disappeared, and the whole face of the country is changed.

all the excitement, youthful country bumpkins dressed in their best, swaggering around looking as merry and bright as Michaelmas daisies.

"We got our caravan bivouaced at a far-away quiet corner of the village green, and there we also pitched a tent and hung up a gay little flag to flutter in the breeze. This fetched a few young bucks about us, but the flutter of my white dress, as I appeared meteor-like for only a moment fetched far more. We soon had quite a crowd.

"A part of the caravan was let down and gaily cushioned, and on this platform my father appeared and commenced to harangue the crowd.

"For half an hour and over he kept his tongue wagging. There wasn't a subject of the time he did not touch upon, but he turned everything to ridicule. Then he turned his satire upon the crowd, but not as a whole; he singled out individuals, chaffed them, and bantered them till they were the laughing-stocks of all about them.

"What fun it was! I myself was behind the curtain, but I laughed till my sides were sore and the tears ran over my cheeks.

"My father now brought out his wonderful pills, the best medicine that the world ever yet had seen; they cured every disease, and were a panacea for all human ills. The King on the throne could not live without them; our ships could not float without them, nor our soldiers fight.

"Would they buy! would they buy! would they buy! only a penny a box!

"Will you buy? Will you buy? Will you?"

"No! Then he would give them away!" and more than two dozen boxes were quickly distributed among those gaping joshkins.

"To their intense surprise each box contained a silver coin. That was the pill the King could not live without.

"Those pills sold speedily now; but, lo! only one in a dozen contained a coin, the others a pea, or a bee, or a blue-bottle fly, or a tiny frog—something, at all events, that never failed to raise a laugh.

"And always, when for a moment father paused, the man who drove us played a solo on the big drum.

"Now," said my father, "I will produce before you my lovely daughter, who, under the wild and romantic name of the Princess Susie Oina, ought to have travelled the whole of Europe, and danced at every court, and captivated every crowned head in it. Here is the illustrious Princess."

"He led me forth, fiddle in hand.

"I came, I saw, I conquered. I played, I danced, I sang. I captivated and enthralled the souls of all the men, and made all the maidens toss their heads with jealousy. And the silver and copper coins rattled on the top of our great drum every time I made my bow.

"So the afternoon wore away, and meanwhile cider-sellers were doing a roaring trade around our van. At length my father reappeared.

"He pretended now to talk rather thickly.

"Gentlemen, all," he said, "I've been drinking the health of the rustic popu-

lation, and jolly farmers, and jolly farmers' boys. And I'm going to drink to you all again, and bad success to wars by sea and land, and long live prosperity and peace."

"Gentlemen, my daughter, the Princess Susie Oina, will now decorate with the bright rose of love the manly breasts of the twelve handsomest young braves on the grass. Oina, do your duty!"

"I did. I nimbly sprang to the turf and pinned a pretty ribbon on the coat of over a dozen most likely lads indeed. As I did so I whispered to each, 'Come to the tent in half an hour and drink my father's health.'

"Now the horse was put in, and the van restored to its usual appearance; it was getting dusk, and, with one rousing cheer, all departed.

"Need I tell you, Dick, that, true as the needle to the pole, those gallants returned and came to the tent, which was still unstruck?

"I appeared to be in grief.

"My father," I said, "meant to have been here to receive you all. He is not a real gipsy, but an eccentric old gentleman, who goes about to fairs, making fun, and, he thinks, doing good. But here comes Joe with something!"

"Anyhow, you must drink!"

"They did drink, more than once, too, and then more was called for.

"Not now, not now," I cried; "supper will be waiting us in the Blind Man's Glade, in the forest."

"We will come, we will come," cried half a dozen. "Will you play and dance to us in the glade?"

"They elicited from me a half-reluctant 'yes,' then away I went.

"The trap was laid, Dick, and baited with the charms of the beautiful 'Princess Susie Oina.'

"The second act of the strange drama now commenced, but please to stir the fire again, for it is excessively cold."

Dick obeyed, then settled himself once again.

"Well," continued Peniston, "here is our position; the trap is laid in the middle of a deep, dark forest, a spot as silent as the grave, and eminently suited for any kind of entertainment, from farce to tragedy, the trap is baited with Susie Oina, and at least a dozen fools are marching innocently towards it.

"I declare to you, Dick, that I really felt for the poor fellows. Impressment may be duty, Dick, lad, but it is dirty work at the best.

"When we were within about a quarter of a mile of our rendezvous, wrapping myself in my over-mantle I slid quietly down from the caravan and ran as fast as a fawn on ahead. As soon as near enough, I gave the signal by whistling thrice. It was answered, and I was soon at the hidden caravan.

"I've got 'em, lads," I cried. "Now heave round. We want supper for twelve and enough for twenty. Is the big tent up?"

"Yes, sir, and supper's ready too."

"A large tent had been erected near the centre of the glade, and it was now lit up. By-and-bye up came our caravan, and some distance behind we could hear a rattling chorus of voices, proving clearly enough they were coming.

"I wasn't to make myself visible at first. I wasn't to make myself too cheap, you know. I had only invited a dozen, and here came fifteen.

"The more the merrier," said father, who was all alive now, and ready to do the honours.

"We squatted around a raised table on the grass in the tent, father at the top and I at the bottom.

"Father was in grand form, so was I; and really it was a treat to hear those fine young fellows laugh at our jokes, as they caused basin after basin of that glorious hare soup to disappear.

"Laugh! Why, they laughed till the very forest rang again, and pigeons flew flapping out of the trees.

"They had some service rum with supper, but not enough to make them quarrelsome—only silly and merry.

"Soon after supper my fiddle was brought. I played them merry airs at first; then father handed round the flowing bowl, as he called it, telling them they must soon be going.

"Not yet, sir; not yet, doctor," was the general cry.

"It won't be long," said father, with a sly wink to his Susie.

"Nor was it. For no sooner had they all drank of that last cup than all began to nod, and nod, and nod, nod, nod, as if some invisible spirit had entered the tent and cast a spell over all the crew.

"At the same time I began to play the saddest, slowest, dreamiest music I could think of. Then, as Byron hath it, Dick,

"Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine."

"And your father's," said Dick.

"Right," Peniston said, "for Bluebeard, as I may now call him, was never more alive in his life."

"Well done, Susan," he cried, grasping my hand. "Now to have them all trussed and laid out."

"I hope you haven't given them too much, sir," I said.

"Never fear, Susie. I know my business."

"Dick, lad, my story is about finished. It has one merit—it is true.

"In another hour our victims, tied hand and foot, were in the spare caravan guarded by armed men.

"Next morning they stood in a row on the jetty, waiting for the jolly-boat, and flanked by marines with fixed bayonets.

"A pretty lot of simpletons they looked, too.

"But our first lieutenant was overjoyed at Bluebeard's success.

"It is the first lot," he told him, "ever I saw you bring without broken heads and cutlass wounds."

"It is all owing to Susie," replied B.B.

"All owing to Susie."

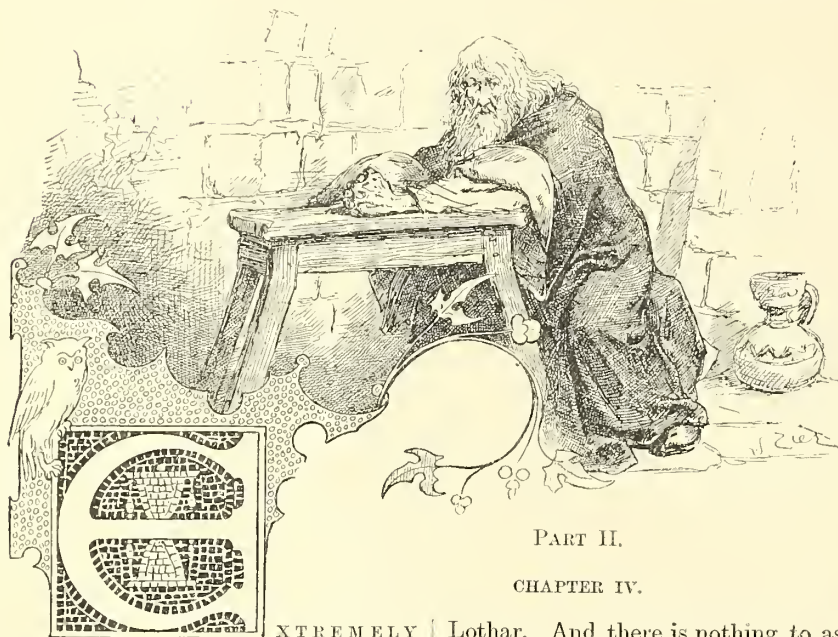
"Most of those young fellows are still on board," added Peniston, "and they would not exchange the wheel-spokes for the best plough-stilts in a Corn-wall. And now, Dick, suppose we send to see if your traps are come, then hook off to our ship. The old Blazers will be glad to see us."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

XTREMELY few are the ruins of Carlovingian buildings that remain, but among them are those of St. Médard. And St. Médard was Lodwig's prison.

At a short distance from Soissons, the old Merovingian capital, and in the middle of a pleasant plain beyond the Oise, there rose the famous convent founded by King Chlothar, enriched by his successors, and which Charles the Great had beautified with extensive work of much magnificence. The cloister built by his orders is still in part standing; and from it the visitor descends into the massive sombre crypt where the kings of the earlier race sleep in their coffins of stone. To the right, deeper still underground, is the dungeon of Charles's son.

Eight feet long and five feet wide, with thick walls, through which the moisture leaks in tears, a narrow hole through which come air and light, and at which the gaolers watched every movement; everything gloomy, sinister, implacable, and laden with despair; the dungeon ten centuries afterwards still appals the heart. In that foretaste of the tomb the emperor martyr was for more than a year immured.

To the horrible captivity was added mental torture almost as cruel. He knew that his wife and child were prisoners as he was, and persecuted as he was. Every moment he trembled to hear that they had succumbed; and when he closed his eyes in sleep he dreamt that he saw them pursued and murdered by his foes. In all the long list of victims known to history there are few to be compared with this old man, fallen so deep for no other crime than his gentleness of heart. And those who tortured him so were his own sons, and he who was the chief was the one he had loved the best,

Lothar. And there is nothing to astonish us, nothing we care to doubt as to the authenticity of the inscriptions which the guide shows us with his torch are now incrustated in its walls. Of them the most noteworthy is this:

"Alas! I am indeed the prince
Of sufferers, and still I last!
I would that death to me could come,
And that this grief were overpast!"

These ingenuous complainings, these despairing words, have doubtless been inscribed by some sympathising monks in much later times; but assuredly the imperial prisoner would have written them with his blood and his tears.

Often when one of his gaolers (who were often changed for fear of treason) would descend to bring him his black bread and filthy water, which were all his food, the emperor would throw himself on his knees and ask,

"What has become of the Empress Judith? What has become of my son?"

And invariably the gaoler would reply in one word,

"Abdicate!"

Time after time monks in the pay of Lothar would enter the cell by day or night, and sit down in the niches we still can see. To them the emperor would appeal for news as to Judith and Karl. And their only reply would be,

"Renounce your heritage! Abdicate in favour of Lothar!"

Then there were long inquisitions in which monk after monk would recount the pretended crimes of the unfortunate emperor and overwhelm him with insults and monstrous calumnies as to his share in the death of Bernhard, of Bernhard immolated by Hermengarde's implacable hatred in spite of Lodwig's formal orders. Night and day the accusers would come, and even raise the phantom in his dreams, until Lodwig,

in terror and dismay, would veil his face in his hands.

And of these monks the worst and most inexorable was that monster of ingratitude men call Ebbo, who had been born a slave and whom Lothar had freed and overwhelmed with favour and promoted to the chief ecclesiastical dignity of the empire, and whom later his peers were to condemn as unworthy of them and to nickname as Judas.

But Lodwig held out. He was not a complaisant victim; he was a martyr inspired by piety with such resignation and strength that to him at last was given the victory. Secretly he felt himself sustained by the Thirteen; and although he saw them not, he had many proofs of their mysterious influence.

Sometimes when he broke his bread he found a letter in it; sometimes when he drank his water there was a letter at the bottom of the jug; sometimes a friendly voice would reach his ear; and each time all he heard or read was, "France and Karl."

Once or twice among the monks who came to trouble him he had found a hand that clasped his arm, and a voice that whispered, "Patience!"

In one of these unknown friends, who were certainly the emissaries of the Thirteen, he had recognised Eginhard; there could be no mistake about the figure, the voice, and the eyes that glowed deep in the ample hood. It was Eginhard, there could be no doubt.

"The day of vengeance draweth nigh," he said to the prisoner. "Keep quiet, Lodwig—and hope!"

And it was true that at this time a reaction had set in in favour of the son of Karl the Great. Not only had the majority of the counts and bishops in the different parts of the empire been converted by the generous propaganda of the Thirteen, but Lewis and Pepin, the Kings of Germany and Aquitaine, had begun to repent of their treason and its results, and to shrink from being the accomplices of their father's odious persecutor.

This happy turn of affairs was principally due to the able policy of Hughes and Drogo, the heroic bastards of Karl the Great, the brothers on whom Lodwig had imposed the tonsure, and who had taken noble vengeance in becoming intrepid representatives of his rights. Although Lewis the German thought of little beyond hunting, and Pepin thought of little beyond drinking, yet they were moved at last by the eloquent exhortations of their uncles Hughes and Drogo, who said to them,

"We also have reason to complain of Lodwig, but by the will of God, and the will of our father Karl, he is the head of the Franks, and he ought to remain our emperor."

And when the argument still hung fire, they would add,

"Better obey your father Lodwig, a holy man, than your brother Lothar, who is a monster of hypocrisy and in-

gratitude, and who has no ambition but to destroy you!"

And then Lewis and Pepin could not restrain a gesture of anger, for they submitted to Lothar's domination no less impatiently than to that of Lodwig.

Lodwig that all was ready for his deliverance, it was Ganelon, it was Bertrade, who suddenly shattered his hopes. They warned Lothar of the change of opinion among his people, and of the numerous defections await-

Lewis and Pepin warned Lothar to treat their father with less rigour. They even demanded to see him either personally or by their delegates, and assure themselves that the old man was not as ill as rumour made him out to be.



"Ebbo was half leaning out."

The struggle was long; the good cause had not only to defeat the suspicious diplomacy of Lothar, but the keen-sighted vengeance of Bertrade and Ganelon, which, like an ancient hydra, continually returned to life.

Just as Eginhard was about to tell

ing but the signal to become manifest.

At first the pride of the usurper was such that he refused to believe in these things. But one day there came two messages simultaneously from Germany and Aquitaine, and for the second time

Lothar saw the imminence of his danger, and resolved to meet it with a bold stroke. He took Lodwig out of prison and set out with him to Aachen.

The weakness and pallor of the old emperor clearly betrayed his long sufferings, and no one was allowed to

visit him on the way. It was hoped that he would recover himself a little as he journeyed, and to gain time the progress was slow, the halts became longer and longer, and more and more numerous.

At last he arrived; and the solemn interview had to take place, for the envoys of Lewis and Pepin had been waiting for some time.

But before the ceremony Ebbo came into the prisoner's room, and said to him in a threatening tone,

"Remember that Karl and Judith are in our hands, and that we reckon on your silence. If you let fall one word of accusation against us I have only to come to this window beneath which two horsemen will be waiting, two men as inexorable as destiny, and if you speak and force me to give the signal, that signal means the death of Judith and Karl!"

"Oh! I will be silent! I will be silent!" said the old man, trembling with terror.

An hour later the messengers of Lewis and Pepin were introduced, followed by a numerous escort in which were represented all the dignitaries of the empire.

Lodwig endeavoured to rise to do them honour, but he could hardly do so.

A murmur of compassionate indignation ran round the assemblage.

Encouraged by this testimony of sympathy, Lodwig held out his hands in supplication towards the visitors.

"I am here!" said Ebbo, standing near the old man's chair. "Remember!"

And with a look he renewed his threat.

The husband of Judith and father of Karl let fall his trembling hands and dared not look at the nobles who advanced towards him.

"Emperor Lodwig!" said the first, "my master, Lewis the German, does not forget that he is your son, and he sends me to ask if his brother Lothar has for your old age all the consideration that is your due; if in your abasement you are nevertheless satisfied with the way in which he treats you?"

"Speak!" said the second ambassador; "speak without fear, Emperor Lodwig. King Pepin, your son and my master, would spare you, at your advanced age, the burden of governing the heritage of the Great Karl, but he understands that you retain the title, and with the title you enjoy the liberty, the respect, and the happiness which assuredly your virtues merit."

"Yes! yes!" said many who were present, "say a word, but one word, and we are here to do you homage and justice."

The old man raised his eyes, and seeing but friendly faces, he rose with the gesture of a man who would at length reply.

But a sudden noise called his attention to the window. Ebbo had ascended the steps; Ebbo was half leaning out, ready to give the signal to those in attendance beneath.

Lodwig remembered his wife and child, and sank back into his chair.

"I accuse nobody," he said. "I do not complain."

And in the secrecy of the heart he continued,

"I have saved those I love."

But a great tumult arose among those who were present by this unexpected reply; the majority refused to be duped by what was obviously some infamous comedy. And partisans of Lothar entered and mixed with the crowd, while Ebbo's servants took Lodwig away in the confusion.

They took him back to the oratory where he had spent the earlier part of this sorrowful day, and which he had chosen for his prison. As he knelt on his chair he noticed some characters which had evidently been recently written at the foot of the crucifix. He read:

"Do not despair. If hatred has conquered to-day, devotion will soon have its revenge. Nothing will discourage it, nothing will it omit, and in continuing its work it watches over thee, over Karl, and over his mother. Be patient, and—be brave!"

While this salutary advice poured some balm into Lodwig's new wounds, his enemies endeavoured to stifle the murmurs of a too keen-sighted compassion, and to hasten the time of festivity, in which they might be forgotten. During the days that followed, a few individual visits were allowed; but Ebbo was always present, and Lodwig remained mute. And then all those who desired to know the true position of the deposed monarch, set out from Aachen.

Lothar thought he had triumphed. He reckoned without the Thirteen, or, rather, without their secret friends, who had put the matter in its true light as soon as each interview was over. And the counts and bishops returned with the news.

"The Emperor Lodwig has suffered cruelly. He seems to be twenty years older. His hair and beard are quite white. He looks like a corpse. And if he was obstinately silent, it was because of some awful threat, some infernal device we could not fathom. It concerns our honour not to let the son of Karl the Great suffer and die in that way."

And these words flowed, as it were, drop by drop into the farthest ends of the empire, and filled the cup of pity to overflowing.

Lothar thought he had driven away the danger; but to complete his triumph it was necessary for him to obtain the paternal abdication, which would alone confer on him the imperial power.

"He must yield," he said, "or he shall die!"

After a few weeks at Aachen, he had Lodwig taken to Compiègne, and thence he had him taken back to St. Médard.

There a new course of persecution and torture began, but still the old man would not yield.

Even the gaolers recoiled at their task, and Lothar began to despair, when suddenly Ganelon reappeared.

For more than a year he had been kept to his bed in suffering, in the constant fear of death—of death without revenge. Landrik's wounds were terrible wounds indeed!

But Ganelon at last got well. He arose, recovered his strength, gained enough at last to mount his horse, and set out for Compiègne.

When Lothar saw him he rejoiced with great joy, and took him aside and poured the story of his anger into a sympathising heart. After listening to the fevered recital of Lodwig's unexpected resistance, Ganelon remained thoughtful for a minute or so. Then, with his face lighted up with a smile of hatred, he looked at Lothar, and said,

"When you threatened him at Aachen with the death of Karl, he—"

"Yes—well?"

"Well, under the same threat he will abdicate."

"We have tried that a hundred times already, and always in vain."

"I will answer for its success if you will let me try."

"What will you do?"

"Go to Prum and bring Karl here."

"But why?"

Ganelon rose, and after walking round the room to make sure no one saw or heard, he stepped up to Lothar and whispered in his ear.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lothar, with hideous enthusiasm, "I will give you more than a duchy. I will give you a kingdom, Ganelon!"

"Can I go to Prum?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"To-night."

"Allow me, master, to decide. I am too ill to start the very day I have arrived. Besides, I must renew my intrigues with my old friends, and chiefly with Bertrade."

"Good!" said Lothar. "I know that Bernhard's widow will work for me. But you go to-morrow!"

(To be continued.)



THE MIDDY AND THE MOORS.

AN ALGERINE STORY.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Prairie Chief," "Twice Bought," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII—THE LAST.

"GEORGE, your mudder wants you." Such were the words which aroused George Foster from a reverie one morning as he stood at the window of a villa on the coast of Kent, fastening his necktie and contemplating the sea.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," said the middy, turning quickly round, and regarding with some anxiety the unusually solemn visage of Peter the Great.

"Wheder dere's anyting wrong or not, 'snot for me to say, massa, but I t'ink dere's siffin' up, for she seems in a carfuffle."

"Tell her I shall be with her instantly."

Completing his toilet hastily, our hero repaired to his mother's apartment, where he found her seated in dishabille with an open letter in her hand, and some excitement in her face.

"Is Laronde better this morning?" she asked as her son sat down on a sofa at the foot of her bed.

"I don't know, mother—haven't been to his room this morning. Why do you ask? Has anything happened?"

"I will tell you presently, but first let me know what success you have had in your search."

"Nothing but failure," said the middy, in a desponding tone. "If there had been anything good to tell you I would have come to your room last night despite the lateness of the hour. We were later than usual in arriving because a trace broke, and after that one of the horses cast a shoe."

"Where did you make inquiries, George?"

"At the solicitors' office, of course. It is through them that we obtained what we hoped would be a clue, and it is to them that poor Marie Laronde used to go to inquire whether there was any chance of her husband being released for a smaller sum than was at first demanded. They had heard of a dressmaker who employed a girl or woman named Laronde in the West End, so I hunted her up with rather sanguine expectations, but she turned out to be a girl of sixteen, dark instead of fair, and unmarried! But again I ask, mother, what news, for I see by your face that you have something to tell me. That is a letter from Minnie, is it not?"

"It is, George, and I am very hopeful that while you have been away on the wrong scent in the West End of London, Minnie has fallen, quite unexpectedly, on the right scent in one of the low quarters of Liverpool. You know that she has been nursing Aunt Jeanette there for more than a fortnight."

"Yes, I know it only too well," answered the middy. "It is too bad that Aunt Jeanette should take it into her head to get ill and send for Minnie just three weeks after my return from

slavery! But what do you mean by her having fallen on the right scent? Surely she has not found leisure and strength both to hunt and nurse at the same time!"

"Yes, indeed, she has. Our last winter in that charming south of France has so completely restored her—through the blessing of God—that she has found herself able for almost anything. It happens that Aunt Jeanette has got a friend living close to her who is an enthusiastic worker amongst the poor of the town, and she has taken your sister several times to visit the districts where the very poor people live. It was while she was thus engaged, probably never thinking of poor Laronde's wife at all, that she—but here is the letter. Read it for yourself, you need not trouble yourself to read the last page—just down to here."

Retiring to the window the middy read as follows:—

"Darling Mother,—I must begin at once with what my mind is full of, just remarking, by the way, that Aunt Jeanette is improving steadily, and that I hope to be home again in less than a week."

"Well, I told you in my last that Miss Love—who is most appropriately named—had taken me out once or twice on her visits among the poor. And, do you know, it has opened up a new world of ideas and feelings to me. It is such a terrible revelation of the intensity of sorrow and suffering that is endured by a large mass of our fellow-creatures! I am persuaded that thousands of the well-to-do and the rich have no conception of it, for it must be seen to be understood. I feel as if my heart had become a great fountain of pity! And I can well—at least better—understand how our dear Saviour, when He wanted to give evidence of the truth and character of His mission, said, 'The poor have the gospel preached unto them, for if any class of beings on the face of this earth stand in need of good news it is the poor. God help and bless them!'"

"Well, the other day Miss Love came to ask me to go out with her to visit some of her poor people, among others one—a very singular character—a woman who was reported to be a desperate miser, inasmuch that she starved herself and her child for the sake of saving money. It was said that she was very ill at the time—thought to be dying—and seemed to be in a wretched state of destitution. Her name, Miss Love told me, was Lindy."

"As Auntie was pretty well that day I gladly accompanied my friend to her district. And it was an awful place! I shudder even now when I think of the sights and sounds and dreadful language I saw and heard there—but I must not turn aside from what I have to tell. I pass over our visits to various families and come at once to the reputed miser. She was in bed, and from her flushed face and glittering eyes I could see that she was in high fever. She started, raised herself on an elbow, and glared at us as we entered."

"I was deeply interested in her from the first moment. Although worn and thin, with lines of prolonged suffering indelibly stamped on her, she had a beautiful and refined face. Her age appeared to be about thirty-five. A lovely, but wretchedly clothed girl, of about fourteen years of age, sat on a low stool at her bedside. And oh! such a bed it was. Merely a heap of straw with a piece of sacking over it, on a broken bedstead. One worn blanket covered her thin form. Besides these things, a small table, and a corner cupboard, there was literally nothing else in the room."

"The girl rose to receive us, and expressed regret that she had no chairs to offer. While Miss Love went forward and talked tenderly to the mother I drew the girl aside, took her hand affectionately, and said, 'You have not always been as poor as you now are?'"

"'No indeed,' she said, while tears filled her eyes, 'but work failed us in London, where we once lived, and mother came to Liverpool to a brother, who said he would help her, but he died soon after our arrival, and then mother got ill and I had to begin and spend our savings—savings that darling mother had scraped and toiled so hard to gain—and this made her much worse, for she was so anxious to save money!'"

"This last remark reminded me of the reports about the mother's miserly nature, so I asked a question that made the poor girl reply quickly:—

"'Oh! you mustn't think that darling mother is a miser. People so often fall into that mistake! She has been saving for ever so many years to buy father back—

"'Buy father back!' I repeated, with a sudden start."

"'Yes to buy him from the Algerine pirates—'

"I waited for no more, but, running to the bedside, looked the poor woman steadily in the face. There could be no doubt about it. There was the fair hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion, though the last was sadly faded from ill-health."

"'Marie Laronde!' I said, earnestly."

"You should have seen the look of surprise she gave me. But I had been foolishly precipitate. Her mind had been wandering a little before we came in. The shock seemed to throw it further of the balance, for she suddenly looked at me with a calm sweet smile."

"'Yes,' she said, 'he always called me Marie, though my name was Mary, being a Frenchman, you know—his little Marie he called me! I often think how pleased he will be to see another little Marie grown big when we get him back—but oh! how long—how long they are about sending him, though I have sent the money over and over again. Hush!'"

"She looked round with a terrified expression and clutched my shawl with her thin hand. 'You won't tell, will you?' she went on; 'you have a kind face, I am sure you will not tell, but I have been saving—saving—saving, to send more money to the Moors. I keep it in a bag here under my pillow, but I often fear that some one will discover and steal it. Oh! these Moors must have hard, hard hearts to keep him from me so long—so very long!'"

"Here she thrust me from her with unexpected violence, burst into a wild laugh, and began in her delirium to rave against the Moors. Yet, even in the midst of her reproaches, the poor thing prayed that God would soften their hearts and forgive her for being so revengeful.

"Now, mother, I want to know what is to be done, for when we sent for a doctor he said that not a word must be said about the return of her husband until she is out of danger and restored to some degree of health."

Thus far the middy read the letter.

"Mother," he said, firmly, "the doctor may say what he likes, but I am convinced that the best cure for fever and every other disease under the sun is joy—administered judiciously, in small or large doses as the patient is able to bear it! Now, the primary cause of poor Marie's illness is the loss of her husband, therefore the removal of the cause—that is, the recovery of her husband—"

"With God's blessing," interjected Mrs. Foster.

"Admitted—with the blessing of the Great Physician—that is the natural cure."

"Very true, George, but you wisely spoke of small doses. I am not sure that it would be safe to tell Monsieur Laronde that we have actually found his wife and child. He also is too weak to bear much agitation."

"Not so weak as you think, mother, though the sufferings of slave-life and subsequent anxiety have brought him very near to the grave. But I will break it to him, judiciously. We will get my dear little Hester to do it."

"Your Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, in surprise. "I trust, George, that you, a mere midshipman, have not dared to speak to that child of—"

"Make your mind easy, mother," replied the middy, with a laugh. "I have not said a word. Haven't required to. We have both spoken to each other with our eyes, and that is quite enough at present. I feel as sure of my little Hester as if we were fairly spliced. There goes the breakfast-bell. Will you be down soon?"

"No. I am too happy to-day to be able to eat in public, George. Send it up to me."

The breakfast-room in that seaside villa presented an interesting company, for the fugitives had stuck together with feelings of powerful sympathy since they had landed in England. Hugh Sommers was there, but it was not easy to recognise in the fine, massive, genial gentleman, in a shooting suit of grey, the ragged, wretched slave who, not long before, had struggled like a tiger with the janissaries on the walls of Algiers. And Hester was there, of course, with her sunny hair and sunny looks and general aspect of human sunniness all over, as unlike to the veiled and timid Moorish lady, or the little thin-nosed negress, as chalk is to cheese! Edouard Laronde was also there, and he, like the others, had undergone wonderful transformation in the matter of clothing, but he had also changed in body, for a severe illness had seized him when he landed, and it required all Mrs. Foster's careful nursing to "pull him through," as the middy styled it. Brown the sailor was also there, for, being a

pleasant as well as a sharp man, young Foster resolved to get him into the Navy, and, if possible, into the same ship with himself. Meanwhile he retained him to assist in the search for Marie Laronde and her daughter. Last, but by no means least, Peter the Great was there—not as one of the breakfast-party, but as a waiter.

Peter had from the first positively refused to sit down to meals in a dining-party room!

"No, George," he said, when our middy proposed it to him, on the occasion of their arrival at his mother's home—"No, George. I *won't* do it. Das flat! I's not bin used to it. My proper speer is de kitchen. Besides, do you tink I'd forsake my Angelica an leabe her to feed alone downstairs, wile her husband was a-gorin' of his self above? Neber! It's no use for you, George, to say you'd be happy to see her too, for she wouldn't do it, an' she's as obsuit as me—an' more! Now you make your mind easy, I'll be your mudder's black flunky—for lub, not for munny. So you hole your tongue, George!"

Thus the arrangement came to be made—at least for a time.

The middy was unusually grave that morning as he sat down to breakfast. They were all aware that he had returned from London late the previous night, and were more or less eager to know the result of his visit, but, on observing his gravity they forbore to ask questions. Only the poor Frenchman ventured to say, sadly, "Failed again, I see."

"Not absolutely," said Foster, who was anxious that the invalid should not have his breakfast spoiled by being excited. "The visit I paid to the solicitor did indeed turn out a failure, but—but I have still strong hopes," he added, cheerily.

"So hab I, George," remarked Peter the Great, from behind the chair of Miss Sommers, who presided at the breakfast-table, for although Peter had resigned his right to equality as to feeding, he by no means gave up his claim to that of social intercourse.

"Come, Laronde. Cheer up, my friend," said Hugh Sommers, heartily; "I feel sure that we'll manage it amongst us, for we have all entered on the search heart and soul."

"Right you are, sir," ejaculated Brown, through a mouthful of buttered toast.

"It only requires patience," said the middy, "for London is a big place, you know, and can't be gone over in a week or two."

"Das so, George," said Peter, nodding approval.

After breakfast Foster sought a private interview with Hester, who undertook, with much fear, to communicate the news to Laronde.

"You see, I think it will come best from you, Hester," said George in a grave fatherly manner, "because a woman always does these sort of things better than a man, and besides, poor Laronde is uncommonly fond of you, as—"

He was going to have said "as everybody is," but, with much sagacity, he stopped short and sneezed instead. He felt that a commonplace cough from a

man with a sound chest would inevitably have betrayed him—so he sneezed. "A hyperkrite as usual!" he thought, and continued, aloud:—

"So, you see, Hester, it is very important that you should undertake it, and it will be very kind of you, too."

"I would gladly undertake a great deal more than that for the poor man," said Hester, earnestly. "When must I do it?"

"Now—at once. The sooner the better. He usually goes to the bower at the foot of the garden after breakfast."

Without a word, but with a glance that spoke volumes, the maiden ran to the bower.

What she said to the Frenchman we need not write down in detail. It is sufficient to note the result. In the course of a short time after she had entered the bower, a loud shout was heard, and next moment Laronde was seen rushing towards the house with a flushed countenance and the vigour of an athlete!

"My little girl has been too precipitate I fear," remarked Hugh Sommers to the middy.

"Your little girl is never *'too'*—anything!" replied the middy to Hugh, with much gravity.

The ex-Bagnio slave smiled, but whether at the reply or at the rushing Frenchman we cannot tell.

When Laronde reached his room he found Peter the Great there, on his knees, packing a small valise.

"Hallo! Peter, what are you doing? I want that."

"Yes, Eddard, I know dat. Das why I's packin' it."

"You're a good fellow, Peter; a true friend, but let me do it; I'm in terrible haste!"

"No, sar, you's not in haste. Dere's lots ob time. [He pulled out a watch of the warning-pan type and consulted it.] De coach don't start till one o'clock; it's now eleben; so dere's no hurry. You jest lie down on de bed an I'll pack de bag."

Instead of lying down the poor Frenchman fell on his knees beside the bed and laid his face in his hands.

"Yes—das better. Dere's some sense in *dat*," muttered the negro as he quietly continued to pack the valise.

Two hours later and Laronde was dashing across country as fast as four good horses could take him, with George Foster on one side, Peter the Great on the other, and Brown on the box-seat—the fo'el, he called it—beside the red-coated driver.

Whatever may be true of your modern forty-mile-an-hour iron horse, there can be no question that the ten-mile-an-hour of those days, behind a spanking team with clattering wheels, and swaying springs, and cracking whip, and sounding horn, *felt* uncommonly swift and satisfactory. Laronde shut his eyes and enjoyed it at first. But the strength engendered by excitement soon began to fail. The long weary journey helped to make things worse, and when at last they arrived at the journey's end, and went with Miss Love and Minnie to the lodging, poor Laronde had scarcely strength left to totter to his wife's bedside. This



The Hunter's Return.

(Drawn for the Boy's Own Paper by H. WALKER.)

was fortunate, however, for he was the better able to restrain his feelings.

"She has had a long satisfactory sleep—is still sleeping—and is much better," was the nurse's report as they entered. The daughter looked with surprise at the weak worn man who was led forward. Laronde did not observe her. His eyes were fixed on the bed where the pale thin figure lay. One of Marie's hands lay outside the blanket. The husband knelt, took it gently and laid his cheek on it. Then he began to stroke it softly. The action awoke the sleeper, but she did not open her eyes.

"Go on," she murmured gently; "you always used to do that when I was ill or tired—don't stop it yet, as you *always* do now, and go away."

The sound of her own voice seemed to awake her. She turned her head and her eyes opened wide while she gazed in his face with a steady stare. Uttering a sharp cry she seized him round the neck, exclaiming, "Praise the Lord!"

"Yes, Marie—my own! Praise the Lord, for He has been merciful to me—a sinner."

The unbeliever, whom lash, torture, toil, and woe could not soften, was broken now, for "the goodness of the Lord had led him to repentance."

* * * *

Did the middy, after all, marry Hester, alias Geo'giana, Sommers? No, of course he did not! He was a full-fledged lieutenant in his Majesty's navy when he did that! But it was not long—only a couple of years after his return from slavery—when he threw little Hester into a state of tremendous consternation one day by abruptly proposing that they should get spliced immediately, and thenceforward sail the sea of life in company. Hester said timidly she couldn't think of it. George said boldly he didn't want her to *think* of it, but to *do it*!

This was putting the subject in quite a new light, so she smiled, blushed, and hurriedly hid her face on his shoulder!

Of course all the fugitive slaves were at the wedding. There was likewise a large quantity of dark blue cloth, gold lace, and brass buttons at it.

Peter the Great came out strong upon that occasion. Although he consented to do menial work, he utterly refused to accept a menial position. Indeed he claimed as much right to, and interest in, the bride as her own radiant "fadder," for had he not been the chief instrument in "sabin' dem bof from de Moors?"

As no one ventured to deny the claim, Peter retired to the privacy of the back kitchen, put his arm round Angelica's neck, told her that he had got a gift of enough money to "ransom his sister Dinah," laid his woolly head on her shoulder, and absolutely howled for joy.

It may be well to remark, in conclusion, that Peter the Great finally agreed to become Mrs. Foster's gardener, as being the surest way of seeing "Geo'ge" during his periodical visits home. For much the same reason Hugh Sommers settled down in a small house near them. Laronde obtained a situation as French master in an academy not far off, and his wife and daughter soon gave evidence that joy is indeed a wonderful medicine!

As for George Foster himself, he rose to the top of his profession. How could it be otherwise with such an experience—and such a wife? And when, in after years, his sons and daughters clamoured, as they were often wont to do, for "stories from father," he would invariably send for Peter the Great, in order that he might listen and corroborate or correct what he related of his wonderful adventures when he was—a "Middy among the Moors."

(THE END.)

THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.

FELGATE, as we have said, had almost forgotten the existence of the "Sweep" or the fact that he had given his name to the venture.

When therefore Railsford unexpectedly walked into his study, he did not in any way connect the visit with that trivial incident.

He conjured up in his mind any possible motive the master could have for this interview. He could only think of one, and perceiving a paper in Railsford's hands, concluded that he had discovered the authorship of a certain anonymous letter addressed to Mr. Bickers, and had looked in for a little explanation.

Felgate was quite prepared to gratify him, and promised himself a cheerful quarter of an hour over so congenial an occupation.

He was, in consequence, considerably mortified, when the real object of the visit unfolded itself.

"Felgate," said Railsford, "I have come to you on very unpleasant business. This is not the first time I have had to caution you that your example in the house is neither worthy of a prefect nor a senior boy."

"Thank you, sir," said Felgate, with ostentatious indifference. He had better have remained silent, for Railsford dismissed whatever of mildness he had come armed with, and stood on his dignity.

"Don't be impertinent, Felgate, it

will do you no good. I want to know how it comes that your name appears here at the head of a list of entries for a sweepstake on a horse race, when you as a prefect know that gambling in any shape or form is strictly prohibited here?"

Felgate, taken back by this unexpected indictment, looked at the paper and laughed.

"I really don't know how my name comes there. I can't be supposed to know why anybody who likes should write my name down on a piece of paper."

"You mean to say that you never entered your name?" asked Railsford, beginning to feel a sense of relief.

"Certainly not."

"You were asked to do so? What did you reply?"

"I haven't a notion. I probably said, don't bother me—or do anything you like, or something of that sort."

"Did you point out that it was against the rules?"

"No. Is it against the rules? There doesn't seem any harm in it, if fellows choose to do it. Besides, it wasn't for money."

"Did you give six stamps?"

"Stamps? I fancy some one came to borrow some stamps of me a week or so ago. I forget who it was."

"Felgate," said the master with a tone of scorn which made the prefect wince, "it is hardly worth your while

to tell lies when you can satisfy me of your guilt quite as easily by telling the truth. I won't ask you more questions, for I have no wish to give you more opportunities of falsehood. Here are your six stamps. Go to Doctor Ponsford to-morrow at 8 p.m."

Felgate looked blank at this announcement.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Go to the Doctor? Are you going to tell him about a trifle like this?"

"It is no trifle for a prefect deliberately to break the school rules and encourage others to do so. I have said the same thing to you before."

"Look here, Mr. Railsford," said Felgate, with a curious mixture of cringing and menace. "It's not fair to send me to the Doctor about a thing like this. I know you have a spite against me; but you can take it out of me without bringing him into it. I fancy if you knew all I know, you'd think twice before you did it."

Railsford looked at him curiously.

"You surely forget, Felgate, that you are not speaking to a boy in the Shell."

"No, I don't. I know you're a master, and head of a house, and a man who ought to be everything that's right and good—"

"Come, come," interrupted Railsford, "we have had enough of this. You are excited and forget yourself to talk in this foolish way."

And he quitted the study.

What, he wondered, could be the meaning of all this wild outbreak on the part of the detected prefect? What did he mean by that "If you knew all I know"? It sounded like one of those vague menaces with which Arthur had been wont to garnish his utterances last term. What did Felgate know, beyond the secret of his own wrong-doings, which could possibly affect the Master of the Shell?

It flashed across Railsford suddenly, —suggested perhaps by the connection of two ideas, that Arthur himself might be in some peril or difficulty.

It was long since the master had attempted to control the secret of his prospective relationship with the vivacious young "Shellfish." Everybody knew about it as soon as ever he set foot in Grandcourt, and Daisy's name was common property all over the house.

Arthur had contrived to reap no small advantage from the connection. The prefects had pretty much left him alone, and, as a relative of the master's, he had been tacitly winked at in many of his escapades, with a leniency which another boy could not have hoped for.

What if now Arthur should lie under the shadow of some peril which, if it fell, must envelop him and his brother-in-law both? If, for instance he had committed some capital offence, which if brought to light should throw on him (Railsford) the terrible duty of nipping in the bud the school career of Daisy's own brother?

It seemed the only solution to Felgate's mysterious threat, and it made him profoundly uncomfortable.

He felt he had not done all he might for the boy. He had been so scrupulously careful not to give any pretext for a charge of favouritism, that he had even neglected him at times. Now and then he had had a chat; but Arthur had such a painful way of getting into awkward topics, that such conferences were usually short and formal. He had occasionally given an oversight to the boy's work; but Arthur so greatly preferred to "mug," as he called it, in his own study, that opportunities for serious private coaching had been quite rare.

Recently too, a difference had sprung up between Arthur and "Marky," about the Smileys; and Railsford felt that he had not done all he might to smooth over that bitter memory and recover the loyalty and affection of the bereaved dog-fancier.

It may have been some or all of these notions which prompted the master to invite his young kinsman to accompany him on the following day—being the mid-term holiday—on an expedition into the country.

The occasion had been chosen by the Grandcourt Naturalists Field Club for their yearly picnic. This club was a very select, and, by repute, dry institution, consisting partly of scientific boys and partly of masters. Its supposed object was to explore the surrounding country for geological, botanical, and historical specimens, which were, when found, deposited in a museum which nobody in the school on any pretext ever visited.

Every member had the privilege of introducing a friend, but no one took advantage of the invitation, except once

a year, on the occasion of the annual picnic, when there was always a great rush and a severe competition to be numbered among the happy participants of the club's hospitality.

It was long since Arthur had given up all idea of joining these happy parties. Great therefore was his astonishment and delight when on the evening before the term holiday Railsford put his head into the study and said,

"Arthur, would you like to come tomorrow to the Field Club Picnic at Wellham Abbey?"

"Rather," said Arthur.

"Very well; be ready at 10. I've ordered a sociable tricycle."

Arthur was in ecstasy. If there was one kind of spree he liked it was a picnic at an abbey; and if there was one sort of conveyance he doated on it was a tricycle.

He wiped off every score on his mental slate against "Marky," and voted him the greatest brick going, and worthy to be backed up to the very end—especially if they had oysters at the picnic!

"Wish you could come, old man," said he to Dig, who was groaning over his 100 lines of Livy.

"I wouldn't go with him if he asked me, the cad," growled Dig.

"No, he's not a cad. If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't have seen one of your stamps back; and you might have been expelled straight away into the bargain. Tell you what, Dig, you've been scouting for Stafford all the last week; he ought to do something for you. Why don't you ask him to take you? He'll do it, like a shot. He's always civil to us."

Dig thought it over.

"If he says yes, will you help me polish off my lines?"

"All right. I say, go soon, or somebody else may have asked him."

Dig went, and to his satisfaction was informed that Stafford would take him, if he promised to be steady. Which of course he did promise.

So between them the two chums polished off the Livy—never was the great historian made such mince-meat of before or after—and then gave themselves over to delightful anticipations of the Field Club Picnic.

One misgiving disturbed Arthur's peace of mind. Railsford might make a base use of his opportunity as partner on the "sociable" tricycle to corner him about his misdeeds and generally to "jaw" him. Besides, as Dig was going too, it would be ever so much jollier if Dig and he could go to Wellham together and let the masters go by themselves.

"We must work it somehow, Dig," said Arthur. "If we go, we must have a high old time—and not be let in for a lot of rot about old bones and fossils and that sort of thing."

"Rather not," said Dig, "though I wouldn't mind if we could get hold of a skull. It would look prime on the mantelpiece."

"Gammer, who went last year, says it was an awful go-to-meeting turn out. Top-hats, and service at the abbey, and scarcely a bit of grub; but I hear the spread's to be rather good this year, down by the river's edge."

"Hooroo!" said Dig. "I guess you

and I will be about when they call over for that part of the spree."

The morning was dull and cloudy, and Dig and Arthur, as they stood on the hall steps and looked up at the sky, debated with themselves whether the day would hold up long enough to allow of the picnic at the water's edge. To their relief, the other excursionists who gradually assembled took a hopeful view of the weather and predicted that it would be a fine afternoon, whatever the morning might be.

As they were Naturalist Field Club people, our boys supposed they knew what they were saying, and dismissed their qualms in consequence.

Wellham Abbey was ten miles off. Most of the party proposed to reach it on foot. Mr. Roe was driving with the Doctor and his niece, and one or two others, like Railsford, preferred to travel on wheels.

Dig was standing somewhat lugubriously beside Arthur, inspecting the "sociable," and wondering how he was to get to Wellham, when Mr. Grover came up and said to Railsford,

"How are you going, Railsford? Not in that concern, are you? Come and walk with me, I've not had a chat with you for ages."

Arthur felt a violent dig in his ribs from the delighted Baronet. There was a chance for the "high old time" yet.

"Well, the fact is, I'd promised one of my boys to give him the ride," said the Master of the Shell.

"Oh, please don't mind me," said Arthur. "Oakshott and I can bring the machine for you to Wellham, if you'd sooner walk."

"Is Oakshott going?"

"Yes, sir. Stafford's asked him, hasn't he, Dig?"

"Yes, sir. I've scouted for Stafford at cricket this term, so he's asked me to-day; and I've done my lines, sir."

"Oh, very well," said Railsford, to whom the temptation of a walk with Grover was even greater than that of a *tête-à-tête* ride with Arthur Herapath; "but can you manage it?"

"Manage it?" exclaimed they, in tones as if they could scarcely believe they heard aright, "rather, sir."

"Well," said the master, tickled with the evident delight of the pair to be together, "take care how you go. You had better take the Grassen Road so as to avoid the hill. Come along, Grover."

So these two artful young "naturalists" had it their own way, after all.

"Come on, sharp," said Arthur, "and get out of the ruck."

"Jolly good joke telling us not to go by Maiden Hill," said Digby; "that'll be the best part of the lark."

Luckily a sociable tricycle of the type provided for them is not a machine which requires any very specially delicate riding. Had it been, Arthur and Dig might have been some time getting out of the "ruck," as they politely termed the group of their pedestrian fellow-naturalists. For they were neither of them adepts: besides which, the tricycle being intended for a pair of full-grown men, they had some difficulty in keeping their saddles and working their treadles at one and the same time. They had to part company with the latter when they went down,

and catch them flying as they came up; and the result was not always elegant or swift. However, they managed to pass muster in some sort, as they started off under the eye of their master, and as speedily as possible dodged their vehicle up a side lane, where, free from embarrassing publicity, they were at leisure to adapt their progress to their own convenience.

It wasn't quite as much fun as they had expected. The machine was a heavy one, and laboured a good deal in its going. The treadles, as I have said, were very long; the brake did not

always act, and the steering apparatus was stiff. Even the bell, in whose music they had promised themselves some solace, was out of tune; and the road was very like a ploughed field.

The gaiety of the boys toned down into sobriety, and the sobriety into silence, and their silence into the ill-humour begotten of perspiration, dust, fatigue, and disappointment.

Their high old time was not coming off!

At length, by mutual consent, they got off and began viciously to shove the unwieldy machine up the hill.

"They'll all be there already," said Arthur, looking at his watch. "We've been two hours."

"I wish I'd walked with them," said Dig.

"Pity you didn't," growled Arthur, "you aren't very lively company."

"Anyhow, I've done my share of the fag. You and Marky may bring the beast home."

This altercation might have proceeded to painful lengths, had not a diversion occurred in their arrival at the crest of the hill.

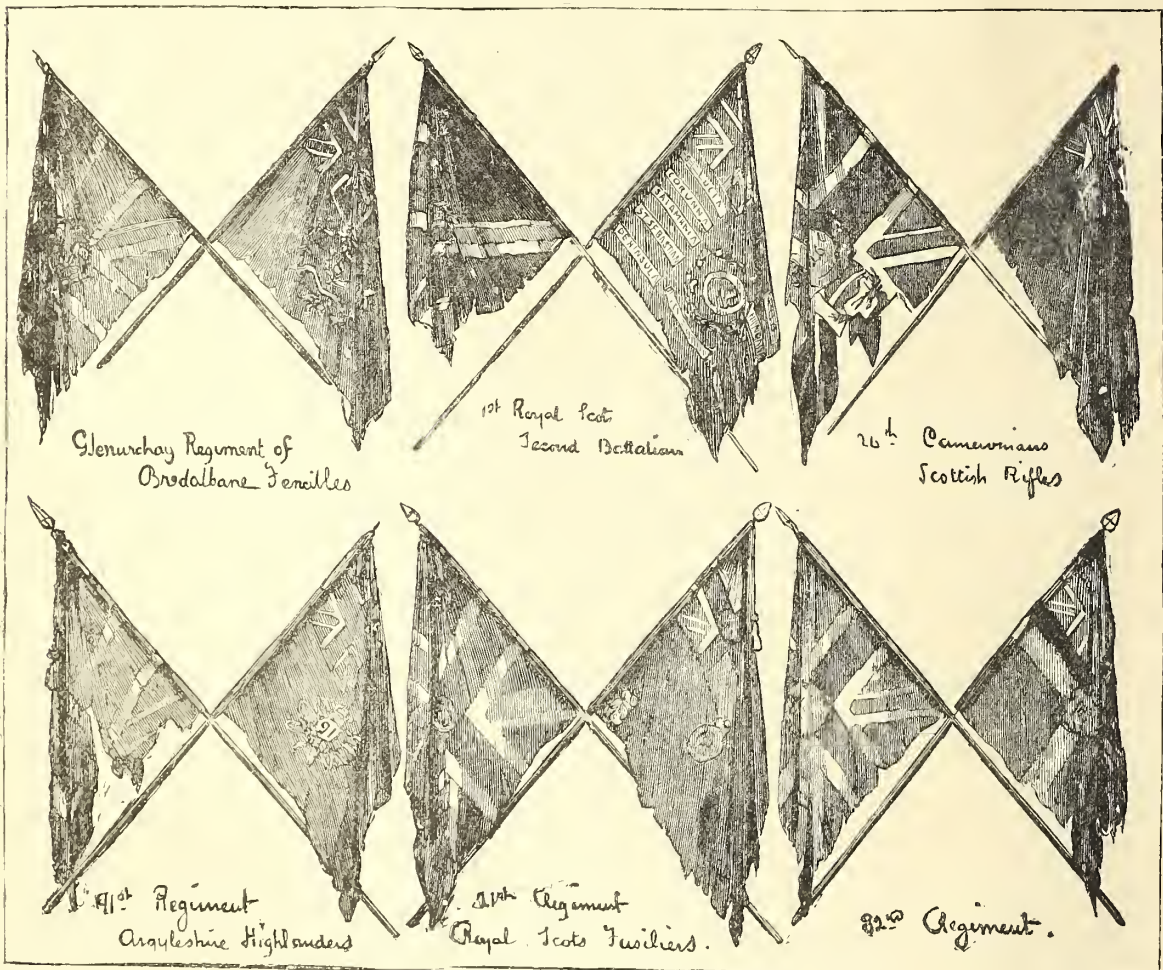
(To be continued.)

THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

By W. J. GORDON,

Author of "The National Arms," "Standards of Old England," etc.

PART III.



The Colours of the Scottish Regiments.

THE motto of the Royal Artillery is a comprehensive one. It is "Ubique" ("Everywhere")—everywhere "Quo fas et gloria ducunt" ("where right and glory lead"). Below the "Ubique" is a gun. The badge of the Royal Engineers is the same, without the gun, and the motto is the same. The nicknames vary according to the spirit of their inspiration. An Artilleryman rather likes being called a "gunner;" an Engineer does not like being

called a "mudlark" any more than an Army Service Corps man is pleased at being greeted as belonging to the "Mokes." Nicknames to be appreciated must be judiciously applied. But let us begin our attack on the Infantry.

How do you tell a Grenadier from a Coldstream or Scots Guard? How few there are that can distinguish one from the other when they have their bearskins on! And yet the distinction is easy. The Grena-

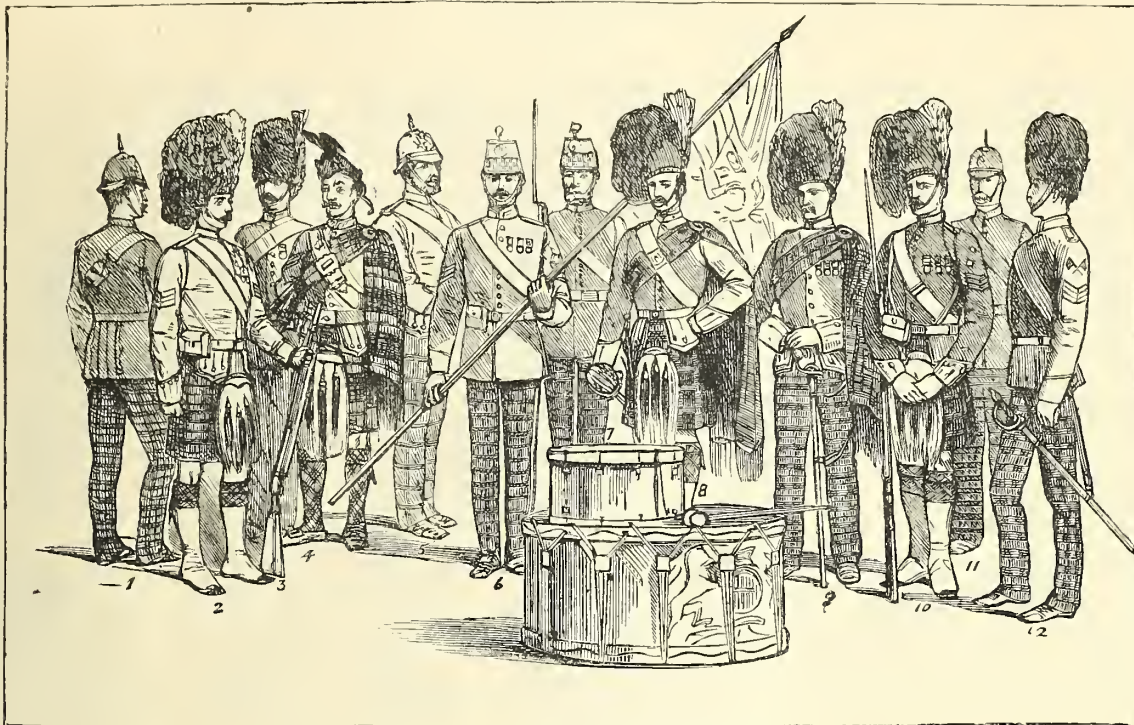
dier has a white goat's-hair plume on the left of his bearskin; the Coldstream has a red feather on the right of his bearskin, and the Scots Guard has no plume at all. Of course, the collar will tell you if you can see it, for the Grenadier has a grenade, the Coldstream a garter-star, and the Scots Guard a thistle-star. Do not let it be supposed that the Grenadiers are so called because of the grenade. They won their title at Waterloo, when they defeated the

French Grenadiers of the Guard. Previous to then they were simply the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards. If you cannot see the bearskin or collar, you can tell by the undress cap, the Grenadiers having a red

with "Pontius Pilate's Body-Guard" at its head. How old are the Royal Scots? Even their own historians give up the subject in despair. One thing is certain—they are the oldest regiment in the world, bar none.

be noted that the Peninsula honours were gained by the 3rd Battalion, disbanded in 1817. The collar-badge is a thistle.

The 2nd Foot, the Royal West Surrey Regiment—the "Queen's" since the affair



The Uniforms of the Scottish Regiments.

- | | | | | |
|--|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| (1) 26th Cameronians, Scottish Rifles; | (2) 91st, Argyllshire Highlanders; | (3) Scots Greys; | (4) Piper; | (5) 1st Royal Scots; |
| (6) 71st Highland Light Infantry; | (7) King's Own Borderers; | (8) 92nd, Gordon Highlanders; | (9) 79th, Cameron Highlanders; | |
| (10) 42nd, Black Watch; | (11) 90th, Scottish Rifles; | (12) Royal Scots Fusiliers. | | |

band, the Coldstreams a white one, the Scots Guards a diced one. This dicing is worth noticing. It is the only pattern in the army of red, white, and blue; the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have their dicing red and white, while the rest of the Scottish regiments have red, white, and green. The Guards wear bearskins, Fusiliers wear sealskins or coonskins, Highlanders wear feathers, the Highland Light Infantry wear chakoes, while their band has feather bonnets, and all the rest of the infantry wear helmets; but helmets are worn by all in hot countries, and fur busbies by all in cold countries.

The Grenadier Guards date from 1660, but the Coldstreams are older. They are the only foot regiment of the Parliamentary Army that was not disbanded at the Restoration. They are said to wear the red plume for having captured the standard of the French Life Guards at Neerlanden in 1693. The Scots Guards were formed in 1661. The colours of the Coldstreams and Scots Guards have the Sphinx, that of the Grenadiers has a grenade as a badge. The list of battles shows that the Grenadiers were at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Dettingen, Lincelles, Corunna, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Egypt (1882), Tel-el-Kebir, and Suakim (1885). The Coldstreams do not bear Blenheim, Ramillies, or Corunna, but they have the Egypt of 1801, and Talavera, which the Grenadiers have not. The Scots Guards have none of the Marlborough honours, but they have all the other honours of the Coldstreams. Lincelles is General Lake's victory over the French in 1793.

At last we have reached the British Line,

Even the nickname dates from 1637. We may go back a thousand years and find them looking after the Heritage of Karl the Great when the Last of the Paladins had retired into private life. King after king did they protect, even through the long Hundred Years' War with England, until they were called at last to their own country at the Restoration. It is true the Scottish Archer Guard is but one string to the bow, the other being the Scots Brigade, under Gustavus Adolphus, that won such renown in Poland, and on the Breitenfeld and at Lutzen. But in 1635, owing to the alliance between France and the German Protestants, the Scots, under Hepburn, were brigaded, and soon incorporated with the Archers, so that only one regiment of Scots was left—the regiment afterwards commanded by Lord James Douglas, which came to help Charles II. in 1661, and remained at the head of the British Line ever since. Its roll of battles includes the four Marlborough victories, Louisburg, St. Lucia, Egmont-op-Zee, Egypt, with the Sphinx, Corunna, Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, San Sebastian, Nive, Peninsula, Niagara, Waterloo, Nagpore, Maheidpore, Ava, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Taku Forts, and Peking. Louisburg being Amherst's victory over the French in Canada in 1758, St. Lucia being the capture of the island from the French, Busaco being Massena's defeat by Wellington in 1810, San Sebastian being the storm in 1813, Niagara being the defeat of the United States troops in 1803, Nagpore Leek's victory in Central India in 1817, Maheidpore the defeat of Holkar in the same year, and Ava recording the Burmese War of 1824-26. This is a brilliant record, though it should

at Tongres in 1703, and the "Sleepy Queen's," since Almeida—were raised in 1661, as a Tangier regiment, and soon gained the name of Kirke's Lambs, from their anything but lamblike behaviour in the West of England, and the Lamb on their colours, which was put there by desire of Catherine of Braganza. They still wear the Lamb as a badge. The mottoes are "Pristine virtutes memor" and "Vel exuvie triumphans;" and with the Lamb is the Sphinx, the honour-list beginning with Egypt and continuing with Vimiera, Corunna, and the Peninsula victories, Afghanistan, Ghuznee, Kelat, South Africa (1851-2, 3), Taku Forts, and Peking—Vimiera being Sir Harry Barrard's Peninsula victory, Kelat being the capital of Beluchistan, captured in 1840.

The 3rd Regiment of the Line, the East Kent Regiment—the regiment of "the Men of Kent," as those wearers of velvet facings, the "Queen's Own," are "the Kentish Men"—is better known as "The Buffs." It is as old as the days of Elizabeth, and claims to have fought under Philip Sidney at Zutphen. Being recruited out of the Train Bands of London, it obtained its privilege of marching through the City with fixed bayonets; but it did not come back to its native land till 1665, when Charles II. recalled it from the Dutch service. A fine regiment is the Buffs, and proud of its dragon and rose and crown, and the rampant horse with its "Invicta," and a list of honours including the Marlborough four and Dettingen, and Dour, Talavera, Albuhera, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Punniar, Sevastopol, Taku Forts, and South Africa (1879).

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN BIRDS FOR BOYS.

BY W. T. GREENE, M.D., M.A., F.Z.S., ETC.,

Author of "Birds I have kept," "My Aviary in 1886," etc.

THE COCKATIEL.

PART II.

I HAVE one old male cockatiel that has been in my possession now for twelve years; that is, I acquired him in May, 1876, and since the first year he has had a family varying in numbers from eight to nineteen every season! He was an adult bird when I got him, and I cannot say what his exact age may be, but he looks as fresh and lively as ever, and, I have no doubt will have another family this coming summer. The lady cockatiels, I regret to say, are not as long-lived as their male companions, and my old Joey is married to his fourth wife.

What is to be done if a cockatiel is ill? I really have no idea; none of mine have ever ailed anything that I have been able to perceive until too late, for when I have found one of the hens on the ground stiff and cold, as I have done on three occasions, that was the very first intimation I had of anything being the matter with any of them; and then, of course, there was nothing to be done but bury them.

These birds are very fond of bathing, and I have frequently seen them break thin ice to have a "tub;" so they are hardy, without doubt, as you will understand that I have always kept mine out of doors all the year round, and have only lost three hens in twelve years from the same cause, namely, egg-binding, which, of course, might have been relieved had I known it existed, but the poor things never presented the least appearance of there being anything wrong with them; and, as I have said, I had no idea of their condition until I found them dead.

They are very affectionate birds, and a couple will pass much of their time in combing each other's heads and feeding each other. As their legs are longer than those of parrots in general, they walk easily, can run very fast, and spend a good deal of time on the ground, from which they love to pick up seed, which I always throw down for their amusement, their main supply being suspended in shallow boxes and saucers from the roof to keep it from the mice.

It is almost superfluous to add that the cockatiels are strong fliers, and should have as much room to exercise their wings as possible. Several of mine have escaped at different times, but have always returned and allowed themselves to be caught, and oh! what a fuss the companions in the aviary kicked up, to be sure, as they watched the aerial evolutions of their truant comrade; whether their shrieks were caused by envy of his good fortune, or fears for his safety, I cannot say, but I noticed more than once that on his return they all surrounded and appeared to rate him severely for the fright he had given them.

One of these birds, especially if a cock, that is taken from the nest before it can fly, and is brought up by hand, makes a very delightful pet, and will learn to speak and whistle very prettily; the natural note is far from unpleasant, if at times a little shrill, but a bird that is caged when adult is a long time getting even moderately tame, and often makes a horrid squealing noise that is very trying.

Cockatiels feed their young after the same fashion as pigeons—that is to say, they take the little one's beak into their own, pump up the half-digested food from their crop for its benefit, when it stuffs itself to repletion; and the operation may

be readily enough imitated by any person who wishes to rear one and make a pet of it. The young birds stay in the nest from four to six weeks after they are hatched, and never return to it. They are fed by their father for a couple of weeks more, and are then able to provide for themselves.

The breeding season varies a good deal in this country, some pairs going to nest about Christmas, when the young are seldom reared; others begin in August, and go on until November. My Joey and his wife generally commence to rear their family in June, sometimes in May if the weather is very fine, and have their last brood in September, or at latest in October.

When first hatched the little ones are quite naked, nearly all head, and as ugly as possible. In two or three days they grow very much, and are covered with yellow down, that makes them look like little powder-puffs, and when they are eight or ten days old the feathers begin to sprout, and as each is enclosed in a sheath it looks like a spike, and the appearance of the bird thus covered reminds the beholder of the "fretful" porcupine and its quills—or at least of the hedgehog and its bristles. In fine weather the young mature very quickly, but grow more slowly if the weather is cold.

Young ones hatched during the summer will breed the following spring, sometimes before they have quite moulted their nest-feathers. The eggs, I forgot to mention, are white, and about the size of those of a turtle-dove. Cockatiels were first hatched in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London, in August, 1863, and were then considered great curiosities, but since then many hundreds of them have been bred in this country, not to speak of the Continent, where aviculture is a regular and a profitable pursuit. But, although lower than it has been, the price is still remunerative, and my young friends who have a mind to increase their pocket-money without an inordinate amount of trouble cannot do better than try a pair of these really pretty, extremely hardy, and altogether desirable birds.

I feed mine once a day—directly after breakfast—and as their flight is a large one it does not require seeing to more than once a year. The nests, however, as I have said, must be looked after, but that is not often—two or three times in the season, perhaps—and a few minutes each time will be all that is required.

In the May Part for 1887 of the BOY'S OWN PAPER I gave a description of my aviary, and need not go into further particulars respecting what I consider suitable dimensions for the habitation of my favourite birds. I have often been asked if they will breed in a cage, and can only reply that I do not know, never having tried them in such a situation, and not having heard of any one who has, at least with the result that they have nested; still a tame pair in a good roomy cage might possibly take it into their heads to go to nest, and if the juvenile aviarist has nothing else to put them in he might make the experiment, but should not feel too much disappointed if it did not turn out as successfully as he might have wished.

I have read in books, and correspondents have written to me to say that cockatiels always lay their eggs and rear their young

on the ground, behind some sheltering brick or board. Well, none of mine ever did so, and in Australia I know they always nest in the hollow branches of trees, which there are called "spouts" by the settlers. However, I can understand quite well that a pair of these birds that did not fancy the accommodation provided for them overhead may have decided to nest on the ground, and having once done so, may have acquired a preference for their lowly nesting-place, which they may have transmitted to their offspring, but to say that such is their usual habit, is, I venture to think, a mistake.

In any case, as I have said, they should have a choice of nesting sites offered to them, from among which they will select the one that pleases them best, and if they are happy in their selection of a domicile they will do better, of course, than if they felt uncomfortable. Thus, when I first kept them I only gave them a flat-bottomed box to nest in, and, *faut de mieux*, they went into it, but the results were poor. Why? Because the eggs rolled about on the flat surface of the box and took cold.

Many dealers supply prepared logs for them to breed in, but I do not care about these, and prefer a small barrel, which, if placed on its side, affords the young ones more room than they would have in a log, and also appears to be more agreeable to the old birds, which have invariably ignored the logs I at different times have provided for their accommodation, and chosen a barrel, or sometimes a box with half of a cocoa-nut husk fastened inside it, from which, however, I had not nearly as good results as when the eggs were hatched in a barrel.

What kind of barrel, and where is it to be obtained? Well, one of those in which Coleman's mustard is packed is just the thing, and can be procured from your grocer for a few pence, perhaps for nothing if your family are good customers. If a log is used I would advise its being placed on its side rather than on end, though if large enough it will do in the latter position, and I have heard of several good broods successfully reared in such a nest.

I have said that it is best not to keep small birds along with cockatiels, although I do it, and have always done it, but it is necessary to exclude all other kinds of parakeets from their company, not that the dear, inoffensive cockatiels would hurt or interfere with their congeners, but the latter are apt to creep into the nests of their companions and mutilate or kill their offspring. I once had a fine brood of five thus maltreated by a beautiful, innocent-looking, white-eared conure, that killed two little cockatiels outright, and bit the beaks off two more, so that the poor things were ever after horribly disfigured, one only of the nestful escaping unharmed.

I need not say the conure did not have an opportunity of repeating the offence, for I put him—or her—and its mate at once into a cage, and soon afterwards got rid of them. No, the cockatiels had better be kept by themselves, or in no other company save that of a few doves or pigeons, with which they will not interfere, and which will not interfere with them.

In conclusion I must ask that those boys who read what I have written about my

friends, the cockatiels, and decide upon giving them a trial, will write and let me know at the end of the season what success they have had, and I am sure the Editor will be glad to spare them a corner of their own paper in which to tell what they have done, and so encourage others of our readers

to engage in a similar pursuit, though, not necessarily with the same birds, as I shall, on a future occasion, have something to say about some other foreign birds which I have found desirable.

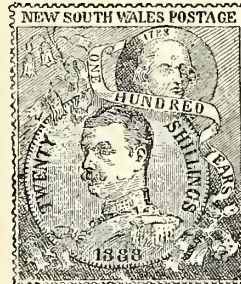
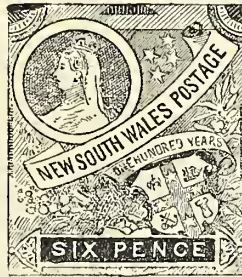
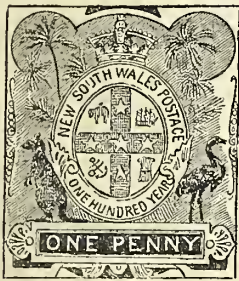
An aviary should be at least self-supporting, and it will be if a couple of pairs of

cockatiels are included among its inmates, and reasonable pains are taken with them by their owner; half an hour earlier out of bed in the morning might be well allotted to their care, and the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be, on the part of the youthful aviarist, will not go unrewarded.

JOTTINGS ON STAMPS.

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Issued by the Government to Commemorate the Centenary.]



OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(Continued from p. 493.)

DAVID CAMPBELL WATERSTON, 9, Linkfield, Musselburgh.
HARRY WALTER LEETE, 17, Charlotte Road, South Beddington, Carshalton, Surrey.
ALBERT GEORGE BURGESS, 8, Beaufort Terrace, Islingwood Road, Brighton, Sussex.
SANDY D. BELL, 14, Wellington Street, Ballymena, co. Antrim.
FREDERICK PASLEY TILL, 50, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.
MARIAN TERESA CARSON, 40, Alderney Street, Pimlico, S.W.
JAMES COLQUHOUN, 219, Byers Road, Glasgow.
BESSIE LEAN, Nithsdale House, Grange Road, Ealing.
ARTHUR FRANK DUNNETT, Market House, Watton, Norfolk.
HENRY ZEPPENFELD, 22, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, W.C.
GEORGE AYLWIN HEWETT, Brook House, Ash Road, Aldershot, Hants.
JOHN THOMAS BISHELL, Thoresthorpe, near Alford, Lincolnshire.
WILLIAM MARTIN MADDISON SELLWOOD, Melrose Villa, Belmont Road, Bevois Hill, Southampton.
ERNEST EDWARD HOW, Church Street, Chesham, Bucks.
WILLIAM C. JACOB, 17, Somerville Road, New Cross, S.E.
WILLIAM F. MITCHELL, 105, Western Road, Brighton.
FRANK L. BORASTON, City School Cottage, Ferndale Road, Brixton, S.W.
GEORGE PHILLIPS, 70, High Street, Bewdley.

FRANK WALLIS, 277, East Clyde Street, Helensburgh, Scotland.
P. W. JONES, 1, Belle Vue Terrace, Great Malvern.
FRANK CHURCH, 18, St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge.
THURSTON BRIGGS, 737, Rochdale Road, Manchester.
STANLEY GERRARD, 21, Pycroft Street, Handbridge, Chester.
JOSEPH ALFRED SCHOFIELD, 3, Bell Street, Cobridge Old Road, Hanley, Staffordshire.
A. R. BRANWELL, 14, Marmora Road, Honor Oak, S.E.
ALLEN HUSSELL, 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.
GEORGE GREEN, London Street, Chertsey.
ARTHUR HENRY PRENTICE, 52, Lillieshall Road, Clapham.
ALFRED WILLIAM PEDLEY, South Road, Saffron Walden, Essex.
GEORGE CLARK, 17, Lett Street, Herne Hill, S.E.
PERCY WILLIAM BARON BLACKALLER, "Fluydeville," St. Nicholas Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
ALFRED CHARLES F. HADDON, Wellesley Villa, Wellington, Somerset.
JAMES LAIDLAW, Heath Bank, Heaton Moor Road, near Stockport.
W. C. B. SAUNDERS, 16, Hartham Road, Holloway, London, N.
CHARLES EDWIN WHITING, 3, Edgar Buildings, Bath.
HENRY JAMES THORNE, Hook Cross, Winchfield, Hampshire.
EDWARD TREACHER, New Foot Path, Chesham, Bucks.
JOHN ALFRED KIRBY, 1, Pease Street, Anlaby Road, Hull.

EDGAR BROOKS SAYERS, 1 and 2, Mercery Lane, Canterbury.
DOUGLAS RICKERBY, 10, Cleveland Square, Liverpool.
OSMAN POUNTNEY, 49, Winbrook, Bewdley, Worcestershire.
PERCY C. DOSWELL, 9, Landsend Place, Chippenham, Wilts.
WILLIAM HENRY ROSE, 24, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E.
SYDNEY B. W. ADANSON, care of Mrs. Chambers, 51, Broughton Street, Edinburgh.
ERNEST FREDERICK LUTTE, 3, Madeira Villas, Addiscombe Road, Croydon.
HARRY OLIVER, Westbourne Villa, Station Road, Cambridge.
JOHN RICHARD BEYNES, 25, Benhill Road, Camberwell.
THOMAS C. KEMP, 512, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.
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ROBERT SUMMERS WHITE, Tinsfield, 26, Aytoun Road, Pollokshields.
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JAMES PETRIE, 4, Duncan Street, Banff.
LILIAN AMY LEMON, 186, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.
CHARLES SAMUEL FOSTER, 49, Waterloo Road, North Wolverhampton.
WILLIAM THOMAS CHARD, Park Villa, Brookfield Road, South Hackney.
F. H. BRUNTON, care of E. Warner, Esq., Quorn Hall, Loughborough.
GEORGE ERNEST PARKER, School of Art, Albion Street, Lewes, Sussex.
F. J. T. BROWNING, 91, Park Street, Southwark, London.
MENIE JAMIESON, care of Miss Thom, 7, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.
ALICE KETCHEN, The Grange, Middlesbrough.
ARTHUR BECK, 78, Sturton Street, Cambridge.
MARY SUTER, 70, St. John's Park, Blackheath, S.E.
JAMES FOLKER VINCENT, 16, Crowhurst Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
HUBERT ALLEN, Gregory Boulevard, Hyson Green, Nottingham.
EDWARD A. B. FORSTER, 12, Regent Street, Hartlepool.
ARTHUR PROUD, New Road, Ramsey, Hants.
HAROLD MCKAY, Rumbolds Whyke, Chichester.
CLAUDE OSBORNE, Brock Villas, Albert Road, Tonbridge.
ARTHUR SHARP, Wootton Hill, Towcester Road, Northampton.
JOHN HUTTON, 12, High Street, Doncaster.
HENRY JAMES SUGG, 109, Turnpike Lane, Hornsey, N.
ROBERT GILLIARD, 11, Wood Street, Eastville, Bristol.
MINNIE BURROUGHS, 5, Lyndhurst Square, Peckham.
WILLIAM FREDERICK SACH, Queen Street, Coggeshall, Essex.
THEODORE BROWN, Portland Place, Wilton Road, Salisbury.
THOMAS BRADLEY BARNES, 1, Julia Street, Cheetnam, Manchester.
SYDNEY F. DUNCAN, 86, Liverpool Buildings, Highbury, N.
VICTOR LEOPOLD ROHDE CHART, 34, Port Hall Place, Prestonville, Brighton.
HARRY ACROYD BARKER, Church Street, Alexandria, N.B.
JOHN HENRY TOOLEY, 62, Main Ridge, Boston, Lincolnshire.
ALBERT JOSEPH FRANKS, 90, High Street, Sevenoaks.
FRED ELLIOTT, 6, Cross Street, Greasbro'.
ALFRED ALLEN YEOMAN, 47, Shenley Road, Camberwell, S.E.
HERBERT HENRY THOMPSON, Boroughbury, Peterborough.
GEORGE GILBERT CHALK, 29, Spencer Road, London N.W.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

O. HASDRUBAL.—J. To say nothing of elevations above sea level, the equator is a larger circle than that of $51^{\circ} 31' N$. Hence a point on it has to travel through a longer distance in the same time. Try the experiment with a wheel. Let the wheel be seven feet across; the tyre will then be twenty-two feet long. Let the line be seven inches across; its circumference will then be twenty-two inches. Turn the wheel round and watch the effect on one particular spoke. The tyre end will travel through a foot while the hub end travels through an inch. 2. No. 3. Let each club weigh eight pounds, but this is the outside weight you should attempt. Cost of pair about ten shillings.

A. ROBERTSHAW.—We are constantly telling London boys that for the latest official information the only trustworthy information as to going to sea they should apply to the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, Tower, E. As a rule, ships sailing from London take apprentices at £50 premium; ships sailing from Liverpool or Glasgow take apprentices at £30 per premium—and they have no difficulty in getting apprentices at that rate.

WOULD-BE BUILDER.—The following are the measurements of Volunteer and Thistle as given by the best authorities. You will find them quite near enough for you to build by:—

Details.	Volunteer.	Thistle.
Length over all	106' 23ft.	108' 50ft.
L. W. L.	85' 88ft.	86' 46ft.
Beam	23' 16ft.	20' 25ft.
Breadth	10' 09ft.	13' 80ft.
Area, mid section	96 sq. ft.	115 sq. ft.
Displacement	116 tons.	135 tons.
Mast, deck to hounds ..	65ft.	62ft.
Boomsprit outboard ..	37ft.	15ft.
Boom	84ft.	80ft.
Topmast	48ft.	45ft.
Gaff	52ft.	50ft.
Spinnaker boom	70ft.	70ft.
Sail Area N.Y.C. Rule ..	9' 271	8' 964
Height of perpendicular ..	108ft.	108ft.
Base	171' 50ft.	166ft.

W. R.—To make a bichromate battery take a marmalade jar about 5in. deep. Get two plates of carbon, each 5in. by 2½in., and a zinc plate of the same size, with terminals. Cut two pieces of thin mahogany board or ebonite 3in. by ½in. by ½in. Put the zinc plate between the carbons, and keep it apart from them by the mahogany slips. Fasten the group together with an ordinary clamp, having a ring at the top. Round the jar bend a strip of brass, from which let a brass rod rise having a hook at the end. When the battery is not in use hang the plates up to this hook out of the liquid. The liquid is generally a saturated solution of bichromate of potash, to which has been added a tenth of its volume of sulphuric acid, another tenth being added when the battery weakens. A stronger liquid is got by dissolving 21 drachms of bichromate powder in a pint of water, and adding drop by drop, after a good shaking, 63 drachms of sulphuric acid. Never leave the plates in the liquid longer than is necessary, and give them a shift or a shake every five minutes. If you prefer the ordinary bottle form of bichromate cell, you will find it much cheaper to buy it ready made. The bottle alone will cost you more than the apparatus complete.

ORION.—We can recommend none of them.

INTERESTED.—No; all the parts from 1886 to the present can be obtained.

D. H.—The "Prairie Chief" appeared in Vol. VIII. All the parts of this volume may be obtained.

NON-SMOKER.—The headquarters of the Anti-Smoking Society is, we believe, at Manchester.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—You could probably obtain the back parts you need, which are now out of print, by means of an advertisement in the "Exchange and Mart," Strand.

"PUER."—1. No doubt, in due course. 2. To get evening copying work of the kind you mention is very difficult, especially for any one so far away from the main market for it (London) as you are.

A. J. DOUGLAS (Winnipeg) is thanked for the photographs of local scenery and residents he so kindly sent us. It is always an especial pleasure to us to hear from our more distant readers.

PIGEONS.—1. No; pigeons must have a large aviary or flight. 2. Tumblers. Let them out.

J. K. C. LAWRIE.—Sleeping with a pad between knees and feet strapped tends to straighten legs bent in, but you had better see a doctor.

ARGUS.—1. Ducks: feed as fowls; give liberty on grass run, and meaty table-scraps. 2. Yes.

READER OF B. O. P.—1. I'd answer to R. P. 2. Constant study.

A SUBSCRIBER (Belgium).—Hillier's address is Nailsworth, Gloucestershire; Hearson and Co., 235, Regent Street, London.

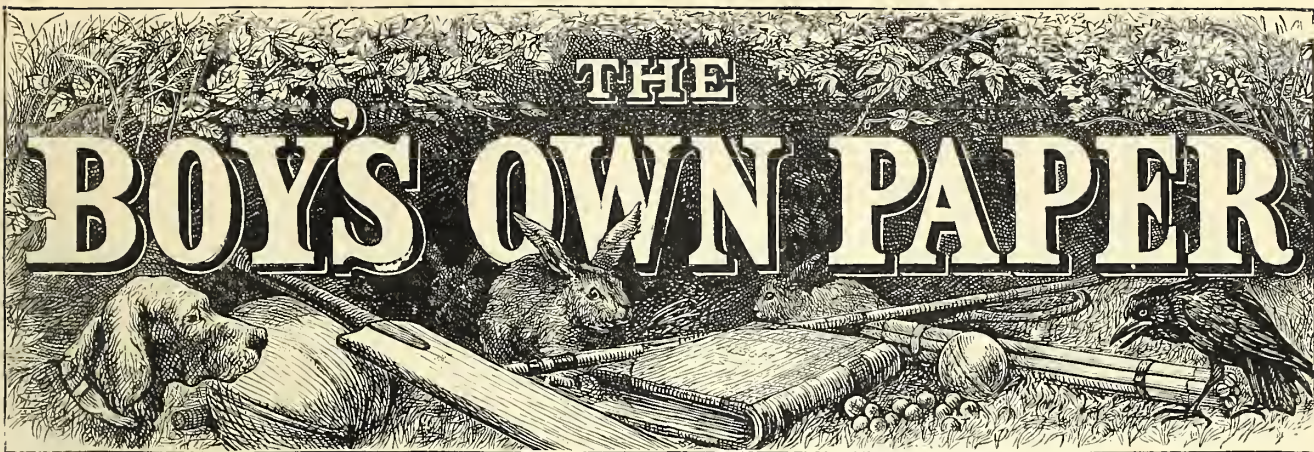
R. P.—We advise you to leave hair alone. Depilatories are dangerous.

LOVER OF PARROTS.—Mr. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, has cheap books on all pets, from a monkey to a silkworm. Mr. Dean, 160A, Fleet Street, London, has also a parrot-book.

PICA.—By running for the money you classed yourself as a professional. You had better write and explain the matter to the A. A. A. They will "white-wash" you; but they may not think it worth while to notice the matter at all.

APPRENTICE.—Such petty tricks are played in all trades. Do as your master bids you; and, when you are out of your time, remember the lesson, and do not put your own apprentices in a similar difficulty.

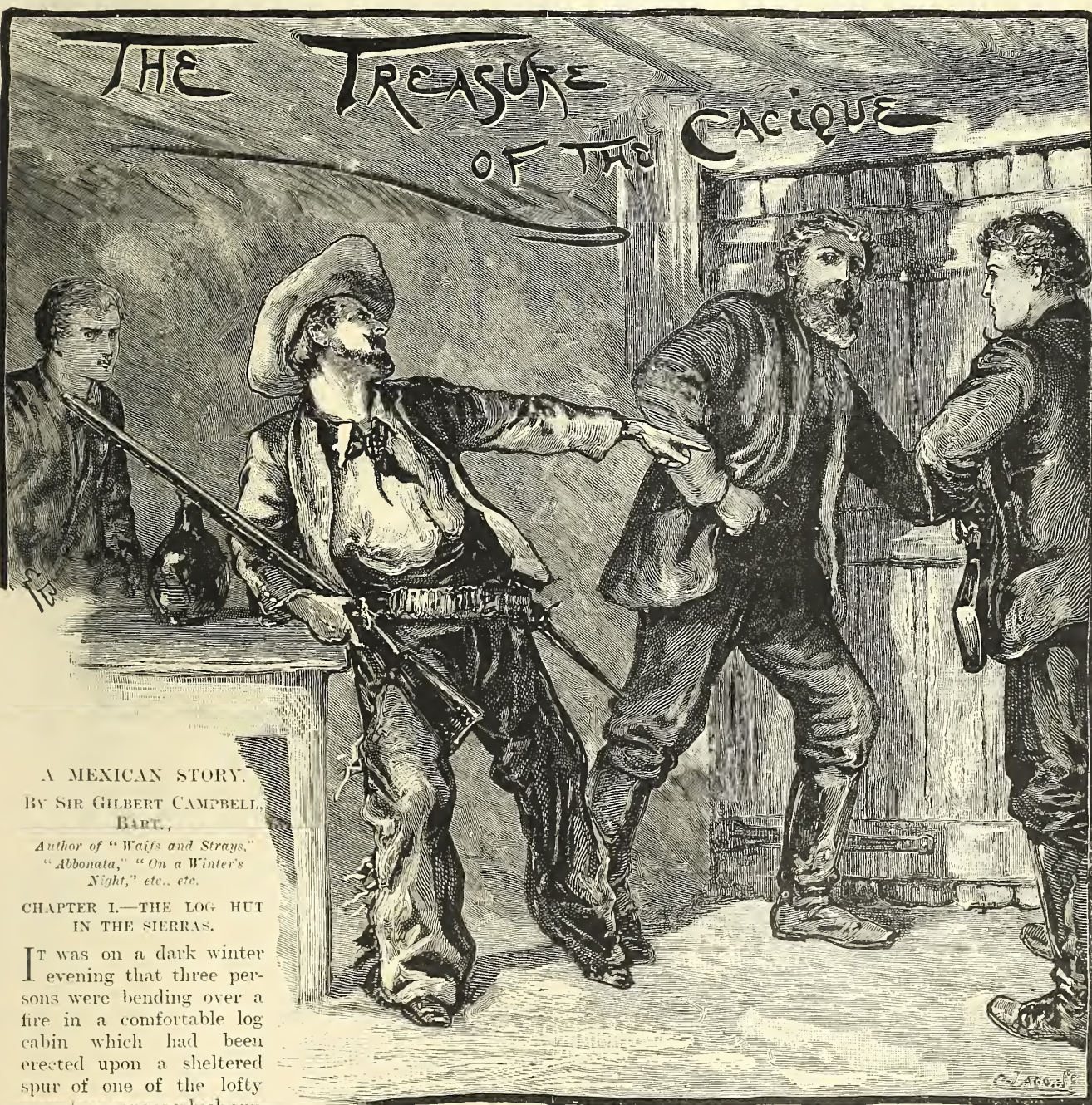




No. 487.—Vol. X.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A MEXICAN STORY.

BY SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL,
BART.,

Author of "Waifs and Strays,"
"Abbonata," "On a Winter's
Night," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE LOG HUT IN THE SIERRAS.

IT was on a dark winter evening that three persons were bending over a fire in a comfortable log cabin which had been erected upon a sheltered spur of one of the lofty mountain ranges which run

"He made eager signs to them to close the door."

across Northern Mexico. The snow had been steadily falling all day, and the mountain tracks were almost obliterated by the soft mantle that Dame Nature had cast over them, as though she wished to conceal their shortcomings from the eye of man. But few stars were out, and though the white surface of the snow gave forth a certain dim and shimmering light, a stranger would have found it next to impossible to have picked his way through a district all the landmarks of which were quickly disappearing.

All was silence around the cabin save the short sharp bark of the coyote (small wolf) as he roamed about in hopeless quest of prey, whilst his large grey brother and the dreaded puma had sought a more congenial refuge in the forest at the foot of the hills.

Within the cabin the scene was comparatively cheerful. The log hut had been built with more attention to comfort and convenience than is usually seen in habitations in Mexico; the inside of the walls had been carefully plastered with clay, rendering it impossible for the keen winds that swept across the Sierras to penetrate through the chinks of the logs composing the outer walls, whilst at one end was a real chimney and hearth, upon which two or three great logs were hissing and sputtering in a cheerful flame. A heavy table, upon which were the remains of a coarse though plentiful supper, stood near the fire, whilst the three occupants of the cabin were seated in roughly-fashioned chairs near the genial blaze. The floor was covered with deer-skins, which had been so carefully dressed as to feel like a carpet beneath the feet, whilst in a rack fastened against the walls were three double-barrelled breech-loading rifles, as many revolvers, and a goodly array of hunting-knives and tomahawks.

A shelf near the hearth held the few books that composed the cabin library, amongst which could be noticed a Bible, a volume or two of English history, a treatise upon the diseases of horses, and a few elementary works upon agriculture, natural history, and chemistry.

And now let us glance at the three personages who were sitting over the fire. On the right-hand side of the hearth was a tall powerful man some fifty years of age; his features were good, and might have been termed handsome but for the air of sternness and determination which were indelibly imprinted upon them; he had a quantity of grey hair, whilst his beard, which was of a darker hue, curled far down upon his breast. His hands, which rested listlessly upon his knees, were long and sinewy, and his frame denoted great bodily strength.

James Sedgwick was of a good north of England family, but the loss of nearly all his property by the stoppage of a bank had determined him to quit home with the small remnant of his fortune and to try his luck in distant lands. He had therefore left his wife and daughter Lily, a girl of eleven, under the care of his relatives at home, and with his sons Robert (or, as he was always called, Bob) and Arthur, had pitched his camp in the mountain regions of Mexico, where they had been

washing for gold in the mountain streams for the past three years, with very fair success.

Bob was a stoutly-built young fellow of seventeen, a good shot, and an indefatigable hunter, whose trusty rifle kept his father and brother supplied with food, but who detested the drudgery of gold washing. His eye was as keen as a mountain hawk's, and not the wildest Indian could follow the track of man or beast with more certainty and facility than Bob Sedgwick.

Arthur, who was just fifteen, was more wedded to toil than his brother, and had besides a very great fondness for natural history, his researches into which he pursued with enthusiasm whenever his avocations permitted of it. He, too, was a good shot, though not so sure of his aim as his brother, and possessed extreme fleetness of foot, which had often enabled him to run down the smaller animals which frequented the mountain ridges.

"Boys," said James Sedgwick, between the puffs of his pipe, "we've done well during the past four months, and now that the winter has set in, and work has stopped for a time, I think we might get down to the foothills and see what we can do in the way of skins. Washing for gold is not the only way of making money, and another year like the last will enable us to have your mother and Lily out to keep house for us."

"Oh, won't that be jolly!" exclaimed Arthur, whilst Bob's eyes sparkled at the notion of the campaign against the four-footed denizens of the lower hills.

"Yes," continued their father, "we'll lock up the old place, and hand the key to Indian Joe. We shan't leave many traps about for any one to meddle with, and as for the gold and spare cartridges, those are safely *cachéd*, we know where, don't we, lads?"

Both the boys nodded affirmatively, and the trio sat for some time in silence.

"When do you think we shall make a move, father?" at length asked Bob.

"Perhaps the day after to-morrow," replied his father; "but what is that?" he exclaimed, starting up, as the sound of feet stumbling over the rough road that led to the cabin was plainly heard.

Bob hurriedly snatched a revolver from the wall and glanced eagerly to see that each chamber held its leaden messenger of death, whilst Arthur, gliding to the door, drew across it the heavy bar which was their only security against hostile intruders. Hardly had he done so than the steps halted outside, and a series of heavy blows were struck upon the thick boards that formed the door.

"Who is there?" cried James Sedgwick, with his hand upon a long hunting-knife, which seldom quitted his side.

"Gente de paz, friend, amigo," answered a voice in breathless accents, whilst the hammering was continued. "Caranba! can you not let a man in; these malditos penos, accursed dogs, are at my heels. Let me in, I say, or my blood be on your heads."

"No man crosses James Sedgwick's threshold after dark who will not give his name," replied the owner of the cabin, firmly.

"It is I, Lopes, the Tigrero," answered the voice; "let me in, or there will be murder done."

"It is Spanish Jack," cried Bob; "it is all safe, father," and at a sign from James Sedgwick Arthur released the bar and let the door swing open, when through the opening staggered a short, thickset figure, who, making eager signs to them to reclose the door, fell upon the floor of the hut as though utterly prostrated by some violent exertion. He was dressed in the usual costume of a Mexican gambusino, with the round hat and leopard-skin gaiters which most of their class affect; and, in addition to knife and revolver, had a scabbardless machete (short sword) suspended from his belt by an iron ring, whilst in his left hand he grasped a long-barrelled rifle of Spanish manufacture. As his father and brother were making the door secure, the keen eye of Bob saw at a glance that blood was flowing freely from a wound in the shoulder of the new-comer.

CHAPTER II.—FOUR AGAINST TWENTY.

THE man lay silent for a few short minutes, as though to regain his breath, and then with an abrupt movement pushed aside Bob, who was roughly binding up the wound in his shoulder.

"Es nada; it is nothing," cried he. "Senor Don Jaime, look to yourself, bar door and window and put out the lights; in another ten minutes they will be here."

"Who will be here?" asked James Sedgwick, with a perfectly composed manner, which contrasted strongly with the other's excitement.

"The whole gang," repeated the wounded man; "they were drinking all day at Ramon's pulqueria. There was Redbeard, Guzman, Cifuentes, and a score of other ladrones. They said the dog of an Englishman had got enough gold out of the streams, and that now it was time for it to go into honest men's pockets—honest, carajo! robbers of the high road, cheats at the monte table are they one and all. I had been dozing in a corner of the room, when suddenly they saw me as I tried to slip out. They knew that I should come straight to you, for you have been a good friend to me, Don Jaime, and they tried to stop me; but I gave Redbeard a pill from my escopita," he continued, striking the butt of his rifle with an air of savage exultation; "and though Half-hung Simon gave me a slash over the arm with his bowie, I—"

"Half-hung Simon, did you say?" interrupted James Sedgwick.

"Ay," replied Lopes, "he and no other."

James Sedgwick answered never a word, but taking his rifle and pouch from the rack, he motioned his sons to do the same, and drawing his hunting-knife, began to remove the clay with which several loopholes, which commanded the door and the front of the house, had been plugged.

"The scoundrel!" cried Bob, fiercely; "he has never forgiven father for thrashing him soundly for ill-treating that poor young fellow who died of consumption here last year. He swore to have his life, yet the cur dares do

nothing himself; but now that he has got a gang of drunken rowdies at his back he is going to have a try. Let him come on! Why didn't the Texan Regulators finish their work properly when they strung him up for horse-stealing, instead of letting his brother-thieves cut him down?"

"Hush!" cried Lopes, as a drunken shout was heard some way along the road; "they are coming, do you not hear them?"

"Boys," said James Sedgwick, coolly, "take the loopholes on each side of the door; not a man must get nearer to the house than the fence! Fire sharp, but take good aim. The stars are coming out a little," he added, peering through one of the freshly-opened loopholes, and you can draw a sure bead upon them as they come up. I will get into the loft and open fire upon them at the turn of the road; perhaps that may stop them for good and all. Lopes, you have done us a good turn, but you are a wounded man, and the quarrel is ours. There is time to slip out at the back and save yourself. Good-bye, and thanks."

But the Spaniard promptly rejected the proffered hand. "I am Lopes the Tigreiro!" he cried, in scornful accents; "I never turned my back on man or beast! I will stand by you until death!"

"It is not unlikely to be that, I fear," answered James, coolly. "Now, boys, to your posts!" and with a firm grasp of his sons' hands he hurried up the rough ladder that led to the loft, whilst his sons silently took their posts at the loopholes upon each side of the door.

But in no such temperate mood did Lopes make his preparations for defence. His hot Spanish blood was boiling over with excitement and rage, and as he with difficulty rammed the charge down his long-barrelled rifle he showered all the invectives which the Spanish tongue can supply upon his coming foes; then he took out his revolver and carefully inspected its charges, lastly drawing his machete from his belt, laid it ready to his hand, and, crouching behind one of the overturned chairs, took up such a position as to guard the doorway on the chance of its being forced by a determined rush.

Meanwhile the shouts grew louder and louder, and from his post of vantage in the loft James Sedgwick could see the gleam of several torches flickering along the winding road that led up to the log hut.

"The drunken fools!" muttered he. "Torches, indeed; they might as well have painted a spot over their hearts. We could shoot them down like sheep; but no, I will not be the one to shed their blood without necessity and warning. In five minutes they will be within hail, and I will give them a chance for their lives. Boys," cried he, putting his lips to a crack in the rude flooring, "reserve your fire until you hear my rifle speak; then let each pick out his man and shoot straight."

Feeling that his foes were now within earshot, James threw open the loft window, and, slipping boldly into it, cried in a loud voice,

"Gentlemen, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

For a moment the advancing crowd halted, for in spite of the flight of Lopes they had hoped that he might think only of his own safety, and leave the Sedgwicks unwarned of the coming attack. The dead silence lasted only a second, and then arose a volley of execrations in mingled Spanish and English.

"Be warned," continued Sedgwick, calmly; "we are fully prepared; you fight at a disadvantage in the open, whilst we can pick you off like rabbits from behind our cover. What harm have I done any of you, that you should seek my life? Has not my hand been always ready—?"

"Ay, ever ready," cried a man from the rear of the advancing party, who had been all this time endeavouring to urge on the attack. "You were ready enough to beat me to a mummy for nothing at all; I vowed I would have your life, and I'll have it to-night, together with all the gold that you have robbed us honest miners of!"

"Yes, there you are, Simon," answered James Sedgwick, in tones of bitter irony. "As usual, sneaking behind better and braver men than yourself; I thrashed you for being a coward and trying to rob a dying man; the citizens of your own country would have given

a short shrift and a long rope as they did once before, had they caught you at such a game. I wonder that Mexican caballeros and honest miners should associate with such a pitiful dastard."

Stung to madness by the sarcasm of his enemy, and by the ironical smile that he saw upon the faces of his comrades, Simon placed his rifle rapidly to his shoulder. He fired at the figure that was dimly visible in the window; but rage and hate will spoil the best shooting in the world, and though Half-hung Simon was noted as a deadly shot, his ball struck the heavy window-frame fully a foot above James Sedgwick's head.

James at once half closed the shutter, and, resting his rifle against it, took a steady aim.

For a moment the band paused, endeavouring to see if the shot had taken effect; and then Cifuentes, whose courage no one had ever presumed to doubt, snatched a torch from the hand of the man nearest to him, and ran up the steep path, crying, "Vamos, caballeros, let us smoke out the bees and get the honey."

There was a moment's silence, and then James Sedgwick's rifle rang clear and sharp through the frosty air.

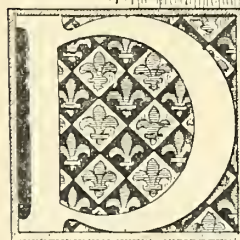
(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART II.



DIRECT from Lothar Ganelon went to Bertrade. It was the first time he had seen her for more than a year.

"What have you been doing," asked she, "since you were wounded at the Bingerloch?"

"I have been in pain, Bertrade; but if pain greatly paralysed my efforts, I have not been idle. The many mes-

sages exchanged between us prove that."

"That is true," said the widow. "Often in my gloomy work I have felt your influence working for me, and although you were absent, and perhaps dying, you were always near."

"Well, what have you done?"

"In the north and south and east and west I have everywhere checked the plans of our enemies, and though I

CHAPTER V.

have not conquered them I have put off their victory. You smile. The task is more arduous than you suppose, for the men I meet everywhere in my way are the Thirteen."

"But are these men still powerful?"

"Yes. Without them we should long have been avenged. Lodwig would have succumbed, and Judith and Karl would have joined company with him in the grave."

"And these thirteen demons are still abroad?"

"One is dead—the one you killed. But as to the others, I begin to think they are unseizable, invulnerable."

"Are they then phantoms?"

"For those I have as yet sent to destroy them. But now I have summoned new allies, and we shall see."

"And who are they?"

"In the first place a woman. Oh!

disappeared. And early next morning Ganelon was on the road to Prum.

We know what had happened at the monastery; how the young Karl had been brought away under the faithful care of Count Robert and Barthold the Frison, who had deceived the subtlety of Ganelon himself, and in his eyes passed as the brothers Markam.

During the journey no danger seemed to threaten the son of the empress. And, in fact, his life was for a time necessary for the new drama that Ganelon had schemed.

When the young prince reached Compiègne his father had just been brought back there, and had been shut up in a narrow chamber, through whose thick walls no opening admitted the light of day to enter or a sound to escape. A smoky lamp hung from the roof and revealed a praying chair with a cruci-

hind him, pointing alternately to the crucifix and the parchment he was unrolling on the table, Ebbo repeated the words,

"Sign and swear."

Ganelon triumphed; Lodwig confessed himself conquered. He promised; signed all that was asked; and delivered himself over body and soul to the insatiable ambition of the eldest of the sons of Hermengarde.

But at least the son of Judith remained to him. Before taking the oath and signing the deed, he obtained the supreme consolation of having for his companion in captivity his well-beloved Karl.

It was eighteen months since he had seen him. A frail, trusting child had been taken away from him; a brave, sturdy lad had come back to him.

By a refinement of cruelty the prisoners were not left alone. Warders, or spies, had been left in charge of them—the two men who had just held Karl's hands, and seemed to offer him as a victim to the scramasax of Ganelon. And Lodwig, seeing that the prison door closed on them, could not restrain a gesture of alarm.

But Karl, in a low voice, calmed him at once.

"Fear nothing, father. They are friends."

"Friends?"

And Lodwig looked more attentively at the two men.

As he looked they knelt together before him and murmured,

"France and Karl!"

Lodwig, more and more astonished, asked,

"Who, then, are these?"

"Two of the Thirteen. They promised to watch over your son, and they have kept their word."

And lifting back the fur that hid his face, one of them said,

"I am Barthold the Frison."

"And," said the other, "I am Count Robert."

And immediately the two paladins rose, and became the foresters again, and stepped apart in case prying eyes should watch them; while Karl sank back into his assumed imbecility.

Meanwhile, great was the agitation in Lothar's council. Some affirmed that the deed signed by Lodwig was enough to obtain the Pope's consecration; while others held that a public penance and military degradation were necessary. And these prevailed. Among them were Ganelon, and, of course, Lothar.

The phantom of a king received the announcement of this decision through Ebbo.

The morning came. In the church of St. Médard were numbers of priests and deacons and other clerics, and Lothar and his nobles, and as many of the people as the church would hold. Lodwig was brought in, and on a mat of hair-cloth he prostrated himself and confessed to all the evil that was charged against him. The bishops then enjoined him to confess all his sins in detail, and in his hand put a paper with the eight articles which they had the day before drawn up in the "Synod of Compiègne."

It is not our place to say too much



"A brave, sturdy lad had come back to him."

you need not look so scornful. You ought to have learnt from my example what a woman can do in a work of vengeance!"

"And is this woman to do a work of vengeance?"

"The same motive animates us both. She is a widow as I am. She is the widow of the Armorican chief who was put to death by Lodwig. She is Morgana!"

"Morgana the Breton? Morgana the Druidess? Oh! I know of what she is capable, and like you, I appreciate her help. But what has she promised you?"

"An army—an army of ferocious Bretons headed by a man named Nomene, the bravest of her fearless warriors. And he is now on the march to join us here."

"Here—no—but at St. Médard! Send to Morgana. Let her and her Bretons encamp among the rocks and caverns of the forest. Let them be ready for the first signal, but remain unseen till they are wanted. Remember the susceptibilities of the Frankish nobility."

"Good. I will go to Morgana. And you, Ganelon, what will you do?"

"I am going to find Karl. Soon, Bertrade, we shall gain our end!"

And with a few explanations Bertrade

fix at the top, and a table on which were ink and pens.

One side of the cell was draped with heavy curtains, and behind them signs of a grating could be traced.

An hour went by, and then Lodwig heard the bolts shot back. The door opened and Ebbo came in.

"Lodwig," he said, "the hour has come. You must now obey us. The bishops assembled at Compiègne have condemned you to perpetual penance which prevents your ever returning to the throne. Will you submit to their sentence? Will you swear, and sign a complete renunciation, a voluntary abdication?"

"No!" said the old man.

"Fortunately," continued Ebbo, "we are in a position to make you. Look!"

The curtains were drawn apart, and on the other side of the grating Lodwig saw his son Karl, whose arms were held to his sides by two men of fierce aspect, while Ganelon stood close by, grasping the terrible two-edged weapon known as a scramasax.

"Abdicate!" commanded Ganelon, "or before your eyes your son dies."

And the scramasax gleamed aloft. Bewildered, gasping for breath, overwhelmed with fear, the old man leapt against the iron bars, and through them thrust his supplicating hands. Be-

about what may be found in all school history books; and we need not dwell on the lamentable spectacle of the public humiliation of the poor old man who was the son of the Great Karl. He had given his oath to obey; and he listened with a bitter smile to the first articles of the indictment, which set forth the arbitrary parcelling out of Europe, the tonsure imposed on Hugues and Drogo, the second marriage, and the partiality shown to Karl. But when he came to the passage in which he was accused of "urging his people into sin," and made himself responsible for all the crimes committed during his reign, he raised his head, and seemed about to object.

Lothar rose at once, and with impatient anger, said,

"Read the following article, or, at least, look at it."

The article treated of the torture and death of Bernhard. Lodwig frowned, and read on.

Then, of his own accord, he prostrated himself on the hair-mat. Then he removed the belt, which was the sign of his military life; then was he robed in the grey cloak of a penitent, and presented his shoulder to the symbolic scourge, and held his head to receive the expiatory dust and ashes.

A profound silence reigned in the church, the silence of stupor.

The priests raised the penitent, and sat him in the centre of the choir.

Ebbo advanced, holding in his hand the long golden scissors with which he was to cut off the old man's flowing locks and silver beard.

But Lothar, who followed the ceremony step by step, bent down and whispered in Ganelon's ear that something had been forgotten which would be of no effect if done later on.

But it was not an easy thing for

Lothar to take the initiative in such a matter. And Ganelon spoke for him.

"Archbishop Ebbo, you have only taken off the penitent's sword-belt. The text of the capitulation says that the sword should be broken."

At this exorbitant declaration the archbishop was for a moment aghast, but he immediately regained his assurance.

"We omitted that formality," he answered, "because we noticed that, owing to the device of some enemy, the sword in the ex-emperor's belt is not merely a ceremonial one. It is the sword that was given him by his dying father. It is the Great Karl's own sword!"

At these words there was a murmur among the assemblage. And many hailed the discovery of the sword as a manifestation of Providence.

The murmurs exasperated Lothar. Forgetting himself, he rose and exclaimed,

"The law says the sword must be broken, and we will have it broken."

And in answer came a low growl of disapproval, which spread in a wave down the nave, and all over the basilica.

Seeing that he must obey, and be quick about it, Ebbo picked up the belt, drew the sword from the scabbard, and advanced to the marble balustrade of the choir.

He raised the sacred sword high overhead. In a second it would have been shivered, but for one of those unexpected incidents, one of those heroic inspirations, that occasionally happen to change the fate of an empire.

Karl was in the church, not to share in his father's penance, but to cheer him by his presence and to remind him of his oath. Up to then he had been scarcely able to contain himself. Mo-

tionless, and as if petrified with despair, he had not dared to raise his eyes.

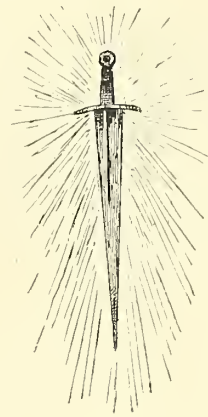
But when Lothar gave the order to add this last insult to Carlovingian glory, Karl had almost fainted. He started as if to run away, and put his hands to his ears as if to hear no more.

Those near him said, "He is a child. He is afraid."

But when in Ebbo's sacrilegious hands the precious weapon gleamed aloft to be dashed to fragments against the stone, Karl suddenly regained his full height, bounded at the astonished archbishop, gripped his arms, seized the sword, and shouted,

"I will not have it so! If my brothers Lewis and Pepin are not here, if Lothar thinks more of the title of emperor than of this sacred relic, I claim it as my own! I am content to take it as my part of the heritage. No one shall take it from me while I live. It is not only the sword of the great emperor—it is mine!"

(To be continued.)



FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—A STORMY MORNING—THE DOCTOR'S WAY OF QUELLING A MUTINY—UP ANCHOR AND OFF.

As Dick's traps did not turn up till late that evening, owing perhaps to a renewal of the snow-storm, he and his friend did not go on board till next morning.

A bleak cold day it was too, with big wet snow-flakes, borne on the wings of an easterly wind, flying about their ears, and the sea all of a-jabble, as Norland sailors term it. The shore-boat in which they rode—it literally was riding—was badly trimmed and ballasted, owing to the weight of Dick's sea-chest.

To make matters worse, the red-handed, sou'-westered, oil-skinned dogs of boatmen who rowed them were half drunk and wholly reckless, so the spray leapt freely inboard, drenching the youngsters to the skin.

Both looked wretched and blue, and sat with their hands deep in their

trousers' pockets and their heads almost buried in their jacket collars.

"Pleasant, isn't it?" said Peniston, as a frolicsome wave-top cut them both in the teeth.

"Exceedingly!" replied Dick, with the ghost of a smile.

Presently it was evident to the older of the two, that the boat had been pulled too far down, and was drifting to leeward—out to sea, in fact, for the Blazer was nearly opposite the Hoe.

"Where are you going, you lubbers?" he bawled; "can't you see you are taking us past our vessel?"

"We'll soon pull oop, master. Don't get afraid."

"Afraid, you scoundrel!" cried Peniston, thoroughly angry. "If I had the strength I'd pitch you overboard to feed the dog-fish."

"Keep her oop—keep her oop!" said the fellow to his mate, who had the port oar.

"Easy you—easy you!" was the surly answer. "How can I keep her up and you hangin' to yer oar like a wet flag to a new-painted pole, and the wind and sea clipping agin her starboard bow?"

The cobbles was got up, head to wind, and if a snow-squall had not come down at that unlucky moment, all might have been well.

The sea was boiling now, the sea was seething; the wind roared in their ears, the air was filled with blinding snow. To give them all due credit, however, those two rough fellows stuck to their oars and pulled with might and main.

But though nothing was visible three yards away, it was soon evident enough,

from the increased motion and size of the waves, that the boat was being drifted out to sea.

She kept falling off, too.

"Luff, luff, luff!" the starboard oar kept calling.

"Luff, be hanged," was the surly answer; "I tell ye I'm nearly winded."

"Keep your seat," cried Peniston, to Dick. "There is a spare oar; I'm going to get it over the port bow, and help to keep her up."

"Bravo, youngster!" this from the starboard oar.

"Shut up, you lubber; only for you we wouldn't have been in this fix," answered Peniston.

But keen eyes had been watching the progress of the shore-boat from the Blazer's gangway; and when at last the snow-squall cleared away, and went roaring down Channel to meet and baffle the merchantmen homeward bound from the broad Atlantic, and Dick could see a bit of horizon at last,

"Hullo!" he cried, to Peniston, "yonder comes a boat; I think she's after us."

Peniston had one glance over his left shoulder.

"Right, Dick! right, my lad. That's our cutter."

How beautiful she looked, too, that boat, as she clove through the vexed and angry sea; her strong, long, flashing oars had but a single sound, the crew that held them worked together like parts of a machine, while, hand on tiller and eyes that scanned the sea, towered aloft the bold form of the coxswain like some Viking of old.

"Yonder she is," he cried. "Give way, boys, give way with a will. Next snow-squall that comes she'll sink like any mussel-shell. Easy starboard. Give way, port. Round she rips. Pull together now. Lay aft here, Johnston, and heave the rope. Bravo! Well placed. Mr. Fairfax has it. Give way, all. Jack, old man, start us a song."

Jack was the poet of the old Blazer, and the chief musician too, as far as singing went; and whether down below among his messmates when it was Saturday night at sea, or abaft on the quarter-deck, where of an evening the younger officers often invited him, he never refused to sing.

Now, high over the hissing sea and roaring wind rose the manly voice of this true British tar. And the crew did not fail to help him with the chorus:

"Pull, my lads, pull,
The ocean's our school;
Pull, my lads, pull—
Pull all together.
The ocean's our school,
And danger's the rule.
At the seas we can laugh,
At dangers we scoff;
While, our oars in a line
We pull all together.

Chorus—Then pull, my lads, pull

"Pull, my lads, pull,
Pray why should we 'swither'?
When tempests surround us
Shall we show the white feather?
We can welcome the waves,
The wind and the weather,
When, shoulder to shoulder,
We are pulling together.

Chorus—So pull, my lads, pull."

* "Swither"=falter.

"Dick," said Peniston to his companion, as the boat got alongside, "two of the very men whom I talked to you about last night in my story are now in the cutter."

"It'll be double fare, young gents," said one of the shore-boatmen as they were preparing to run up the port ladder.

Dick put his hand in his pocket, but—

"Stay!" cried Peniston; "single fare is enough, and if I could add anything to that it would be a jolly good rope's-end! We'll send your fare down in two minutes."

"A bright youth you be!" growled the fellow. "But we sticks to this 'ere sea-chest till we gets our due!"

"I thought you were going on a trip down Channel," said the first lieutenant as Peniston reported himself.

"The boatmen's fault, sir. They're not sober, and now they mean to stick to Mr. Trelawney's sea-chest till we pay double fare."

Lieutenant Spencer ground his teeth with rage.

"Midshipman of the watch!" he bawled.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Send those two beggarly bumboatmen on board! So, so, my good fellows," he said, sternly, as the boatmen were brought aft—"so, so, you think fit to insult two officers of the King's navy, do you?"

"Which we only wants our due."

"Silence! You'll have your due ere you are two days older! What are your ages?"

"I'm nineteen, and Jim's twenty."

"Either of you married?"

"No."

"The better for you."

"Midshipman of the watch, have that shore-boat scuttled and cut adrift. Pass these two men forward and bundle them below. Tell the master-at-arms to see they are secured."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The midshipman gave his orders. The boatmen looked as white now about the gills as an old Spanish hen. They opened their mouths to speak, but never a word would come. Meanwhile two merry-looking bluejackets tapped them on the shoulders and pointed forward.

"Yonder's the path," said one of these, "that leads to glory. Now then, move those cabbage-stumps o' yours! Nimble does it! Won't budge, won't ye? Well, a rope's-end is a rare thing to—"

Whack, whack!

"Ha, ha! Knew I'd make ye hop! Nothing like a bit o' manilla for clearing the hintellect! Want another dose? Hey? No! Very well, then, be good, and we won't 'urt ye. When ye gets 'ome again, ma bo', arter a year's cruise, your old mother won't know ye. 'Lawk-a-daisy me!' she'll cry, 'w'y bless my old gingham, this can't be my Jim come back from sea! It must be the Prince o' Horange, sure-lee!'"

When the captain came on deck some time afterwards Lieutenant Spencer related to him what he had done about the boatmen.

"Scoundrels!" said the captain. "But I say, Spencer, he added, quietly,

"'tween you and me and the binnacle yonder, are we quite within the pale of the Impressment Act, eh?"

"I rather think that we are, sir. But besides, the service wants men, and the Blazer in particular; and besides, we have been outside the pale of the I. A. more than once before."

"Very true, very true," said the captain, laughing. "We'll offer them the bounty, at all events."

Both boatmen were put in the cells for the time being, and their rations for some days would be short commons. This was Lieutenant Spencer's system always with newly-caught men who showed a refractory spirit.

This lieutenant was of a practically scientific turn of mind.

"I've tried this plan of semi-starvation dozens of times," he explained to the captain once, "with wild creatures that I caught in the woods when a boy. Why, sir, I've known a wily old fox come and crouch at my feet and lick my hand after a week of bare bones and cold water."

"Tim," said Jim to his companion in the cells that night.

"Yes, Jim," said Tim.

"D'ye mean to take the bounty tomorrow, and become a willingteer [volunteer]?"

"Well, Jim, I don't see as we can do better, but—"

"No more do I, but—"

"I knows what your 'but' means!" said Tim.

"And I knows what *your* 'but' means!" said Jim.

"We'll sling our hooks first chance."

"That's it!"

There would be but little chance of their deserting for some weeks to come, at all events, for at eight o'clock the next morning the signalman on the poop was kept busy for half an hour.

The first signal that floated at the port admiral's on shore read thus:

"Are you all ready for sea?"

Many more signals followed smart and fast, and the commotion on board the Blazer increased every minute. Breakfast was hurried over, prayers were said, and divisions got off the reel with, I hope, not indecent dispatch.

Guns were run in and secured, ports were lowered, decks were cleared from orlop to main. Every soul on board seemed as busy as could be.

The purser's office was besieged with officers, orderlies, sentries, and stewards, and the clerks did not know which way to turn first.

All leave, of course, was stopped; the liberty men were already on board, and only three ships' boats went flitting from ship to shore, and from shore to ship, viz., the ship's steward's, a big cutter, the captain's gig, and the doctor's, with little Barry Hewitt in the stern sheets; but "Dr. McNab o' that ilk" really and truly in charge.

McNab was a hard-working, energetic young surgeon—very decided in character, saw what was to be done in a moment, and did it, whether it was to cut a leg off or reprimand a youngster, so his captain trusted him, and the head surgeon let him have nearly all his own way.

This particular morning he had to take several batches of invalids to hos-

pital, and come off with cured and discharged men from the same place.

"The men are not to leave the boat, youngster," he said to his niddy, as he landed his first lot at the jetty, helping the weaker up the steps with strong and kindly arm.

But lo! when he returned with five "discharges" the men were gone to a dram-shop near, and poor Barry was alone.

"Where are the hands?"

"I assure, you, doctor, I couldn't—"

"No excuse, please. Here, you men, jump on board, pitch in your bags, and seize the oars. Needs must when the devil drives."

The five rather pale and still but barely convalescent men leapt on board and McNab followed and took the tiller.

"Shove off."

"Am I to come?" from Hewitt.

"No, stay and muster your black-guard crew."

When, half an hour afterwards the doctor met and reported the affair to the first lieutenant, that officer did not smile, but he saw that McNab had done his duty.

"Well, Doctor McNab," he said; "we'll call away the second cutter for you this time and a picked crew; take all your sick on shore, and bring off the crew you left behind."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you want a file of marines?"

"Never a marine," said the six-foot Scot. "I'll marine them."

When the doctor returned from hospital, this time with shore hands carrying stores, he found that the cutter's crew had stuck to their boat, every man of them, and that Mr. Hewitt was still arguing with his half drunk and wholly refractory crew.

McNab quickly shipped his medical

stores, then divesting himself of coat and cap, which he handed to the coxswain, he sprang nimbly up the jetty steps and threw himself between the shore and the obstreperous men.

"Now, tumble in there," he roared, "tumble in; d'ye hear ma mon?"

A clip behind the ear with the doctor's right convinced the tallest mutineer that the action had commenced. He and another fellow made some show of resistance, the rest speedily fled to the boat. Of the two that remained McNab speedily disposed: one went rolling down the steps head first, while almost at the same time a well-placed left-hander lifted the other clean off the jetty and landed him in the water, whence he was ignominiously hauled in over the bow.

Then, and not till then, did this warlike surgeon's mate observe that Captain Dawkins himself was standing not far off. On his face was a look of intense amusement.

"Pray, Mr. McNab," said the captain, laughing, "is that your usual method of embarking your boat's crew?"

McNab's heart gave one uneasy thud, but his self-possession returned next moment, and he raised his right hand to his dishevelled hair by way of salute.

"Man! sir," he replied, emphatically, "when men merge into open mutiny, the quickest plan is aye the best."

Captain Dawkins would have given a good deal just then to enjoy a hearty laugh, but somehow he never forgot those words of the doctor's.

The Blazer was up anchor and away that afternoon, ripping down Channel under all the cloth she could carry.

But whither away?

Nobody knew just then.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE FOOTBALL MATCH.

THE fifteenth Association match between the two Universities attracted a large crowd to the Queen's Club ground at West Kensington, on February 22nd. In ten minutes Oxford scored a goal; but the Cantabs played up well, and a close contest eventually resulted in favour of the Dark Blues by three goals to two. This is only the fifth victory scored by Oxford against ten scored by their rivals.

CONWAY SCHOOL SHIP.

A MOST interesting assembly took place on board the school ship H.M.S. Conway, anchored in the Mersey, the other day, on the reopening of the school after the holidays. For several years past a "League" has existed on board amongst the cadets, against the vices so often found in large schools—*Brinking, Smoking, Swearing, and Impurity*, and its influence has had the happiest effects on the general morale of the institution. On the recent occasion nearly half of all on board were present, both former members and others desirous of joining from amongst the "new" boys. This large attendance was wholly voluntary, moreover; so we may congratulate the authorities of the school ship on the very satisfactory and healthy moral tone which evidently exists on board.

MY MASTER ALWAYS IN.

IT is good to remember in the moment of temptation that God sees and hears all we do and say. "Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a shop-lad of his acquaintance, "you must give me extra measure. Your master is not in." Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let every one, when he is tempted, adopt Johnnie's motto, "*My Master is always in.*" It will save him falling into many sins.

Just Fancy!

JUST fancy if Virgil had known about cricket,
And written of how to prepare a good wicket,
Instead of about what he did.
How jolly our construing lessons would be;
They then would make sense, and I'm certain that we
Should never get skewed, but our masters would see
We liked doing what we were bid.

If Homer to football had turned his attention,
And had not while writing forgotten to mention
The size of the balls Trojans kicked,
The width of the goals, and the laws of the game,
His Iliad then would have not seemed so tame,
And boys, while according him far brighter fame,
Would not have so often been licked.

If only Thucydides had but selected
A subject like rackets, no longer dejected
We boys should have pored o'er his work,
But gladly an earnest endeavour have made
To get at the sense with our lexicons' aid,
And closest attention to masters have paid,
Nor striven the lesson to shirk.

Those writers of old were so awfully prosy,
No wonder a chap gets disgusted and dozy.

When trying to see what they mean.
If they had been wise they'd have written about
A subject a fellow would like to find out,
And not one he thinks it's far nicer to scout,
Not caring their meaning to glean.

If I had but lived in those long ago ages,
And had been accounted as one of the sages,
My works would now please boys, I'll bet.
Of cricket and matches my pen should have told,
And how Trojans batted, and how Grecians bowled,
And whether they kept the pitch decently rolled,
And if their grounds played slow when wet.

And never a word I'd have used but was easy,
And shunned all constructions stiff, complex, and *teasy*,
And likely to puzzle a boy.
Each phrase I'd have taken good care had been plain,
The sentences short, and no tax on the brain,
So no one should study my meaning in vain,
But fly to their lesson with joy.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.



Man Overboard I.—Drawn by F. W. Burton.

THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. (continued.)

ANY ordinary traveller would have stood and admired the beautiful view—the finest, it was said, in the county. But Arthur and Dig were in no humour for artistic raptures. The sight of the abbey towers peeping out in the valley among the trees, and of the silver river which curled past it, suggested to them no thoughts of historic grandeur—no meditations on the pathetic beauty of ruin. It made them smell oysters and hear the popping of lemonade corks, and reminded them they had still two long miles to go before lunch.

"Get on, sharp," said Arthur, climbing into his saddle, "it won't take us long to go down the hill."

It didn't! They did the distance, a mile and a half, in about three minutes. The brake came to grief the moment they started, and they had nothing for it but to hold on and let her fly. As to attempting to control the speed with their feet, they were thankful enough to get those members up on the rest out of reach of the treadles, which plunged up and down like the pistons of a steam-engine. Luckily there was nothing on the road; luckily, too, the ruts which had broken the ground on the other side were for the most part absent on this. Once or twice the machine lurched ominously, and they thought all was up, and once or twice a stone or obstacle ahead promised to terminate finally their headlong career. But the gallant old sociable cleared them all, and her gallant passengers clutched on to their handles like grim death; and between them they did the distance in some seconds under the record, and ran a clean half mile on the level at the foot of the hill before they could bring one of the most famous runs of the season to a standstill.

Thanks to this rapid performance they were only about a quarter of an hour after the pedestrians at the abbey.

"Well, here you are," said Railsford; "you came by Grassens, I suppose. Rather rough riding, wasn't it?"

"We came by Maiden Hill after all," said Arthur. "It was rather rough."

"Did you walk down, then?"

"No, we rode it. We came down in pretty good time. There's something the matter with the brake, so we had to let her go."

Possibly Railsford had a better notion of the narrow escape of the two hair-brained young guests of the club than they had themselves.

They forgot all about it the moment they saw a hamper being carried in the direction of the river and heard Mr. Roe announce that they might as well have lunch now, and explore the abbey afterwards.

"Hear, hear," whispered Dig to his friend. "Eh?"

"Rather," said Arthur.

And they were invaluable in spreading the repast and hastening the moment when Mr. Roe at last announced that they were all ready to begin.

It was rather an imposing company. The Doctor was there, and his niece, and Messrs. Roe, Grover, Railsford, and one or two other masters. Smedley also was present, very attentive to Miss Violet; and Clipstone was there, as well as our friends Ainger, Barnworth, and Stafford. And all the learned luminaries of the Fifth were there, too, and one or two scientists from the Fourth.

Arthur and Dig had rarely been in such good company, and had certainly never before realised how naturalists can eat.

It was a splendid spread, and the two chums, snugly entrenched behind a rampart of hampers, drowned their sorrows and laid their dust in lemonade, and recruited their minds and bodies with oysters and cold beef, and rolls and jam tarts, till the profession of a naturalist seemed to them to be one of the most glorious in all this glorious world.

"Now," said Mr. Roe, who was president of the club and host, "let us go and see the abbey. I have put together a few notes on its history and architecture, which I thought might be useful. Let us go first to the Saxon crypt, which is unquestionably the oldest portion of the structure."

"Oh, lag all that," said Dig to his friend. "Are you going to hear all that rot?"

"Not if I know it," replied Arthur. "We'd better lie low, and help wash up the plates, and when they're gone we can go for a spin up the big window."

So, when Mr. Roe, having collected his little audience round him, began to descend with glowing countenance on the preciousness of some fragments of a reputed Druidical font lately dug up in the crypt, two naturalists, who should have been hanging on his lips, were busy polishing up the plates and the remnants of the repast, at the water's edge, and watching their chance for a "spin" up the ruined arch of the great window.

That window in its day must have been one of the finest abbey windows in England. It still stood erect, covered with ivy, while all around it walls, towers, and roof had crumbled into dust. Some of the slender stone framework still dropped gracefully from the Gothic arch, and at the apex of all there still adhered a foot or two of the sturdy masonry of the old belfry.

No boy could look up to that lofty platform, standing out clear against the grey sky, without feeling his feet tingle. Certainly Arthur and Dig were not proof against its fascination.

The first part of the climb, up the tumbled walls and along the ivy-covered buttresses, was easy enough. The few sparrows and swallows bustling out from the ivy at their approach had often been similarly disturbed before. But when they reached the point where the great arch, freeing itself, as it were, of its old supports, sprang in one clear sweep skyward, their difficulties began.

The treacherous stones more than once crumbled under their feet, and had it not been for the sustaining ivy, they would have come down with a run too.

"You see," said Mr. Roe to his admiring audience below, "the work of dissolution is still rapidly going on. These stones have fallen from the great arch since we came here."

"Regular jerry builders they must have had in those days," growled Dig, scrambling up the last few yards; "did you ever see such rotten walls?"

Dig confessed he hadn't; but having gained the top, he forgave the builders.

Rarely had Dig and he been so pleased with themselves and one another. It was a genuine feat of climbing, of which very few could boast; and peril and achievement bind friends together as no mortar ever binds bricks.

"That window," said Mr. Roe, looking up from below, "is considered inaccessible. It is said to be haunted; but the truth is, I believe, that it is infested by owls."

Here a faint "boo-hoo!" from above bore sudden and striking testimony to the truth of the master's observations.

"Hullo!" said Arthur, peering over, "they're going. Look sharp down, Dig, or we'll be left."

Dig obeyed. It was much more difficult getting down than getting up. Still, by dint of clinging tight hold of the ivy and feeling every step, he managed to descend the perilous arch and get on to the comparatively safe footing of the buttress.

"You cut on," shouted Arthur from above, "I'll be down in a second. Don't wait—I have found an owl's nest up here; and I'm going to collar a young 'un for each of us. Don't tell them. If Railsford asks where I am, tell him I'm walking home. You can go with him in the sociable. I'll be home as soon as you."

At the same moment a shout from below of "Herapath! Oakshott," still further hastened Dig's descent to *terra firma*.

"Come on," said Railsford, who was already seated on the tricycle, "it's coming on to rain. Where's Herapath?"

"Oh, he's walking home. He told me to tell you so. We've been scrambling about. Can I come in the sociable?"

"If he's not coming you can. Has he gone on then?"

"No—he was just getting a—a speci-

men," said Dig, hopping up on the saddle, and resolving that "Marky" should do all the work. "He says he'd sooner walk."

"Dear me! here comes the rain," said Railsford, turning up his collar, "we'd better go on. He'll get wet whichever way he comes home."

So they departed—as also did Mr. Roe and the Doctor and all the others.

"There's an owl again," said Mr. Roe, looking back at the big window.

He was wrong. The shout he heard

was from Arthur; not this time in sport, but in grim earnest.

For, having abandoned the idea of capturing the owls, he had started to descend the arch. He had safely accomplished half the distance when a ledge of mortar gave way under him and left him hanging by his arms to the ivy. He felt in vain with his feet for some support, but could find none. Dig's previous descent had knocked away most of the little ledges by which they had come up.

Finally, by a desperate effort, he pulled himself up a few inches by the ivy and managed to get a footing again. But there he stuck. He could not go down farther; and to go up would bring him no nearer Grandcourt than he was at present.

So it was Arthur shouted; and every one thought him an owl, and left him there in the rain to spend a pleasant evening on the top of the great window of Wellham Abbey.

(To be continued.)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1887 AND 1888.

PART II.

KENT in 1888 plays a complete series of matches with its seven rivals, besides four second eleven matches, and in the Canterbury week the Australians. The team will be at Lord's on the 14th of May to meet M.C.C. and G., at Blackheath on the Queen's birthday to meet Gloucestershire, and at Lord's on the 31st to meet Middlesex. The Surrey match at the Oval is fixed for the 11th of June, and the Brighton match for the 5th of July. Last year Kent were not so unfortunate as Gloucestershire, and that is about all that can be said for them. They drew twice against Gloucestershire, and once against Surrey, Yorkshire, and Middlesex, and they had two conspicuous defeats and no conspicuous victory. Mr. A. J. Thornton headed the batting averages with 34; next to him coming Mr. W. Rashleigh, this year's Oxford captain, of Tonbridge School fame, and three others, with 29. Lord Harris has nearly forsaken cricket for politics, and the result was seen in his sinking into eighth place with an average of 19. The bowling averages need not concern us. Last year was a dry year, or, run-getting year, a year that was the despair of bowlers, and in mercy to them we will keep their figures dark.

Lancashire, for a brief space at the head of the counties, went round with fortune's wheel, and is again on the rise. In 1887 the team were at the beginning out of hope, but at the end they had risen much in their own estimation, and finished second on the list. In August they were the strongest team in England, and even Surrey went down before them. They played twenty-one matches altogether, and they only lost three and had but two draws. Unfortunately all three losses were in first-class matches. Robinson headed the batting averages with 38, Sugg, an acquisition from Derbyshire, coming second with 33, Mr. Eccles being third with 31, and Mr. Hornby, the ever popular captain, taking fourth place with 26. This year Lancashire comes to Lord's to meet Middlesex on the 4th of June, and to the Oval to meet Surrey on the 16th of August. The team will be much the same as in 1887, and will include Watson and Briggs, whose splendid bowling averages were among the best of last season, as they had been for several seasons.

Middlesex did well in 1887, and finished fourth on the list. Their most brilliant success was over Surrey, which was quite a surprise. Till then Surrey had had an unsoiled record, but that nine wickets victory brought the Surrey men back to the level of Notts and Yorkshire, and opened a new race for the championship. If losses alone were taken into consideration in awarding championship honours, Middlesex would come second on the list, for while Lancashire and Notts each lost three, Middlesex only lost two; but the number of matches has also to be taken into consideration, and

Middlesex had but a meagre list. It may be worth while, however, to give a list of matches and losses. Surrey, then, lost two out of sixteen; Lancashire lost three out of fourteen; Notts lost three out of fourteen; but then Lancashire won ten, whereas Notts only won eight; Middlesex lost two out of ten and won only four; Yorkshire, lost three out of sixteen and won six; Sussex lost eight out of twelve and won two; Kent lost eight out of fourteen and won only one; and Gloucestershire lost nine out of fourteen and won only one. The chief Middlesex honours of 1887 were gained by Mr. A. J. Webbe, who secured the highest scores he had ever made in first-class cricket, and he has played first-class cricket for thirteen years. His 192 not out against Kent, and 243 not out against Yorkshire, were alone enough to make the Middlesex season memorable, and his average of 52 was by a long way the best for his side, Mr. T. C. O'Brien coming next with 28. Middlesex are to meet the Australians at Lord's on the 14th of June, and Surrey four days afterwards, when visitors are likely to be numerous. Middlesex are always strong in batting. If only the bowling were as good! And yet in 1887 the Middlesex bowlers did as well as any, four of them, Mr. A. J. Webbe, Mr. F. G. J. Ford, Mr. J. Robertson, and Burton, getting under the twenty.

Nottinghamshire is to fight Surrey on the two Bank Holidays, and fierce will be the strife. If only their partisans would not throw ginger-beer bottles at each other, the August meeting would be the pleasantest match of the London season. But endurance has its limits. Last year 24,450 persons paid for admission on the Monday, 16,943 on the Tuesday, and 10,243 on Wednesday; this 51,636 being the largest attendance ever known at an English cricket match. So great, however, was the social pressure, that something very like a riot took place, and, as we have hinted, ginger-beer bottles came in as handy missiles, and the remembrance of the doctor's bill thereby occasioned may keep the numbers down in 1888. For some years now Notts has been top of the cricket tree, and it cannot be said the grief was great when it was found that another county was to have its turn. Beaten by Surrey twice, and by Lancashire once, Notts had to take third place.

The individual performances were remarkable for the extraordinary average of 77 gained by Shrewsbury, who is far and away our best professional bat. Reserving his efforts almost entirely for his county, he gives himself a better chance of high scoring than the men who travel more, and if he would only keep out of his wicket—for he takes full advantage of Law XXIV.—his style would have as many admirers as his success. His average has only been beaten by Dr. W. G. Grace.

Next to him on the list came Gunn—another l.b.w. offender—with 42; Barnes, with 38, taking third place. Attewell's bowling record of 68 wickets for an average of 13 was in such a season quite as noteworthy as Shrewsbury's batting. In addition to the appearance at the Oval on August Bank Holiday, the Notts men will be in London the 7th of June, to meet Middlesex at Lord's.

Surrey will have the same team in 1888 as in 1887, and will have the same engagements, substituting Australians for the Warwickshire men. The Surrey Eleven last year was a model of what an eleven should be, all of them being good fields, half of them being good bats, and half of them fair bats and good bowlers. Mr. W. W. Read opened the season in fine form, and seemed to be going to beat the record. At Manchester he made 247; at the Oval, against Cambridge University, he made 244 not out—these being his highest innings as yet in first-class matches. But in August he had a run of bad luck, and instead of being top of the county average list, he had to be content with third place. The premier position was held by Mr. Key, a player of the Shrewsbury l.b.w. school, which has provoked the present agitation, who, over eleven matches, averaged 51. Next to Mr. Key came Mr. Roller, with 44 over six matches, Mr. Read having 43 over sixteen; the captain, Mr. J. Shuter, coming fourth with 31. There is no better captain of an eleven now before the public than Mr. Shuter, and no man more likely to get runs when they are most wanted, and his success was very popular; Lohmann not only had the high batting average of 28, but had the very excellent bowling average of 13 for 108 wickets. His is perhaps the best record of the year, taking it all in all; the fast bowler, Bowley, also did well, taking 56 wickets at a cost of 17 each.

As Surrey was champion county of 1887, some little space may be devoted to their matches. The season opened with a match against Hampshire, an easy one for the Surrey men to get their hands in, and which, of course, proved an easy win for them. Then Warwickshire was met at the Oval. This was Warwickshire's first appearance on the Surrey ground, and it is not likely to be forgotten, for one man made nearly all the runs. The total score was 139, out of which there were four duck's-eggs, two singles, two sevens, counting the extras, an eight, and a nine. Total of the side, less the one man, 42; the one man, C. G. Lawton, the only one to get into double figures, scoring 97! The weather was so bad that the match had to be abandoned after Surrey had scored 170 for two wickets.

The Surrey first-class season then began. Middlesex were met at Lord's and defeated in an innings, Mr. Roller scoring 118 and

Lohmann making not out 76. The team played their next great match at Manchester, where they beat Lancashire in an innings and 134 runs. This meeting had been looked forward to with some anxiety, for up to it neither side had lost a match. Lancashire made 205 and 218; Surrey made 557. In Lancashire's first innings Mr. Hornby was the only man bowled, all the rest but one being caught in the slips. The Surrey field on the afternoon of the first day would have puzzled the plan-drawers, for Mr. Shuter had got Bowley and Beaumont bowling short and fast, with a lot of his men behind the wickets, so as to snatch the catches; and the plan answered so well as to get rid of the last five wickets for 50 runs. The second day's cricket was quite startling, Surrey being in all day and losing only three wickets for 418 runs, Mr. Roller and Mr. Read remaining together for four hours, and putting on 305 runs during their partnership. Mr. Read scored 247, Mr. Roller scored 120, Mr. Shuter scored 70, and Lohmann scored 68. In Lancashire's second innings the two Steels and Briggs were the only batsmen to get into double figures, Mr. A. G. Steel doing wonders to convert the defeat into a draw; but although he made 105, his efforts were

in vain, and half an hour before time the innings ended. On the Monday Surrey were back at Kennington Oval, playing Cambridge University on Jubilee Day. It proved to be quite a jubilee for Mr. Read, who carried out his bat for 244, and settled Cambridge's chance. The Surrey total was 543 for one innings, the number of extras 46, showing clearly enough the weak spot in the light-blue armour. The Surrey men then journeyed to Moreton-in-the-Marsh to beat Gloucestershire by an innings and 104 runs, and then returned to the Oval to be beaten by Oxford University. This was a surprise, but when in the same week Middlesex beat them on their own ground, something like a panic occurred in the cricket world. Could it be possible that the great team was "going off"? The next match was that against Yorkshire, at Sheffield, for Ulyett's benefit, which Surrey won in fine style by an innings and 15 runs. The next first-class county to be met was Kent, and the result was a Surrey victory by an innings and 2 runs. Then came the great Bank-Holiday match at the Oval, in which, thanks chiefly to the stand made by Lohmann in the second innings, Notts was beaten by four wickets, amid much jubilation on the part of the exuberant

Surrey crowd. The next match, that against Gloucestershire, was naturally a very tame affair after such high pressure; it was won by six wickets. Then came the Brighton match, which proved to be a very near thing, Surrey only just winning by a wicket. The narrow escape at Brighton was followed by actual disaster at the Oval. The Lancashire men had been improving with every match played, and were in very different form from what they had been in in the North. Surrey was quite out-played, and lost by 147 runs, and great was the excitement as to which was to be champion county, for now it was the middle of August, and Surrey, Lancashire, Notts, Yorkshire, and Middlesex were all on a level, each with only two losses. A match with Derbyshire followed, with the usual result; and then at Barratt's benefit-match Yorkshire was beaten in an innings and 10 runs. Surrey against Kent, which followed, ended in a draw, as did the return of Surrey against Sussex, the latter match degenerating into a farce owing to the Surrey men trying to get out, and the Sussex men trying—and successfully—to keep them in until it was too late to play out the game.

(To be continued.)

GIANTS AND DWARFS

By D. T. HANNIGAN, B.A., LL.B.

IT was once a generally accepted opinion, even amongst educated people, that a race of men possessing enormous physical proportions existed in the earlier ages of the world. This theory has, however, been almost completely exploded, and though persons of exceptional stature or bulk have admittedly been observed from time to time, it is pretty certain that the normal height and size of human beings has always been much the same. Giants are mentioned in the Bible, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Hebrew word which has been so translated applies merely to stature, as its literal meaning is "monsters." The height of Goliath has been variously estimated at from eight to eleven feet.

Some of the Greek and Roman historians were fond of saying that the human race had degenerated. Herodotus has frequent allusions to persons of gigantic height. The story of the Cyclops is one of the most famous of Hellenic traditions, and Homer has crystallised it in his immortal epic, the "Odyssey." Pliny in his "Natural History" tells us that Gabarus, an Arabian, was nine feet nine inches in height, and he gives the names of two persons—Posio and Secundilla—who were each half a foot higher. Quetelet, a French naturalist, who has written a work on the subject, shows that it is utterly impossible for a human being to grow to a height of twenty feet. Buffon ventures to assert that men whose stature was ten, twelve, or even fifteen feet, actually existed. This assumption does not appear to be based on scientific evidence, and it is now well known that Buffon erroneously described the bones of an elephant as the skeleton of a man. Boccaccio gives a questionable account of a giant's bones which, he says, were dug out of a cave in Sicily. These bones were subsequently examined by Kircher, who came to the conclusion that the remains were those of a mastodon.

Some exaggerated statements have been made by travellers as to the height of the Patagonians, whose average stature is from five to six feet. Few exceed seven feet.

The same tendency to exaggerate may be noticed with regard to dwarfs, concerning whom many mythical stories are related. Thus the accounts given as to the existence of a race of white dwarfs, with exceedingly long arms, called "Quimos" or "Kimos," in Madagascar, appear to be without foundation.

One curious instance of a remarkably tall race of people in modern times is to be found in the case of the inhabitants of Potsdam, who are descended from the celebrated regiment of grenadiers which Frederick of Prussia took so much pains to organise.

Several Irishmen measuring from seven to eight feet have been exhibited in England. Charles Byrne (otherwise known as O'Brien), whose skeleton is now preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons in London, was eight feet four inches high. The skeleton, which may still be seen, is eight feet in height. The "Irish Giant Boy," who was exhibited a few years ago, was not much above the average height, the remarkable feature about him being his extraordinary bulk. In his nineteenth year he was nearly thirty stone in weight. From this point of view the Tichborne claimant might be classed amongst "giants."

Dwarfs, as a rule, owe their physical condition either to some natural defect or to accident. Formerly there existed an artificial system whereby it was possible to render human beings dwarfed even from the time of birth. The laws of civilised countries have, however, become too humane in the nineteenth century to permit of such unnatural cruelty. Victor Hugo, in his great romance, "L'Homme qui rit," describes a race of people who devoted themselves, even so late as the days of Queen Anne, to the mutilation of children for the purpose of afterwards exhibiting them as monsters. The hero of the story has been subjected to the fearful operation technically called *denasatio*, the effect of which is to produce on the unhappy creature's face a perpetual laugh, or rather mockery of laughter; hence the title,

"L'Homme qui rit" ("The man who laughs"). In spite of the exaggeration of the romance, the historical facts on which it is founded cannot be questioned.

There is an amusing legend about an Austrian Empress who made all the giants and dwarfs she could find lodge together in one huge building in Vienna. The dwarfs were told that they had nothing to fear from the giants; but it very soon became clear that the giants could not say the same thing of the dwarfs, for the latter, by pinching them, tripping them up, and robbing them, made life unendurable for their overgrown but stupid companions. The result was that the giants sent a petition to the Empress praying to be allowed to live apart from the dwarfs, and their prayer was granted.

In former times Court dwarfs were treated with special favour, and in many cases made themselves, not only disagreeable, but dangerous to all who provoked their wrath. One of the Kings of Denmark is said to have made his dwarf a Prime Minister, in order to get him to utter unpleasant truths which a minister of ordinary stature would have been afraid to utter. Stanislas, King of Poland, was deeply attached to his dwarf Bébé, whose height was only twenty-three inches, according to French measurement. This dwarf died in his twenty-third year, to the great grief of the king. Richebourg, the French dwarf, who died in 1858 in Paris, being at the time of his death ninety years old, was, like Bébé, only twenty-three inches in height. He was a servant in the Orleans family, and, though he had attained the years of manhood at the time of the Revolution, he was carried into Paris and out of it as an infant in a nurse's arms.

The first English dwarf of whom mention is made is the celebrated Tom Thumb, who, according to the old ballad, lived "in Arthur's Court." Jeffrey Hudson, who flourished in the days of Charles I., and who died in prison after the Restoration, appears to have been as brave as many of his tallest contemporaries. He fought two duels, in one of which he killed his anta-

gonist. At Dunkirk he was taken prisoner while engaged on some dangerous political mission; and on another occasion he fell into the hands of Barbary corsairs, and almost miraculously escaped with his life. He is introduced into Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak," and the scenes in which he figures are singularly interesting. There were two other dwarfs attached to the court of Charles I., Gibson, the miniature painter, and his wife. Their combined height was seven feet.

Borulwoski, the Pole, who was exhibited

in England in the last century, was one yard and three inches in height. He is described as "a wit and a scholar." He died in 1837, at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

One of the most perfect specimens of a dwarf ever exhibited was Charles Stratton, better known as "General Tom Thumb," who appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in London in 1844, and on the boards of a Parisian theatre in 1857. In 1863 he married Lavinia Warren, a lady of about his own height, who was born in 1842.

The two Aztecs who visited England in 1853 were interesting as specimens of a race which may be said to be practically extinct. The height of each of those pignies was not more than that of an infant of one year old, and their skulls were small even in proportion to their stature. They manifested a deficiency of intellect, and betrayed other signs of racial degeneracy. Considering the remarkable history of Aztec civilisation, the low physical and mental condition of the wretched pair presented a pitiable spectacle.

THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY W. J. GORDON,

Author of "The National Arms," "Standards of Old England," etc.

PART IV.

THE King's Own Regiment, called the Royal Lancaster since the new arrangement, was originally the 2nd Tangier Regiment, and was raised in 1680 in Plymouth and London. The badge of the Golden Lion it received from William III., and

Americans in the war of 1812, which resulted in our capturing the city of Washington, and in memory of which General Ross's family are entitled to call themselves "Ross of Bladensburg."

The "Old and Bold," the "Fighting

plucked the blood-stained white feathers from the hats of the dead French at the capture of St. Lucia. Wilhelmstahl is borne on their colours, but not St. Lucia; the Peninsular victories include Roleia, the first action of the campaign; Vimiera, won



The Duke of Cambridge depositing the Colours of seventeen Scottish Regiments in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

from it the men take their nickname of the Lions. On its colours, among the Peninsula victories, figures Badajoz, for the storming in 1812. For the first time, too, we meet with the name of Bladensburg, the victory won by General Ross over the

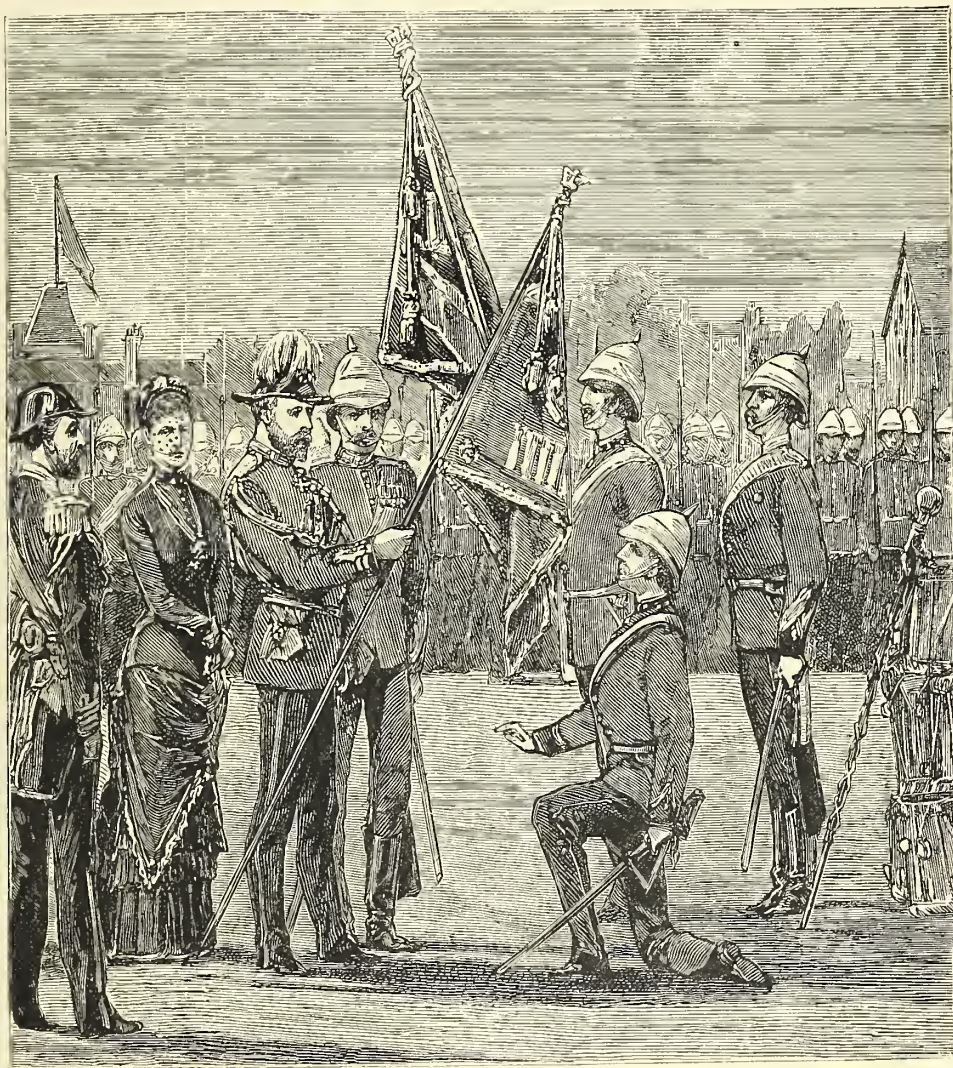
Fifth," are now the Northumberland Fusiliers. They won their fur caps at Wilhelmstahl in 1762, when, under the Marquis of Granby, they defeated a division of the French Grenadiers; and they wear the white plume tipped with red from having

by Barrand during Wellesley's temporary supersession; and Ciudad Rodrigo, for the storming of which Wellington was made a Spanish duke and a Portuguese marquis. The badge of the Northumberland Fusiliers is St. George and the Dragon, on cap and

collar, and it has also the Rose and Crown and King's Crest, with "Quo fata vocant" on the flag. It is an old regiment, and came over from Holland with William III. in 1688, as did the next in the Line, the old "Saucy Sixth," now called the Royal War-

colours, and for the first time we meet with Peiwar Kotal, Roberts's brilliant action in the Khoorn Valley in 1878. The Royal Fusiliers have a white rose within their garter, the King's men have a white horse within theirs. The 9th are now the Nor-

Ali, whence the "India" on its battle-roll; and it was also out against the Maoris in New Zealand. The motto of "Montis insignia Calpe" ("The badge of Mount Calpe"—or Gibraltar) always goes with the castle and key.



Presentation of New Colours to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers by the Prince of Wales at Portsmouth.

wickshire, which, like the Northumbrians, was allotted to its special county in the re-organisation of the army on a territorial basis in 1782, when the same alarm as recently was felt at the result of breaking up old associations. Even in 1751, when the regiments were first numbered, there were many old soldiers who considered the British army had received its death-warrant. The Royal Warwickshire has for its cap-badge an antelope, said to have been granted it for having captured the flag of the Royal Africans at Saragossa, but for its collar-badge it has the Bear and Ragged Staff. The battle-roll contains no new name for us—unlike that of the Royal Fusiliers, which leads off with Martinique, the West India Island three times captured from the French, and three times voluntarily restored to them. The Royal Fusiliers are the City of London regiment, and was originally raised in the City in 1685.

The old 8th, the "King's"—now the Liverpool Regiment, with the red rose for Lancaster—was originally raised in Derbyshire. Like the Royal Scots and Buffs, it displays the Marlborough victories on its

folks, as they have been for years. In the Peninsula they were known as the "Holy Boys," for having swapped their Bibles for something to drink; but those days happily are long past. Their badge is Britannia—the Britannia of the pence and halfpence—which they wear on their waist-plate above the Castle of Norwich. "Firm" is their motto, though it is not shown on the colours.

The 10th is now the Lincolnshire Regiment—at one time it was known as the "Springers." On its colours appears Mooltan for the first time, in memory of the storming, under General Whish, in 1849, in which the 10th and 32nd bore the foremost part. The old 11th—the "Bloody Eleventh," from its having been almost cut to pieces at Albuhera—is the Devonshire Regiment, and wears the Castle of Exeter on its cap and collars, and shows it in the garter of its colours. The Suffolk colours also bear a castle, but that is the one with the key, and placed below the garter. The old 12th was at Minden in 1759—where Lord George Sackville would not pursue—and at Seringapatam storming under General Harris, in 1799. It also saw service against Hyder

Prince Albert's Somersetshire, formerly known as the 13th Light Infantry, wear blue facings, although not entitled a royal regiment. These have not as yet gone the way of the old semicircular arches of fur on the shoulders—the "wings" of the Light Infantryman—and so the colours are blue. They bear the Sphinx, and, what is more precious to the Somersetshire, the mural crown for Jellalabad. Who has not heard the story of the siege in 1842, when Sale held at bay the Afghans and foiled all their efforts, notwithstanding that the earthquakes rent his mounds and filled his ditches? Besides Jellalabad, the Somersetshire colours bear Dettingen, Egypt, Martinique, Ava, the Afghan distinctions, and Sevastopol and South Africa; but the mural crown at the bottom of the flag saves all trouble in recognition.

The West Yorkshire, the Prince of Wales's Own, late the 14th Foot, once rejoined in the name of "Calvert's Entire"—a jest somewhat weak and beery, and requiring the explanation that Calvert, the name of their colonel, was the name of a brewer, and that the regiment consisted of

three battalions, whence Calvert's "Three Threads," otherwise his "Entire" of the public-house signs. Besides Tournay, where the French were defeated by the Duke of York in 1794, the battle-roll gives Corunna, Java—which was captured from the Dutch by Auchmuty in 1811—Waterloo, Bhurtpore, India, Sevastopol, New Zealand, and Afghanistan. The badges are the Prince of Wales's plume, the tiger, and the white horse—or rather three white horses.

The East Yorkshire, formerly the 15th Foot, has the rose for its badge, and, in addition to the Marlborough battles, bears Quebec, 1759, in remembrance of Wolfe's victory. Guadeloupe—for the capture of the island—appears for the first time, the other honours being Louisburg, Martinique, and Afghanistan (1879-80). The old 16th, now the Bedfordshire, has a badge of a white hart, from its former connection with Hertford, and it has only the Marlborough honours on its colours. The old 17th, now the Leicestershire, sometimes called the "Lilywhites" from their facings, sometimes the "Bengal Tigers" from their badge, has Louisburg, Afghanistan, with two f's for 1842, and Afghanistan, with one f for 1878-9; besides Hindostan for the Mahratta campaign of 1803, Ghuznee, Kelat, Sevastopol, and Ali Musjid.

The Royal Irish have the Lion of Nassau, whence the "Irish Lions," with "Virtutis Namurensis premium" ("Reward of valour at Namur"), under William III. in 1695. They also sport the Sphinx, the Green Dragon, and the Harp and Crown, and a long list of battles, including Pegu for the Burmese War of 1852, and have their collars ornamented with the Nassau arms. The Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire, next to them in precedence, have Malplaquet, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol, and the rose for a badge. The Lancashire Fusiliers, next to them, the old 20th—the "double exes" or "two tens"—have Maida on their colours for Stuart's victory over the French in 1806, the first in which

the power of the British bayonet was shown in the long war. The list of honours begins with Minden, whence the regiment is often called the "Minden Boys." The Royal Scots Fusiliers, once familiar as the "Earl of Mar's grey breeks"—from their original grey trousers—date from 1678, and begin their battle-list with Marlborough's triumphs. They rejoice in the national thistle, with its motto and St. Andrew, besides the Royal cipher and crown. The Cheshires, the old 22nd or "Two-two's," have an acorn-and-oakleaf badge, and bear on their colours the rose, with Louisburg and Meeanee, Hyderabad and Scinde, for their services under Sir Charles Napier in 1842-43.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers—the Royal Goats, or Nanny Goats, from the interesting animal that always precedes them—still wear the "flash" behind the neck, marking the ribbon of the old queue, a survival like that of the "slash" in the coat-tails of the Guards. They are rich in badges, having, besides the three-feathered plume, with its "Ich Dien," the rising sun and red dragon for Wales, the horse for Hanover, and the Sphinx for Egypt. The long list of honours, beginning with Blenheim, includes Dettingen, Minden, Corunna, eight Peninsular battles, the Crimean and Mutiny campaigns, and Ashantee, in memory of Wolseley's expedition in 1873, when King Coffee Calcalli had to hand over his umbrella. Another Welsh regiment, with the red dragon as a cap-badge, comes next to them, the old 24th, now the South Wales Borderers, once "Howard's Greens." The colours bear the Sphinx, and in a long list of victories, beginning with Blenheim and ending with South Africa (1877-8, 9), includes the Cape of Good Hope (1806), for its share in the capture under Sir David Baird. Only one other regiment, the East Lancashire, shares this distinction. The grounds of the colours of these two Welsh regiments have unfortunately been transposed in our Plate. The Royal Welsh

Fusiliers should have a blue colour, the South Wales Borderers a white one, the honours and badges remaining unaltered.

The King's Own Borderers—popularly the "Botherers," or "K.O.B.S.," from their initials—is another regiment not nominally "royal," but with blue facings. Its first battle, as Leven's regiment, was Killiecrankie, which, not being exactly a victory, does not appear on its colours. It was raised at the time Bonnie Dundee "to the gay Gordon so gallantly spoke" when he climbed up the rock to the interview. Its origin is shown by its badge of the castle of Edinburgh and its pious mottoes of "Nisi Dominus frustra" ("Unless the Lord build the house the labour is vain"), and "In veritate religionis confide" ("Trust in the truth of religion"), clearly revealing the Covenanting inspiration. Besides the castle, its colours bear the white horse and its "nec aspera"—occasionally facetiously abbreviated into the "neck"—the King's crest, and the Sphinx. The Borderers did well at Killiecrankie, notwithstanding the untoward result, and they have always done well, being, indeed, one of the most distinguished regiments of our army.

(To be continued.)



THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM.

WITH PLAIN PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS, BY WHICH THE VARIOUS "VOICES" MAY BE ACQUIRED IN A FEW WEEKS.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

PART III.—HOW TO ACQUIRE THE VARIOUS VOICES.

WHEN the student has carried out the instructions given in the last lesson, and can talk easily without moving the mouth, but not before, he can commence the next part of his study, and attempt one of the illusory voices.

There are three principal voices in ventriloquism—viz., the open (or colloquial), the middle distance, and the distant. Some performers class the two latter as one, but there is a difference, as I shall explain later on.

The open voice is, as its name implies, open and free from all muffled sound, and, strictly speaking, does not come under the head Ventriloquism; but as the distinction is slight, and no practical good could be obtained by treating it separately, I class it as such. It is the voice that is used in conversation with ventriloquial dolls, or when the ventriloquist wishes to imitate a person speaking behind a screen, when the sound would not be muffled or obscured by any obstacle, such as a wall or a closed door.

The middle-distant voice is the voice that is used near at hand, but comes through an

obstacle to the hearer, as a person speaking from the other side of a door, or through the wall, or from under the floor, and is more or less muffled according to the obstacle through which the sound passes.

The distant voice hardly needs explanation; it is used when the performer imitates a person shouting from a long way off, or from the roof.

Each of these voices has a little range of its own, and can be made more or less distinct according to its supposed distance from the hearer, and they can be blended together to imitate a person approaching from a distance, or *vice versa*.

It must be understood that the arrangement of these voices has reference to their situation only, being more or less distant from the hearer. Their character can be varied in many ways, especially the first two.

THE OPEN VOICE.—This voice is capable of great variety, embracing as it does the whole range of vocal mimicry—the old man, woman, child, Irishman, etc., or any imitation where an illusion is intended close at hand.

Now, although any style or character can be imparted to this voice, the groundwork of all of them lies with the old man and woman's voice, and when once they are acquired the rest will be comparatively easy. The student should therefore take pains to acquire them, which can be done in the following manner:

With the mouth fixed as before described, say in a deep, gruff tone, "Hillo! Where are you?" This must be spoken in a loud voice; the deeper the tone the better. It should be forced out of the mouth as if the letter H was at the beginning of every word, as "Hillo! hwhere are hyou?" The gruffness will depend at first upon the natural pitch of the student's voice; but it can be made deeper by practice. He should practise short sentences in this way until the necessary gruffness can be obtained. He can then hold a conversation with an imaginary person, changing from his own voice to the assumed, and *vice versa*.

In order to make the contrast as great as possible, the words spoken by the student in his natural voice should be articulated

distinctly, and formed well forward in the mouth, and in a different pitch from the assumed voice, which is formed farther back in the mouth, and is somewhat blurred in articulation.

I must here call the attention of the student to the fact that *action* plays a very important part in ventriloquism, and considerably helps the illusion. It is well known that the ear is easily deceived as to the direction from whence a sound emanates. A person in a house, hearing a noise in the street, can easily tell if it is approaching or receding by its increasing or decreasing loudness; but it is very difficult for him to tell on which side of the house the noise is made, whether it is up or down the street.

Again, if a ventriloquist, being in a room with other persons, and standing a little distance from them, gave a correct imitation of the sound of the voice of a person speaking from the other side of a wall, the ears of the listeners would detect the sound, and their minds would naturally refer it to that situation; but they would be unable to tell through which wall the sound came unless their attention was previously directed to the spot. Indeed, it is quite possible that their minds would not agree as to the direction, some thinking it came from one quarter, while others would imagine that it came from a point exactly opposite.

It is upon this inability of the ear to detect the correct spot from whence a sound originates that the ventriloquist acts, and he should always endeavour to draw the attention of the audience (either directly or indirectly) towards the place where he wishes the voice to sound.

Herein lies the necessity for action. The student should enter into the spirit of the thing, and act as if he were really speaking to a living person, not only before an audience, but in private practice as well. Let him stand sideways before a screen or curtain and try to imagine that there is someone behind, then, turning his head to the screen, say aloud in the natural voice, "Hillo! are you there?" (this will call the attention of the audience to the screen); then, in the open voice as described, say, "Yes, what do you want?"

Continue the dialogue in any way suitable, and practise until the change from one voice to another can be made rapidly and with ease.

The old woman's voice can now be attempted. This can be obtained by speaking in a high pitch, and directing the sound into the nose, when it will have a great resemblance to Mr. Punch. Some performers close the teeth when using this voice, but I do not recommend it. It not only subdues the sound, but spoils the tone. With few exceptions the ventriloquist should always keep his teeth apart when speaking.

I have stated before that the groundwork of all the voices lies with the old man and woman's, the student should therefore pay great attention to them, and practise till he can master them. He will then have no difficulty in imitating other voices.

THE MIDDLE DISTANT VOICE.—This voice is far more difficult than the last, and will consequently want more study and practice to attain it; but when it is attained it will fully repay the time bestowed on it in learning.

It is, as I before stated, the voice that is spoken somewhere near at hand, but on the other side of an obstacle, and in its passage through that obstacle is somewhat smothered.

Now, before attempting to imitate this voice, the student should ascertain exactly what it is he has to imitate. He should therefore, when he hears a person speaking

in the next room to him, listen attentively, and take particular notice of the sound as it reaches his ear. If this does not occur as often as he could wish, he should prevail upon a friend, which is the better course, to oblige him.

He should take his position in an upstairs room, and get his friend to speak to him aloud from the other side of the door (the door being closed, of course), from the next room, and from the room below. Let him pay great attention to the sound of his friend's voice as it comes to him from these different quarters, and he will notice a difference between all of them. The difference is slight, perhaps, and to the general reader the description may seem superfluous; but the would-be ventriloquist, if he wishes to excel, must notice the difference, however slight. The voice coming through the door will sound louder than that coming through the wall, while the voice from under the floor will have a peculiar vibrating sound not noticeable in other voices spoken on the same level as the hearer. Let the student notice these sounds particularly, and retain them in his memory, and endeavour to imitate them according to the following instructions:—

Standing beside a door, he should call aloud in his natural voice, Hillo! Then, in exactly the same tone and pitch, repeat it; but in this case it should be produced in the throat, at the root of the tongue, and the breath should be held back, not drawn in; in fact, the ventriloquist should speak without breathing. This will give the voice that muffled tone which it is desirable to attain, and it should be persevered in until it can be mastered. Great attention must be paid to the management of the breath, as by its means the voice is more or less muffled, according to the quantity of breath that is allowed to escape while speaking. The more breath the louder the tone, and *vice versa*.

To imitate the voice through the door the student should speak in an ordinary pitch—the tone, of course, being muffled—but for the voice through the wall the pitch should be raised, as it is obvious that a person trying to make himself heard through a wall would be compelled to speak louder, but the sound should be fainter.

For the voice in the cellar, or the room below, the pitch should be much lower, and the voice produced as far down the throat as possible, the chest well out, and the stomach drawn in, to give force to the sound, at the same time holding the breath back. The cavity of the mouth should be made large by lowering the jaw, although the lips should not be very far apart. This will be found to give that peculiar vibrating sound so noticeable when a person is speaking under the floor, and which in its natural state is caused probably by the floor acting as a sound-board.

To acquire this "middle distant voice" with all its variations will cost the student some time and trouble, and, no doubt, in the outset he will think it an impossibility. But he should not be disheartened; with a little practice he will find all difficulties vanish, and he will be rewarded for his pains. Let him remember that no accomplishment of value can be easily attained.

THE DISTANT VOICE.—This imitation always causes the greatest astonishment, and yet it is not so difficult as the last, although it will take some time before the knack is acquired. It is used when the ventriloquist wishes to imitate a person shouting from a long distance off, or from the roof.

It is produced in two ways. The first is exactly similar to that described for the last voice, but in this case the pitch must be raised as high as possible, and the sound forced out by compressing the stomach, while the breath is held back.

This is, perhaps, rather too severe for the beginner, and is likely to cause straining, which should be avoided. He should therefore adopt the following plan, which is quite as effective, besides being easier to accomplish.

Look up to the ceiling, and shout, Hillo! loudly. Then in a pitch one octave higher, repeat the Hillo! and in doing so direct the sound into the nose, and expel the breath as little as possible. This, with a little practice, will be easy, and the result will be a very faint sound, like a person shouting a long way off. Practise this till a clear, ringing sound can be got, but very faint.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(Continued from page 511.)

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 JOHN HAROLD TAYLOR, 43, Broomhall Place, Sheffield.
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 ARTHUR WILLIAM FINER, 93, Beeston Hill, Leeds.
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Correspondence.

S. DIVITIACUS.—Teach parrots to talk by being exceedingly kind and attentive to them, and keep repeating at the proper time the proper words to say. Nearly all parrots will say a few words. Even canaries have been brought to speak.

BEST.—At any birdstuffer's.

C. OXLEY.—For "Minor Pets" refer to our back volumes.

SNAKES.—No; do not keep snakes with frogs, salamanders, or toads.

A. E. T.—Your hutch is too small, perhaps, or you keep your rabbits dirty, and do not feed properly.

PHYSIOLOGIST.—1. Take plenty of outdoor exercise. 2. Yes, any bookseller. 3. No. Beware of bad habits, or your life is not worth sixpence.

P. N. WILKINSON.—Sport—Rattler—Spicey—Nimrod—Nipper—Flesh, etc.

R. J. M.—Some dogs are always losing their hair. Put a little salt in the last water you rinse with after washing.

STIFF TOE.—It is cramp. Blood must be impure. Take one of Cockles' pills every week, and five drops of tincture of iron three times a day in a little water.

COLLIE.—1. Give the dog more exercise and freedom, and he won't wet his kennel. 2. "Our Friend the Dog," Deau and Son.

JACK.—In self-defence we will, one of these days, give a lot of prescriptions for birds' food, etc., etc. Then we must refer readers to them. But we cannot keep on occupying valuable space by repetitions of such things.

POULTRIFIED.—Five columns would not answer all your queries. In reply to one—Wright's "Poultry Keeper," 3s. 6d., any bookseller. It will tell you everything. And, by the way, Spratt's Patent have a 3d. book, 4d. by post.

ATHLETIC.—No; a boy of ten even may increase muscle wonderfully by constant exercise.

F. B.—Keep of a goat all depends. About eighteen-pence a week on an average.

F. KINGDON.—Poultry pay best that have freedom.

F. J.—We never tried Thorley's food on guinea-pigs. Spratt's have a food for rabbits now.

J. W. (Ferntree).—Yours is a sensible letter. 1. Yes, if well cleaned, and disinfected by burning brimstone in it, the fowl-run you sketch will do for rabbits. 2. Twice a day will do to feed. Thrice is better.

O. D. BLACK.—You cruel boy, to hang your canaries in a kitchen till feathers and voice are gone! You ought to be served so yourself. Either kill them or give them different quarters, and good food with fresh water. Put them in a cheerful, sunny room.

PLOUGHED.—In such a mere matter of opinion you cannot say an examiner was wrong. You should have taken the text-book recommended for the examination, and followed what it says on the subject. You can make out at least eleven usurpers of the English throne. William Rufus "usurped" in place of Robert; Henry I. in place of Robert; Stephen in place of Matilda; John in place of Arthur; Henry IV. in place of Edmund Mortimer; Henry V. in place of Edmund Mortimer; Henry VI. in place of Richard of York; Richard III. in place of Edward V.; Henry VII. in place of Edward Earl of Warwick; William III. in place of James II.; and George I. in place of the Old Pretender. Anne, too, could be called a usurper. Even Mary and Elizabeth could be looked upon as usurpers. But where are you to stop? On the other hand, it is possible to show that none of these were usurpers—not even Stephen—for they all reigned by the wish of the people, and the right of election was never parted with. Usurpations before the Conquest are never thought worthy of mention; and yet look at the number of sons that had to make room for their uncles!

T. C. M.—1. Sesame is a grain still grown in Egypt; it is not a word of incantation. "Open sesame!" Cassim forgot; but he knew it was a grain of some sort he wanted, and so he shouted, "Open, wheat!" "Open, barley!" "Open, rye!" etc. The accent is on the final e. 2. Sintoism is a religion of Japan, generally thought to be the earliest there.

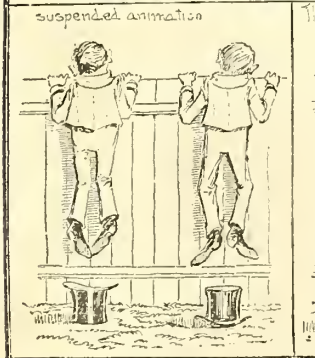
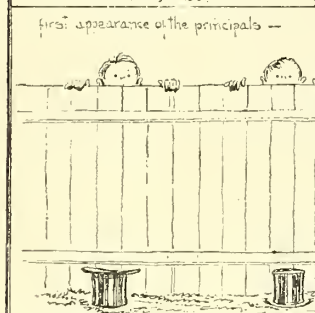
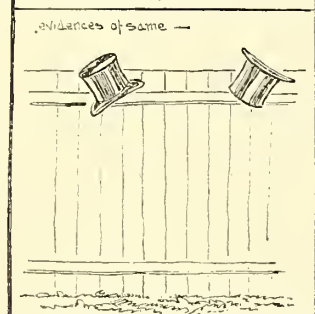
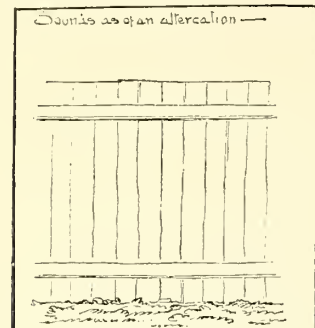
SPOKE.—The most complete book on Cycling is that by Viscount Bury and Lacy Hillier in the Badminton Library, published by Longmans and Co., Paternoster Row. It costs half a guinea, as do all the rest of the series.

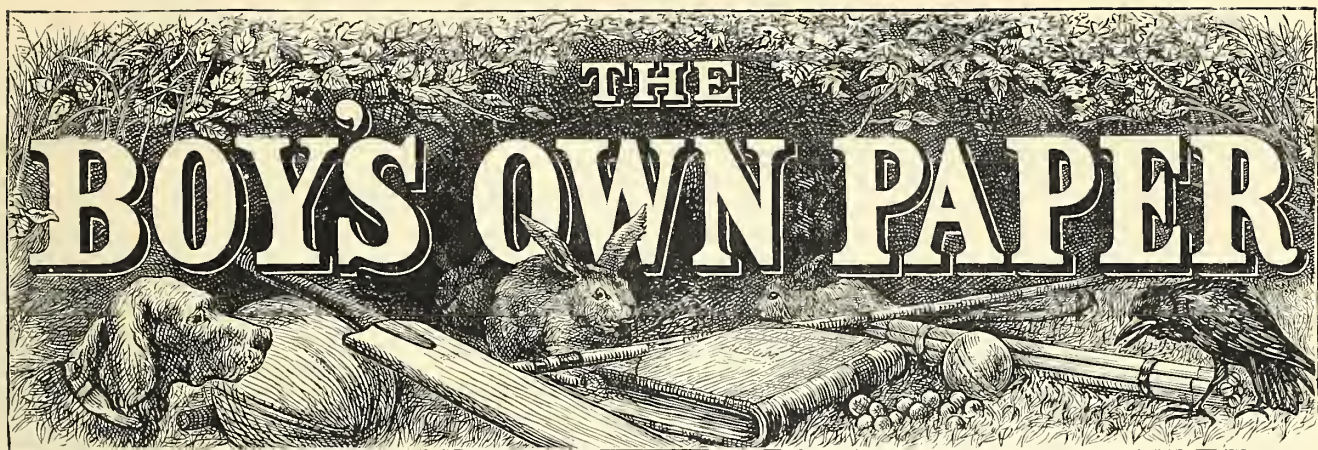
E. I. R.—The Great Eastern is three times the height of the Monument in length, and as broad as Pall Mall. A walk once round her deck is a quarter of a mile long.

SANDY B.—The epitaph is probably the one at Enfield on a monument to John White, Surveyor to the New River Company from Lady Day, 1691, to Midsummer, 1723—evidently on a quarterly engagement. The epitaph runs:

"Here lies John White, who day by day
 On river works did use much clay,
 Is now himself turning that way.
 If not to clay yet dust will come,
 Which to preserve takes little room,
 Although enclosed in this great tomb."

F. (Kew).—In surface-condensing the steam is condensed by contact with the surface of a great number of small tubes, through which a current of cold sea-water is constantly flowing. By this means the condensing water and the condensed steam are kept separate, the former flowing into the sea, the latter into the hot well. The boilers being filled with distilled water, there is little deposit, and blowing-off is not often required.

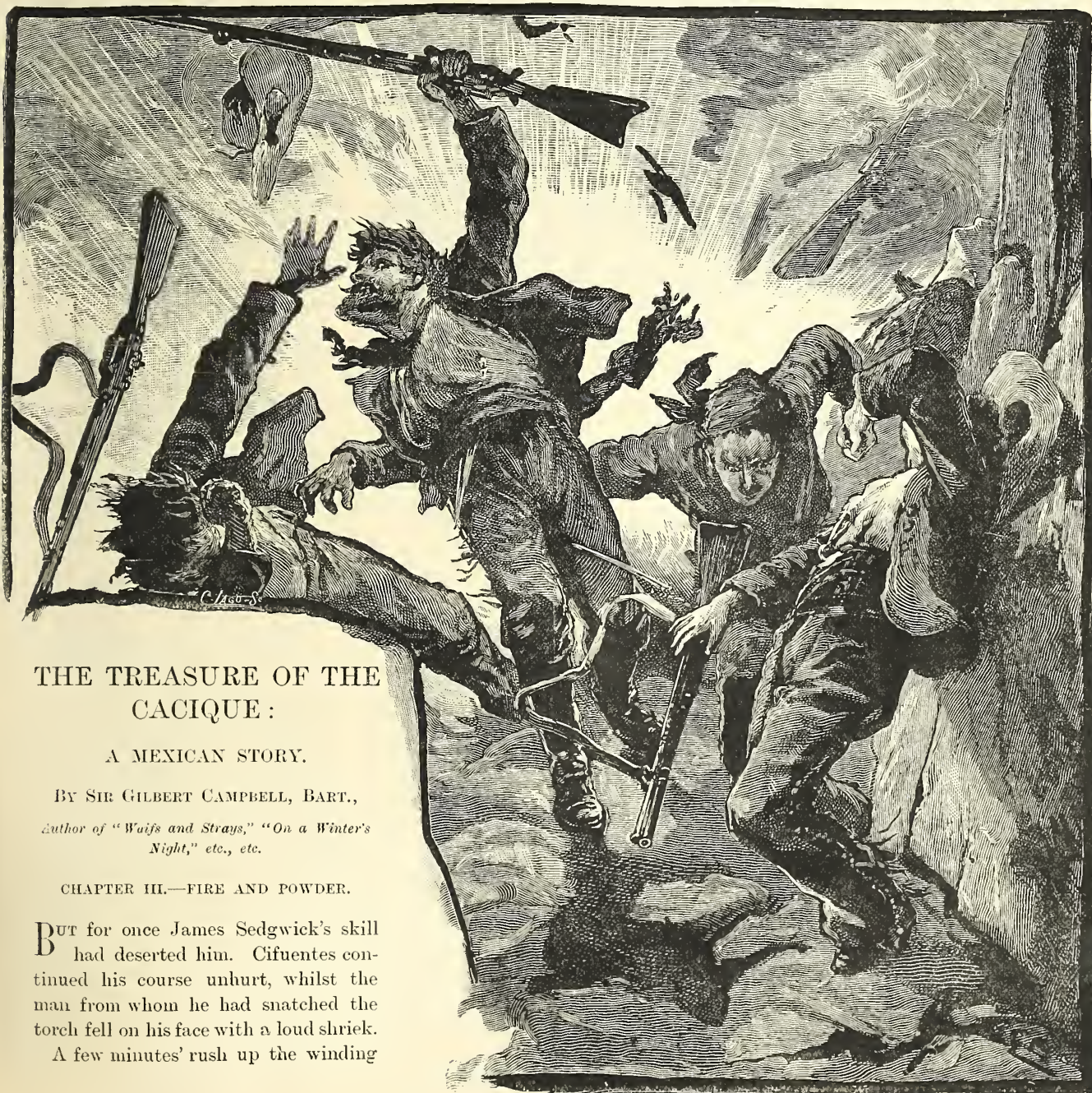




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THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE :

A MEXICAN STORY.

By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.,

Author of "Waifs and Strays," "On a Winter's Night," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—FIRE AND POWDER.

BUT for once James Sedgwick's skill had deserted him. Cifuentes continued his course unhurt, whilst the man from whom he had snatched the torch fell on his face with a loud shriek.

A few minutes' rush up the winding

The match reached the powder."

path brought the besiegers to the fence that surrounded the log cabin. Then Arthur's rifle spoke, and the man known as Guzman staggered back shot through the shoulder, whilst a bullet from Bob struck another of the gang in the chest, killing him on the spot.

"Carrai!" cried Cifuentes. "Buonos, camarados, behind the fence; the dogs will pick us off else, one by one. Let each get the best shelter he can, and keep up a heavy fire on the loopholes and the windows of the loft. There are only two men, one of them wounded, and a pair of youngsters."

"Si," answered Guzman, who, behind one of the posts of the fence was trying to bind up his wounded shoulder with a gaudy silken scarf, "but the young pups shoot straight enough; look at my arm, and see Mike, there." And he pointed to the man who lay upon his face in the snow.

Following their leader's instructions, the bandits scattered themselves along the line of fence, and, taking advantage of every kind of shelter, opened a hot fire upon the defenders of the hut. But as most of them were armed with the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, their fire was not particularly rapid; and if they allowed the slightest portion of their persons to be seen beyond their posts of vantage, a bullet whistling closely to them showed that the little garrison kept a sharp watch, and that the slightest mistake might prove a fatal error.

"Caramba!" cried Cifuentes, as one of James Sedgwick's bullets grazed his cheek, "this will never do; let us burn out the English dogs. Here, Peres," he continued to one of the gang, "you are always bragging about your archery; can you plant half a dozen arrows in yonder roof?"

"E vero, señor," returned the ruffian, detaching from his back a small bow of buffalo-horn; "but what good will arrows do?"

"Fool!" returned his leader, "do you not see that a few arrows with blazing cloth fastened to them will soon drive these English from the hut? Quick, let us get into shelter below the crest of the plateau, and arrange matters."

The cruel plan was soon carried out, and very shortly arrow after arrow, each bearing a tuft of burning rags, soaked in the fiery spirit called mezcail, went soaring through the air and fixed themselves in the sheets of bark which roofed the hut. In most cases the snow with which the cabin was covered extinguished these dangerous missiles; but here and there the heat from the chimney had left the roof bare of its protecting cover, and there the arrows burnt away merrily.

Meanwhile the sudden cessation of hostilities had surprised the little garrison.

"Can it be that they have become tired of this work," said Bob, "and are drawing off for good? I think we made it rather hot for them while it lasted, and that they did not relish it much."

"I am afraid," replied Arthur, "that they have only gone under shelter to plan some other scheme; but if we can but hold them at bay until morning they will not dare to continue the

siege by day. I only wonder that some of the miners by Deadhorse Gully have not come down to our aid on hearing the firing."

"Do you not know," broke in Lopes, "that there is a great game at euchre to come off at Billy Ducker's Saloon at Otivida to-night, and that every miner in the neighbourhood is there? Yes! the rogues knew what they are about, choosing to-night for work of this sort."

"Boys," cried the voice of James Sedgwick from above, "there is no harm done, I hope?"

"No, father," exclaimed the boys together. "A few bullets have come in through the interstices of the logs, but no one has been touched. We think they have had enough."

"I think so, too," returned their father; then, in a despairing voice, he exclaimed, "Ah! the villains; they are firing burning arrows into the roof, and the hut will soon be in flames."

The effect of the arrows soon became apparent, and the roof began to crackle, whilst here and there sparks were visible in showers, and dense smoke began to make its way into the loft. No effort could be made to extinguish the fire, as any one attempting to do so would at once have been the mark for a dozen rifles. The only hope was that the dampness of the weather would prevent the fire from spreading until daylight, when the garrison felt sure that the siege would be raised.

Meanwhile the bandits had taken up their old positions behind the fence, and kept up a heavy fire upon the garrison, so as to distract their attention and prevent them from making any attempt to extinguish the fire.

"I cannot stand this much longer," cried Lopes, as the smoke in the lower chamber became thicker and thicker, "and how the *Senor Jaime* can endure it passes my comprehension. Give me that small keg of powder—it is better outside than in. Stand by the door, and I'll see if I can't clear away the villains."

"You will be killed if you show yourself," cried Bob.

"Do nothing rash," urged Arthur. "At any rate consult father before you act."

But Lopes was too angry to listen. Hurriedly making a slow-match with a piece of linen and some powder, he inserted it in the little keg, then, raising it in his arms, he signed to the brothers to open the door. Mechanically they obeyed him. Lighting the match, he raised the keg high above his head and rushed into the plateau. A volley greeted him, and one bullet struck but did not stop him. Then the bandits saw his intention, and with a wild cry they deserted their positions, and fled down the narrow, winding path.

But Lopes, in spite of his wound, staggered to the edge of the plateau, and hurled the engine of destruction into the midst of them as they impeded each other in their efforts to fly, and then threw himself flat on the ground.

The match reached the powder, a tremendous explosion followed, a dense cloud of black smoke rose up; some forms were seen writhing upon the ground; but two, disengaging them-

selves from the *débris*, fled swiftly down the mountain side.

"Fire!" cried Lopes, faintly; "they are Simon and Cifuentes," and he lapsed into insensibility.

Bob and Arthur were surprised that their father had for the last few minutes made no sign; and now they repeatedly called upon him to come down. No answer was returned; and Bob, full of apprehension, darted up the rude ladder. A loud exclamation from him called Arthur to his side. James Sedgwick was stretched upon the rough flooring of the loft. A chance bullet from the last volley had pierced his heart, and he lay stone dead at the feet of his sons.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LAST OF THE HUT.

AFTER the boys had, with some difficulty, removed their father from the burning cabin, they knelt beside the body and freely gave vent to the anguish they felt at their heavy loss. Suddenly Bob was aroused by hearing a voice behind him exclaim,

"Hulloa, here's a pretty business been a-going on here! Who's been in the muss? Injuns, or half-breeds, or white robbers. Here's poor Jim Sedgwick lying plugged full plum-centre; and there's Spanish Jack, with half his duds burnt off his back and a hole in his side. Say, there, lads, who in the name of mischief has been up to this pretty little game?"

The speaker was a tall, gaunt man, considerably over six feet in height, with a weatherbeaten face seamed with many a scar, reminiscences of flood and field; he was clad in what had once been a gaily-fringed hunting-shirt made of dressed deerskin, but with which the thorny bushes and the sharp rocks of the Sierras had played sad havoc; his legs were defended by strips of raw hide wound round and round them, and he was armed with the usual long rifle and knife of the dweller in the mountains.

Bob turned briskly round; whilst Arthur, with a faint tinge of joy in his voice, exclaimed,

"Indian Joe! Ah, why did not you and the rest come to our assistance, and we might have been spared this!" and, half reproachfully, he pointed to the body of his father.

"Hang me if I knew that anything was going on," answered the hunter, earnestly; "the boys all went yesterday to Billy Ducker's, and I spects I rayther overslept myself, but directly I did hear the firing, I skooted down here pretty smart, you bet. Let us see if there is any hope," he added, as he gently raised the body of James Sedgwick in his arms and examined his wound. "No, not the ghost of a chance there. He was a man with lots of the real grit, and has nobly stood against odds, but he'll never stand first again."

And as he once more placed the body of the dead man carefully upon the ground, he, with a rude kind of reverence, removed his otter-skin cap, and displayed a grisly wound which, though now healed, was evidently the result of an Indian scalping-knife.

"But, come, lads," he continued with an effort at cheerfulness, "let's try and clear out what we can from the cabin. Come, Spanish Jack," as Lopes came limping up, "lend a hand." And the two, aided by the boys, managed to save nearly everything from the hut, which was now burning fiercely.

"I reckon," said Indian Joe, "that I'll just bring down my old mule, and take away your traps to my diggin's, if you and Bob 'ull keep a good watch here. Cheer up, boys." And the rough but kindhearted hunter strode away promising to return as soon as he could.

For a few moments the two boys sat motionless by the body of their father, then Bob rose to his feet, and taking a pickaxe from a heap of tools that lay near, motioned to his brother to do the same. "Oh, not yet, Bob, not yet," cried Arthur, as the tears sprang to his eyes, "we must not put him out of sight so soon." But Bob silently led the way to a tree, beneath which his father had often sat when work was over, and soon the strokes of his pick began to ring upon the frozen ground. After a brief pause Arthur followed his example, and in a short time they had made a sufficient hollow to contain their murdered father; then they heaped rocks over it to protect the body from the beasts of prey, and Arthur repeated over the grave the prayers learnt at his mother's knee. As he was turning away, his brother caught him by the arm. "We have something more to do, something yet to live for," muttered he, hoarsely.

"What is that, brother?" asked Arthur.

"To pursue and track the murderers of our father, nor cease from the pursuit until justice has been done."

Very shortly after this, Indian Joe returned with the mule, and a rough mountain pony upon which the wounded Lopes was safely bestowed, and with many a lingering backward look the boys left the grave of their father upon which the flames from the burning hut were casting a lurid glare.

Far up into the mountains they pursued their way along the winding road that led to Deadhorse Gully, where the greater part of the mining community had located themselves; but the boys' thoughts were far away. One parent was lost to them for ever in this world, and the other was across the sea; they were now cast entirely on their own resources; and, though Indian Joe strove in his rough way to cheer them up, and they knew that, for their father's sake, they were sure of finding many friends amongst the miners in the gully, yet they could not help remembering that they had no claim upon anyone in this distant land, and that for the future they must depend upon their own stout hearts and strong arms for even the morsel of food which was necessary to keep body and soul together.

Very painful, therefore, were their reflections as every step took them farther and farther from the spot where they had for some years dwelt so happily together. The day had now broken, and the wide expanse of snow looked more cheerless than ever; trees and rocks were alike coated with it,

and no sign of sun showed itself through the dull, leaden clouds.

Suddenly, as they came to an abrupt turn in the path, Indian Joe touched Bob's shoulder lightly.

"Look!" he said, and pointed backwards.

The burning hut was in full view; and, as the boys gazed upon it, the roof fell in with a crash that could be faintly

heard even at the distance at which they were; then the walls swayed and tottered, falling inwards, and a cloud of ashes and smoke alone marked the place where the cabin had stood.

Both Bob and Arthur felt that the old life had indeed passed away and a new one had begun.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART II.



CHAPTER VI.

boats on the neighbouring rivers, so as to check his enemies and gain time. The rigour of the season came to his aid. Although it was the middle of March the winter began again, and frost and rain and snow rendered the roads and rivers impracticable.

The army that Lewis the German had sent off was stopped in its triumphal progress by the Marne. And the Somme and the Scheldt and the Meuse served as barriers to keep back the insurgent masses of the North.

In the South nothing threatening had appeared on the horizon, but on the morning of the third day the scouts came in announcing that a third army was on the march out of Aquitaine, that King Pepin was at its head, that he had crossed the Loire, and instead of crossing the Seine was marching up its left bank, and had already brought his vanguard in sight of Saint Denis!

"I am lost!" growled Lothar.

"There is one road left to us," said Ganelon; "the road to Burgundy, which doubtless remains faithful to you. From it, at any rate, you can pass into Italy, which is your own kingdom."

Lothar replied only by a look, which meant sentence of death to a clumsy accomplice. Evidently his anger demanded a victim, and the victim in his mind was Ganelon.

Fortunately for that villain a noise of trumpets was suddenly heard without.

As quick as light the lad's enthusiasm spread to those around. All was confusion. With difficulty a massacre of Lothar's party was prevented. As it was, Lothar had to hurry out of the church as best he could. The town had risen in arms against him, and he barely managed to escape to Paris. Engaging for his master that no danger menaced his prisoners, Ebbo contrived to get Lodwig and his son out into the cloister, and thence he sent them off to follow Lothar. In a few hours he had to follow them. The country had risen. The Thirteen were at the head of a revolt, and with them were Counts Warin and Gautselm, the generals of Lewis the German, who had specially been sent to deliver Lodwig, but had arrived too late.

Had it not been for the Bretons, who now arrived on the scene under Nomenoe, Lothar would never have reached Paris. There he counted on the people being faithful to him, and flocking in to his help. But he was mistaken. Only a dozen counts and barons answered his summons.

"I will go no farther," said he. "I will stop here."

He destroyed all the bridges and

The fanfare announced the approach of the heralds—one sent by Pepin and the other in the name of Lewis—who demanded that the Emperor Lodwig should be at once delivered up to them.

On this condition the past would be forgotten, but if it was refused the armies would attack next day.

Among Lothar's partisans the first movement was one of offended pride. Some of them, notably Lantbert, Count of Nantes, declared that the only answer to such an insulting message should be given sword in hand. But Lothar quieted them with a gesture, and for a few minutes remained motionless in his chair, with thoughtful frown and veiled look, and his chin in his hand, as if deep in reflection.

Then raising his head he said, with an expression of crafty hypocrisy,

"No one more than I desire the happiness of my father, but his captivity is the result of a judgment of the bishops, and it was my brothers themselves who gave him into my care, in guarantee of the full powers they took from him to give to me. If they have really changed their opinion, and refuse to keep their promise, they ought at least to give me two days to reflect, and if the day after to-morrow at this hour they will send to me, we will treat as to the future constitution of the empire. That is my answer."

The heralds bowed and withdrew.

Every look was turned towards Lothar, whose countenance changed as the heralds left, and now glowed with gloomy fire.

"Count Lantbert," he said, "and all you who command along the Loire, be off to-night. Get back to your estates, and raise me an army there. This pretended truce is merely to give you time to escape."

"But you, my lord!" answered Count Lantbert.

"I," said Lothar, gruffly, "shall go to the other side, to the Alps, and soon will I return with such forces as shall crush both Aquitaine and the German."

"We will not be the first to leave!" said several voices. "We will protect and cover the retreat of the emperor."

"Never mind me," said Lothar; "I shall not go till to-morrow. I have some orders to give here."

And his eyes glittered as they looked towards the new prison in which were Lodwig and Karl. And there was not one there but expected that during the coming night there would be one of those tragedies such as made the Merovingian period infamous.

Whether it was that they cared not to be accomplices, or sought to be out of reach of all retrospective vengeance, the counts from between the Seine and Loire said no more, and at nightfall departed hastily. Free from these inconvenient witnesses, Lothar sent for Ganelon. The master and servant were equally pale and feverishly excited, and when the door was shut looked eagerly into each other's eyes.

"Ganelon," said Lothar, "if you do not wish to die to-morrow, Karl and Lodwig must die to-night."

"But how?" gasped Ganelon, almost as if the rattle were in his throat.

"You are sure of these Armorican savages?"

"Morgana answers for them."

"And these Markams?"

"Oh! I will answer for them."

"Good!"

"Well?"

"Well! while the heralds were here, this is what I resolved. The weather is pleasant, the night is clear; there can be nothing better for our prisoners than a stroll in the garden."

"Willingly or unwillingly, they shall go."

"Only, to guard against an attempt at escape, you will surround the garden with an Armorican wall. Do you understand?"

"Yes! What next?"

"Naturally, the Markams will accompany the prisoners, for they are now their gaolers."

Ganelon bowed as his only reply. He was now livid, and trembled so that he could not speak.

Lothar continued:

"At a signal I will give from this window—for example, at these words which may come in useful hereafter, 'Take care of my father and brother'—they will kill them!"

"At last!" hissed Ganelon.

"Wait!" said Lothar. "That is not all. As I do not want accomplices who may tell tales later on, at a second signal, at the appearance of Morgana at this window, who shall shout 'Vengeance!' our devoted Bretons shall, in their just indignation, hurl themselves on the Markams and put them to death—to death! You understand! That is my plan; all yours have failed. I want mine to succeed, and I will have it so. Go and execute my orders, and send Morgana to me."

As Ganelon went out, he asked himself.

"What fate has Lothar reserved for me, as he does not want accomplices?"

And the thought was not a soothing one.

A little later Morgana appeared at Lothar's invitation, and his plan met with her approval. Both of them gained the object of their ambition in the triumph of their vengeance; and, full of confidence in the future, said to themselves, one, "I shall be emperor;" the other, "I shall be queen."

A noise in the garden drew their attention to the window. It was the Bretons, who took up their places round the wall.

"Why is Nomenoe in command?" asked Lothar, pointing to the young chief, whom he disliked.

"It is his right," answered Morgana; "and he claimed it as a proof of his devotion."

"He knows the truth?"

"Yes."

"And he has promised?"

"To do justice on the assassins? Yes! Justice, notable and prompt—such were his words."

"Good!" said Lothar; and he added, in a lower tone, "there is another I must get rid of."

At this moment Lodwig and Karl appeared in the garden of the old palace of Thermes, which was then the residence of the Carolingian monarchs. It extended to the Seine, and thus allowed Lothar to stay in safety on the left bank, as at the first alarm he

could enter the city by the small bridge which was defended by two large towers. All the writers of the time are agreed as to the beauty of the gardens round the old Roman villa.

It was one of those mild quiet evenings which succeed the early storms of spring. The sky was cloudless, and gay with all its stars, and the moon was rising and lighting up the old grey walls and trees, and the underwood and stretches of grass, and the bushes and flowers just bursting into leaf. Lodwig and Karl, happy in their unexpected walk, came slowly and silently down the chief path. The brothers were near them, but, strange to say, seemed less occupied with them than with the Bretons silently aligned round the wall.

Suddenly Lothar appeared at the window and gave the signal.

Loudly he shouted,

"Take more care of my father and my brother!"

The brothers stepped quickly up to the prisoners, and each drew his scramasax.

But neither struck.

In astonishment Lothar asked,

"Did you not hear me speak? Obey!"

And, certain of the crime, but daring not to look at it, he turned away from the window.

Instead of the groans of agony he hoped, he heard the unexpected shout of—

"France and Karl!"

He looked back.



"Obey!"

Four paladins came out of the ruined temple, and handing to the brothers two swords like those gleaming in their hands, the six formed round the prisoners like a rampart of iron, and in a voice of thunder, shouted,

"France and Karl!"

Never did rage exceed that of Lothar.

He was betrayed by these Markams, who, instead of murderers, had become defenders. He saw ranged in front of him six of the men who had ever wrecked his schemes, and who seemed to be invincible.

But Morgana hastened to assure him by a gesture, and was far from despairing of success.

"What matters it?" she said. "Have I not my Bretons?"

Then coming to the window she gave the second signal.

"Vengeance! Vengeance! and on

all of them, on Lodwig and Karl as well as on their defenders. They are eight; you are twenty thousand. Kill them, then, and let the emperor know it is in the name of Morgana, of King Morvan, On to them!"

But the Bretons remained motionless. Nomenoe came forward alone, and answered,

"It is because they are eight and we are twenty thousand that I refuse to obey. Those who chose me for their chief are soldiers, not assassins."

At this firm and loyal response, which was confirmed by general applause, Morgana was more astounded than her accomplice, and remained silent and open-mouthed.

Nomenoe continued,

"I am sorry to trouble you, Morgana. But I must tell you the truth. The Bretons want a man and not a woman to lead them. As we are come to avenge the hero whose widow you are, they chose me as their sole commander. I do not refuse to listen to your counsel, and when it is for the interest and honour of the nation I will follow it; but on this occasion you have brought us from our country to gratify passions to which we are strangers. To-day you would make us murderers, the murderers of a boy and an old man, and I will not have it so!"

"Traitor!" shouted Morgana. "Ingrate and traitor, who deserts at the decisive moment, and refuses to become the avenger of his king. But there are others who will remember Morvan, and who will have blood for blood, and remain faithful to the prophetic of Bel and Teutates! Come! my faithful ones! To me, Sons of the Oak!"

And as a supreme evocation she waved her arms and fluttered her cloak, according to the sacred rites of the Druidic religion.

At the outset we said that Bretons are above all things people with memories, people of the past. In spite of the esteem with which Nomenoe inspired them, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which they had greeted his loyal declaration, a few hundred of the men stepped out of the ranks and ranged themselves under the window.

"Ah!" she said, "I have also soldiers, soldiers who are slaves to duty, soldiers who will obey the voice of vengeance."

Then, to excite them against the victims of her hate, she roared, as a panther would roar,

"Kill them! Kill them!"

Those who had declared for her made a step in advance.

But Nomenoe shouted his war-cry,

and the Bretons against the wall crowded to the right and left of the paladins ready to defend them.

In the centre, facing Lodwig and Karl, the ground was clear. In to this space Nomenoe ran, and stood like a hero of Sparta or of Rome.

"Stop!" he cried. "Before you turn your arms against each other, Bretons against Bretons, brothers against brothers, beware! Those who have rallied to Morgana can follow her; they represent the past, which remains with her. We are soldiers of the future; we will go back to our country. But before we go back we will efface the shame of this miserable campaign; we will not fight in the quarrel of an impious unnatural son; we will have it said that the Sons of the Oak champion the just, not the unjust, and it is to us that the Emperor Lodwig will owe his deliverance, and we will protect his retreat. By so doing we shall be worthy of the saintly King Morvan, who from heaven looks down upon us."

To the profound silence with which these words were listened to there succeeded a tempest of cheers from all, including the paladins.

But Morgana and Lothar were not inclined to give in without a struggle. They angrily gave the signal to fight, and ordered all the exits to be blocked.

Quick was Nomenoe's reply.

"Here!" he shouted. Break down that wall!"

The wall began to fall under the vigorous strokes of the sturdy Bretons.

To those who would receive the first shock of their old brothers in arms, Nomenoe shouted,

"Cover yourselves with your bucklers, parry their blows, do not strike in return. Let not a drop of Breton blood be shed. Fratricide brings misfortune,"

and setting the example, he placed himself in the front rank.

By his side were the six paladins and the young Karl, who had not parted with his grandfather's sword, and was longing to honour it.

It was a strange combat in which the most numerous strove to spare the weakest, and recoiled before them boasting of not having avenged their wounds.

Soon a large mass of the wall fell. Through the breach the defenders retreated to the Seine, slowly and proudly, with their faces turned to the foe.

"Where shall we lead you?" asked Nomenoe of the emperor.

"To Saint Denis!" said the old man.

They reached the bridge, and when the Breton army had passed it, and from all sides the shouts of allegiance were heard for Lodwig and Karl, the drawbridge slowly rose, and before the pursuers was a gap they could not pass.

What Lothar's anger was we need not attempt to describe. His prey had again escaped him.

"Always those thirteen men!"

But he had only just time to escape. A few friends, more thoughtful than the rest, took him to his horse.

As he was starting at the gallop for Italy, Ganelon met him.

"Pardon!" shouted Ganelon, falling to his knees.

"Never!" roared the king. "Never! Until you bring me their thirteen heads!"

Morgana lifted Ganelon to his feet.

"Do not despair," she said; "all is not yet over."

And yet Lothar was a fugitive without a crown, and Morgana seemed dethroned without hope of return, while Lodwig had become emperor, and Nomenoe would be king!

(To be continued.)



THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE HAUNTED WINDOW.

"LET me see," said the Doctor, as he and Railsford met once during the day, "I have two of your boys to see

this evening. One, a prefect. Was it necessary to send him up?"

"It was, sir. If I saw the slightest

prospect of dealing properly with him myself I would have done so. He is an enemy to the order of our house, and, as

you know, our house just now cannot afford to have more enemies than it has."

"Your enemies are those of your own house," said the Doctor, sternly. "I had expected long before this that it would have been possible to restore it to the ordinary rights of Grandcourt. An impenetrable mystery is a bad thing for a school."

"It is," said Railsford, feeling uncomfortable. And here the conversation ended.

Railsford had not been long in his room that evening when Sir Digby Oakshott knocked at the door and entered with a long face.

"Please, sir, have you seen anything of Herapath?" said he. "He's not turned up."

"What—are you sure?"

"I've asked them all. All the others have come. I expect he'll get pretty drenched if he's lost his way."

"He can't have lost the way,—it's too simple. What was he doing at the Abbey when you last saw him?"

"Going after owls," said Dig.

"Where?"

"On the big window. We got to the top, you know; and I came down as soon as I saw you all starting; and he shouted that he would be down in a second, and was going to walk home; and we weren't to wait. I say, I wonder if he's got stuck up there, or come a cropper?"

Dig's face was pale as the thought flashed across his mind.

Railsford was not a bit less concerned.

"Go quickly and see if Mr. Roe has sent away his trap, and, if not, keep it. If it has gone, go to Jason's and get one, directly, Oakshott."

In five minutes the Baronet returned.

"I can't get a trap anywhere," said he, dismally, "but I've got Jason to send a horse."

"That will do," said Railsford, hurrying down.

"Will it do?" groaned Dig, "I can't go too! Oh, Mr. Railsford," shouted he, as the master was jumping into the saddle. "What road shall you come back by?"

"Maiden Hill," said the master, digging his heels into the horse's side.

With a heavy heart Digby watched him start, and then putting on his cap determinedly, followed him on foot into the night and rain.

"I shall do it in two hours and a half," said he to himself, "if I trot part of the way. What a cad I was to leave him up there!"

It was not till bed-time at Railsford's that fellows generally became aware that the master and two of the boys were missing. Railsford and Oakshott had both been seen in the school after their return from the picnic. Railsford had, of course, depended on the boy to explain his sudden absence, and Dig had been too miserable and excited to think of telling anybody as he started on his weary tramp.

The first inquiry for the missing ones came from the Doctor, who, after his interview with Felgate, sent a messenger over to the Master of the Shell to request his presence in the head master's study at once. The messenger returned to

report that Mr Railsford was not in, and no one knew where he was gone.

Then, the hue and cry being once raised, it appeared that Arthur and Dig's study was also empty and that its owners were nowhere to be found.

There was a mystery about the proceedings which puzzled and excited the house. Railsford's sudden disappearance, half an hour or so after his return from the picnic, had coincided suspiciously with the Doctor's urgent message requiring his presence; and the vanishing of Arthur and the Baronet had coincided equally suspiciously with the abrupt flight of the Master of the Shell.

Presently the school gatekeeper reported that on coming up from the town just now he had seen Mr. Railsford galloping on one of Jason's horse's in the direction of the London road! And Munger, who had been out of bounds, reported in private (because the disclosure might get him into trouble if it came to the ears of the authorities) that just as he was sneaking in at the gate he met Sir Digby Oakshott Baronet sneaking out.

The Doctor, who might never have heard of the affair had he not chanced to want to see Railsford particularly that evening, walked over to the house about bed-time and interviewed Ainger.

"Have you the slightest idea what it all means?" asked the head master.

"Not the slightest, sir," said Ainger, shortly. If he had had, he would have spoken long ago, as the Doctor knew—or should have known.

"No one is to stay up," said the Doctor, "and I wish you to take charge of the order of the house in Mr. Railsford's absence, Ainger. Circumstances have occurred which may make it necessary to remove Felgate to another house, meanwhile he has forfeited his prefecture here."

And the Doctor went away, leaving the captain of Railsford's with a new perplexity piled up on all the others.

"It's a rum thing," mused he. "Here am I, house captain, and knowing about as much of what goes on in the house as that door-handle. I always expected Felgate would come to the end of his tether, but I hear nothing of it till it's all over. It would never have surprised me if Railsford and the Doctor had fallen out; and the first I hear of it is that Railsford has galloped away in the direction of London on one of Jason's nags. Any fool could have predicted that Herapath and his precious chum would make Grandcourt too hot for themselves before long; but it's not till after they've bolted that I know they have already done what was expected of them. I wonder what on earth is going on, and why I'm out of it. Heigho! Perhaps the next thing we shall hear is that that Bickers's affair has been cleared up without me."

Whereupon Ainger sent his house to bed; and threatened them with all sorts of penalties if lights were not out and all quiet by 9.30.

It was a sleepless night for a good many in Grandcourt. Mr. Roe and Grover sat up together in the rooms of the former, anxious and perplexed about their missing friend. Mr. Bickers walked about his room too, and wondered

if his game was to slip through his fingers after all. And Felgate lay awake and laughed to himself in the conviction that to him belonged the glory of hunting the scoundrel from Grandcourt. And Maple, Simson, Tilbury, and Dimsdale, in the Shell dormitory lay awake too, and strained their ears at every sound in the court below, and wondered ruefully what had become of their two missing comrades.

Dig, as he ploughed his way footsore and weary through the rain and mud of Maiden Hill, down which he had shot at such a glorious pace not twelve hours before, thought wistfully once or twice of that warm dry bed in the dormitory and the friendly voices of his allies there assembled. But he would never return there without old Arthur!

In the times of their prosperity and security those two boys had often quarrelled, often neglected one another, often forgotten all about one another; and a casual onlooker might have said, "They are not friends—they are no more to one another than any other two boys in the school."

Ah, but if the critic could have looked into Dig's heavy heart as he floundered through the mud that night he would have told a different tale.

Often enough our friend seems to us like an ordinary friend. We have our little tiffs and our little reconciliations; we have our mutual jokes and our time-honoured arguments. We say good-bye with unruffled spirits, and meet again with an unimpassioned nod. But now and again the testing time comes. The storm breaks over our heads, the thunder rolls round us. Then the grip of our hands tightens, we find that we are not friends but brothers; and the lightning flash reveals to us, what we never suspected before, that there is something in the world dearer to us even than life.

Dig stumbled on, dead beat, losing heart at every step, and stopping sometimes to take breath with a gasp which sounded ominously like a sob. The long hill seemed interminable; there was no glimmer of a light anywhere to cheer him; no clatter of a horse's hoofs to ring hope into his heart. All was black, and wet, and dreary. What if he should find the Abbey deserted, and have to walk home—alone! He had nearly reached the ruin when he stumbled against two men conversing in the middle of the road.

To his inexpressible relief one of them was Railsford.

"Mr. Railsford!" gasped the boy, springing upon the master with a suddenness which made both the men start, "is that you? Where's Arthur? Have you found him?"

"He's all right—he's on the top of the window still, and we can't get him down till daylight. I'm just arranging with Farmer White to bring a ladder."

Dig made a dash in the direction of the Abbey gate.

"Where are you going?" said Railsford.

"I'm going to hop up beside him," shouted Dig, almost beside himself with relief.

The master caught him firmly by the arm.

"If you think of such a thing, Oak-

shott, I shall get Farmer White here to cart you straight back to Grandcourt."

This terrible threat sobered Dig at once. He waited impatiently till the two men had made their arrangements, and then, with beating heart, accompanied the master to the ruin.

"He is safe up where he is," said the latter, "and says he has room to sit down and a back of ivy to lean against. But he must be half drowned and frozen. It will do him good to know you are here. Now stay where you are, while I get on the wall and shout to him. He cannot hear us down here." Dig waited, and listened to the master scrambling up the ivy and feeling his way on his hands and knees along the wall to the bottom of the arch.

Then he heard him shout,

"Arthur, are you there, all right?"

And his heart leapt as a shrill reply came back from the heights.

"Oakshott is here with me," shouted the master.

It was all a mistake about not being able to hear from the level ground. Dig heard the "Halloo! what cheer, Dig?" as plainly as he heard Railsford himself.

"What cheer?" he howled in reply. "Keep up your pecker, old man."

"Rather!" yelled Arthur.

Then Dig begged and besought Railsford to allow him to mount at least to where the latter stood, and the master made him happy by consenting. From this point it was easy to carry on a talk; and there in the rain through the dark watches of the night those three had one of the most profitable conversations they had ever enjoyed.

A yokel who chanced to pass, hearing those weird, celestial voices, took to his heels and ran a mile straight off, and reported with ashy face and trembling lips that a ghost had appeared on the arch of the Abbey as he passed, and called to him thrice, and had shrieked with demoniacal laughter as he hurried from the accursed place.

Towards dawn the rain ceased, and the three watchers, despite all their efforts, became drowsy. When Farmer White and two of his men arrived on the scene with a long ladder and a rope, they had to stand and shout from below for a minute or so before Railsford started into wakefulness and remembered where he was.

As for Dig, he lay with his cheek buried in the wet ivy sleeping as soundly as if he had been in the dormitory at school.

It was no easy task to get Arthur down from his dizzy perch. In the first place, he was so sound asleep, that it was impossible to rouse him from below; consequently he could give no assistance in his own rescue. The ladder was far too short to reach within a quarter of the distance of where he was; and for a long time it seemed as if the ropes might as well have been left at home.

At length, however, by a combined effort the ladder was hoisted on to the top of the wall, and so elevated it reached a point on the arch above the place where the stones had given way. The difficulty was to secure it on the narrow ledge in any way so that it could be ascended safely. When, finally, by dint of careful adjustment and rigid

holding at the bottom, it was pronounced reasonably safe, Dig was most eager to volunteer the ascent, urging that he was the lightest weight, and that the four men could do more good in holding the ladder.

"The lad's right," said the farmer; "let him go up."

Railsford was forced to consent. It would have been obviously risky for a heavy man to ascend that rickety ladder. Dig rarely felt so proud and happy as when he skipped lightly up the rungs and reached the ivy-covered masonry of the arch.

It was not a difficult climb to the top, and it was as well it was not, for in his eagerness he forgot the admonitions of caution he had received below, and scrambled up as recklessly as if he had been ascending a London tramcar.

His heart beat as at last he came upon his dear old friend.

Arthur sat sound asleep, his hands behind his head, his legs hanging over the edge of the arch, and his back propped in the angle formed by the junction of the window and the fragment of the old roof. Lucky for him was that natural armchair; for without it, at the first fall of sleep, he would undoubtedly have rolled from his perch into the depths below.

Dig approached him gently and discreetly.

"Nearly time to get up, old chappie," said he, laying his hand on the sleeper's arm to prevent any sudden start.

That "nearly" was a stroke of genius. Had he incautiously announced that the chapel-bell had begun to ring, or that he would be late for call-over, the result might have been fatal.

As it was, Arthur opened his eyes lazily, and yawned—

"All serene. Why, hullo, I say! Is that you, Dig, old man?"

"Yes, rather! Sit steady; we've got a ladder and ropes, and Marky's just down there. How are you?"

Arthur rubbed his eyes, and his teeth chattered.

"Pretty cold and stiff, old man. How jolly of you to come. You see, the mortar or something slipped, and I couldn't get up or down. I yelled, but you'd gone. At last I managed to get up again, and there I've stuck. How are we going down now?"

"They've got the ladder up just below us, if you can manage to get down so far."

Arthur began to move his stiff limbs one by one by way of judging what he could do.

Dig, meanwhile, shouted down that he was safe up, and Arthur was all right.

"Not time for another try at the owls," said the latter, getting one foot up, and trying to rise.

"Owls be hanged," said Dig, helping his friend gingerly to his feet.

"I feel like a poker," said Arthur.

"Shouldn't care to run a mile just now."

"Nobody wants you to. What you've got to do is to dig hold of the ivy with your hands and let yourself down. I'll go first and take care of your feet."

"Awfully brickish of you, Dig," said Arthur. "I'm sorry I'm such a lout. I feel as if my joints want oiling."

"Come on," said Dig.

The descent was slow, and for poor Arthur painful. But, thanks to the ivy and Dig's steady steering, it was in due time accomplished safely, and the top of the ladder reached.

"Now then, one at a time," shouted the farmer.

"He can't go alone," called Dig, "he's too stiff. Won't it bear both of us?"

The unanimous opinion below was that it would not. Even Dig's weight as he went up had been as much as they could manage.

Finally Railsford suggested that a rope should be thrown up, which Dig could tie round Arthur's body, and so support him from above as he came down.

The plan was a good one, and Arthur contrived by its help to lower himself down the steps into the arms of his rescuers.

Dig was not long in following; and five minutes later the party was standing, safe and sound and thankful, on the greensward of the Abbey floor.

The farmer insisted on taking them all to his house, and comforting their souls and bodies with a hot breakfast in front of a blazing fire. After which he ordered out his trap and drove them himself up to Grandcourt.

The first getting-up bell was ringing as they drove into the quadrangle, and at the sound of the wheels half a dozen anxious watchers darted out to welcome their return. Still more shouted down greetings from the dormitory window, and Arthur and Dig, had they been in the mood for lionising, might have had their heads turned by the excitement which their reappearance seemed to produce.

But they were neither of them in a mood for anything but going to bed. For, after the excitement of the night and morning, a reaction had set in, and their heads ached and their bodies were done out. They even resisted Railsford's recommendation of a hot bath, and took possession of the dormitory and curled themselves up to sleep, leaving Fate or any one else to explain their absence for the next few hours to the authorities below.

As for Railsford, after seeing his young charges stowed away in their berths, he shook himself together, took his cold bath, and walked over to breakfast with Grover, none the worse for the fatigues and exposure of that eventful night.

"Have you seen the Doctor yet?" inquired Grover, when the meal was over. "I suppose not. He was asking for you particularly last night."

"What for, do you know?"

"I don't. I was wondering if you did, for I imagine from his manner it is something important."

"Oh, I know; I had to report one of my prefects yesterday, for gambling. No doubt it is in connection with that."

"Perhaps. You know, it seems a great pity you and Bickers hit it so badly. Bickers seems to have a preposterous notion in his head that you are in some way responsible for what happened to him last term. He even wanted to bring the matter up in the last Session of Masters in your absence;

and when we stopped it, he promised to return to it at the next."

"Oh, Bickers!" said Railsford, scornfully. "I am really tired of him, Grover. It's the greatest pity he wasn't allowed to say what he had to say at that meeting. He will never be happy till he has it off his mind; and it surely wouldn't be necessary for me to take any notice of his rhodomontades."

"I'm glad you are so little concerned about them. I was afraid they might be worrying you."

Railsford smiled.

"I've plenty in my own house to do that, thanks. No, all I ask is to keep the peace with Bickers, and have nothing to do with him. He may then say anything he likes. Well, I suppose I had better go over to the Doctor's now and report myself."

The Doctor received Railsford coldly, and required a full account of the strange adventures of the preceding night.

Railsford felt a little hurt at his evident want of sympathy in his story, and was beginning to look out for a chance of escaping, when Doctor Ponsford said,

"I wanted to see you last night about Felgate, your prefect. I had a very unsatisfactory interview with him. He appears to lack principle, and, as you said, not to recognise his responsibility in the house. He tried to shift the blame for this gambling business wholly upon Mills—whom, by the way, I flogged—and could not be brought to see that there was anything wrong in his conduct or unbecoming in a senior boy. I think it may be well to remove him next term, either into my house or Mr. Roe's; meanwhile, he understands that he does not retain his prefecture in yours."

"I am thankful for such an arrangement," said Railsford.

"That, however, is only part of what I had to say to you. Before he left he brought a most extraordinary charge against you which I should certainly have disregarded had it not coincided strangely with a similar charge made elsewhere. I only repeat it to you in order to give you an opportunity of repudiating it. It had relation to the outrage which was committed on Mr. Bickers last term, for which your house still lies in disgrace. He stated that you knew more about that mystery than any one else at Grandcourt, and, indeed, gave me the impression, from the language he used, that he actually considers you yourself were the perpetrator of the outrage. That, of course, is the mere wild talk of a revengeful ill-doer."

Railsford laughed a short uneasy laugh. Had the Doctor worded the

question in slightly different form, it might have been difficult to answer it as decisively as he could now.

"It is; and if he were here to hear me I would say that it is as absolutely and wickedly false as emphatically as I say it to you, sir. I am sorry indeed that you should have thought it necessary to put the question."

"There is never anything lost," said the Doctor, drily, "by giving the calumniated person an opportunity of denying a charge of this sort, however preposterous. I am myself perfectly satisfied to take your word that you neither had any part in the affair yourself nor have you any knowledge as to who the culprits are."

Railsford coloured and bit his lips. The Doctor had now put the question in the very form which he had dreaded.

If he could only have held his peace,

the matter would be at an end, perhaps never to revive again.

But could he, an honest man, hold his peace?

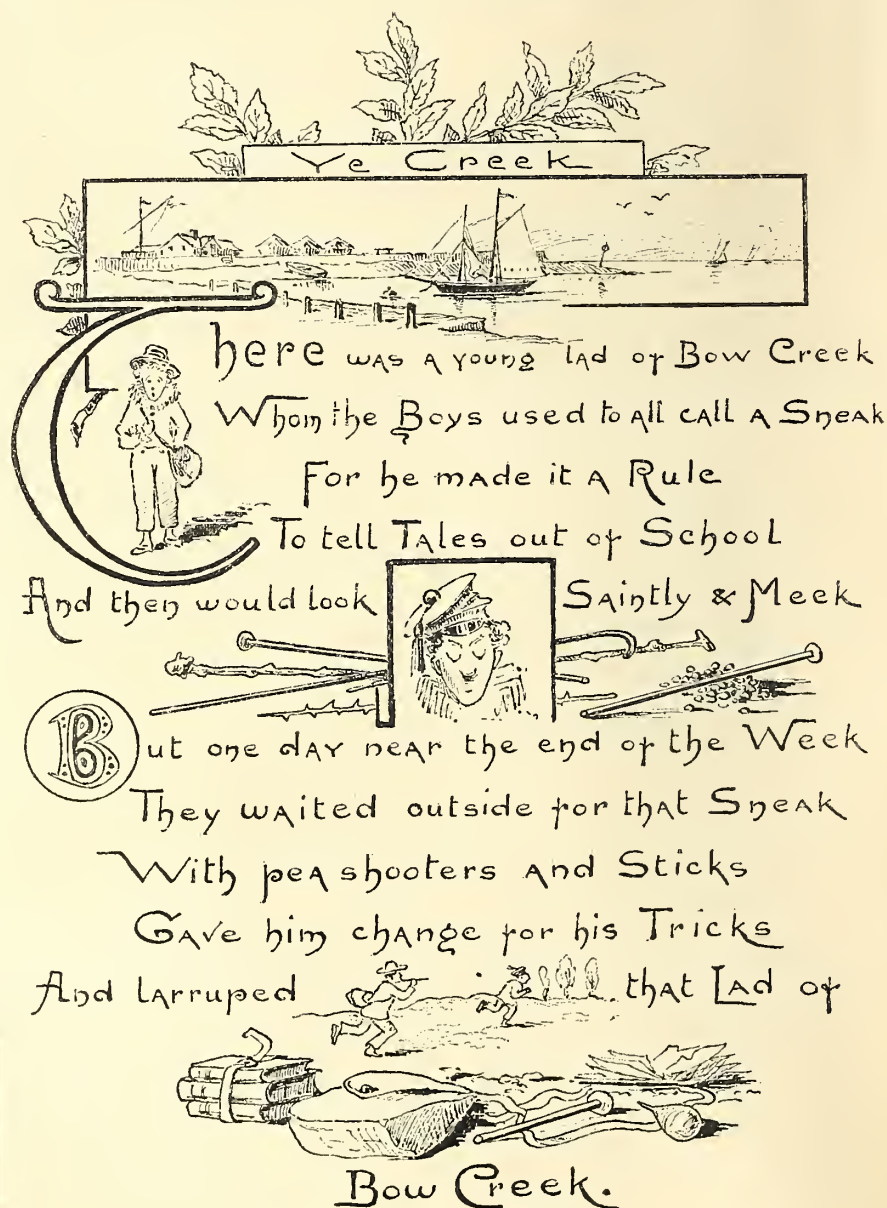
"Excuse me," said he, in undisguised confusion; "what I said was that the imputation that I had anything to do with the outrage myself was utterly and entirely false."

"Which," said the Doctor, incisively, "is tantamount to admitting that the imputation that you are sheltering the real culprits is well founded?"

"At the risk of being grievously misunderstood, Doctor Ponsford," replied Railsford, slowly and nervously, yet firmly, "I must decline to answer that question."

"Very well, sir," said the Doctor briskly; "this conversation is at an end—for the present."

(To be continued.)



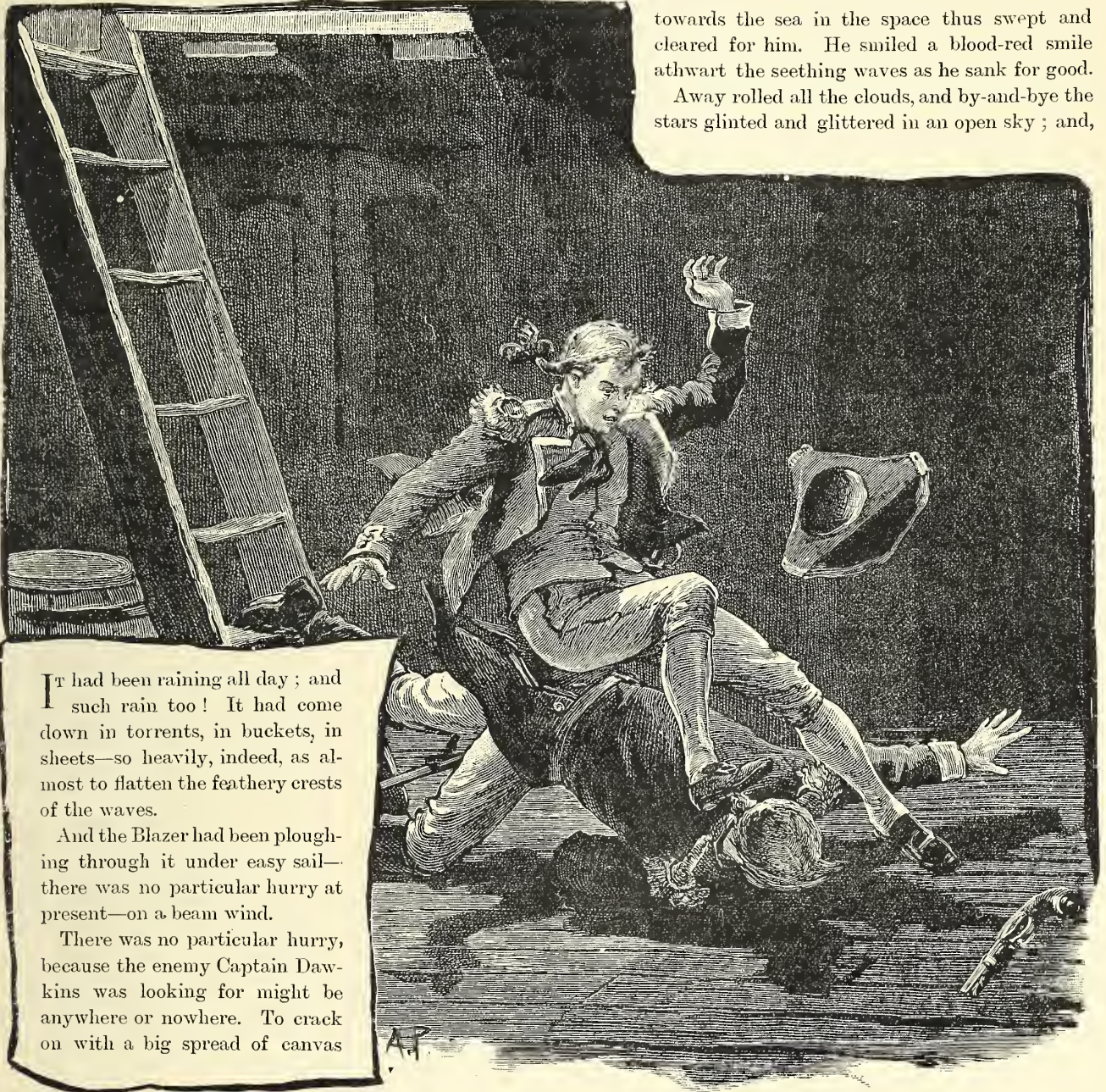
FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BLAZER ON THE CRUISE.—A FIGHT IN THE OLD FASHION



towards the sea in the space thus swept and cleared for him. He smiled a blood-red smile athwart the seething waves as he sank for good.

Away rolled all the clouds, and by-and-bye the stars glinted and glittered in an open sky ; and,

It had been raining all day ; and such rain too ! It had come down in torrents, in buckets, in sheets—so heavily, indeed, as almost to flatten the feathery crests of the waves.

And the Blazer had been ploughing through it under easy sail—there was no particular hurry at present—on a beam wind.

There was no particular hurry, because the enemy Captain Dawkins was looking for might be anywhere or nowhere. To crack on with a big spread of canvas

‘Spencer swung himself bodily down on top of the Captain.’

might be to find the foe, but it might be to lose him.

The mercury was low in the glass, wonderfully so, but it had gone down gradually, and not with a rush, so there seemed no imminent danger of it blowing big guns.

Towards sundown, however, a great broad belt of clear sky appeared on the weather horizon, and the rain ceased. The clouds were lifting, the belt of sky broadened and broadened, grew yellow beneath and blue at the top ; then the sun appeared and went pleasantly down

in the midst of them all, high up in the south and west, was half a moon.

It was Spencer's watch.

The Captain had come up, and the two were talking together on the poop.

“What a change in the weather !” the former remarked, as he gazed aloft

to where the main-truck seemed writing its name 'gainst the blue of the sky.

"Yes, sir," replied Spencer, "and there is every indication of its remaining fine. Did you notice the sun go down to-night, sir?"

"Yes; it was a charming sunset. But did you consider that crimson glare an indication of fine weather, Mr. Spencer?"

"It was an indication, sir, in my opinion, that the temperature of the air was being lowered; that the water was warmer than the atmosphere, and parting with moisture, through which the sun gleamed crimson; so it may be fog or frost—frost with a stiffer breeze, even."

"Well reasoned, Mr. Spencer."

"But what made me ask particularly if you noticed the sunset, was that, unless my eyes deceived me, there is a strong red glimmer all round the horizon, now creeping higher and higher every minute."

"I perceive it," said Captain Dawkins, "and did so before you called my attention to it; but really, Spencer, I wasn't sure that I hadn't dined too well, and that my modest half-pint of port hadn't gone to my eyes—I won't say head."

The crimson appearance spread rapidly over the sky, which, from being dark-blue, was changed to garnet, especially in the north.

It was a strange but not unprecedented phenomenon, yet a sky like this one sees but seldom in a lifetime.

There were superstitious men forward who openly averred that it boded no good.

"It means blood," said one.

"Your grandmother meant blood!" said another.

"Perhaps so, Bill; but I'm older than thee, lad, and I remember right well before a great battle was fought, the sky had just that colour."

"Below, there!" bawled a voice from aloft.

"Ay, ay, my man."

"I think I can see a light, sir."

"Where away?"

"To the north, sir, and a point or two to the west."

"I'm sure of it now, sir; it's bright, though yellow."

"All right, my lad."

"Hands, shorten sail!"

Merrily went the boatswain's pipe; away aloft went the men. There was no patent reefing tackle in those days, and, had there been, I doubt whether it would have been used in the Navy.

"It may be our friend the enemy," Lieutenant Spencer said to the Captain; "and it may not. I've just had a run up to the maintop, and it is two lights I can see. I think, perhaps, sir, I've dined too well."

Captain Dawkins laughed.

"Well, this light is puzzling. We needn't alter our course, they'll come near enough for inspection in an hour, at the rate we are going."

"Two lights now, sir, are in sight," said the lieutenant.

"Ha! Well, fortune send they may be those we seek, and we'll paint their decks as well as yonder sky. I'd put the lights out of view if I were you, Spencer."

"I don't see the force or logic of

that, sir. If they see our lights they'll want to overhaul us, anyhow, if they are Frenchmen. If they suddenly lose sight of our lights, they may sheer off, and we may lose them."

"Do as you like, Spencer, do as you like," said the good-natured Captain. "We are quite prepared for two of them, I dare say."

"Two, sir! ay, for twenty."

For well-nigh six weeks—since she left Plymouth Sound—had the *Blazer* been cruising north and south to the west of Ireland and the Scilly Isles, looking for an imaginary French man-o'-war that was to prey on our homeward-bound merchantmen—for these vessels did not, even in these stormy days of warfare, all sail under convoy; but never a foe had been seen as yet.

Every body on board was getting sick of it, and only a few of the most sanguine of the officers expected that the now visible lights would turn out much more solid than wills-o'-the-wisp.

Just two hours after their lights had been first sighted, while the moon had reached its highest, and was declining towards the west, the vessels themselves have well in sight. They must have taken the measure of the *Blazer* too; but, thanks to Lieutenant Spencer's policy, were unable to make her out. She moved along so slowly, so unconsciously. What could be her game?

That these Frenchmen—for French they were now made out to be easily enough, even in the moonlight—were puzzled, was soon evident from the fact that they shortened sail. Both English and French now sailed along at much the same rate, maintaining the same distance for fully half an hour.

The *Blazer* was not idle during this time. But there was no commotion on board. The captain, first lieutenant, and the master were holding a council of war. It was brief and decided. Not much fear and excitement, either, was visible in the attitudes or faces of those men.

Let us take a look into the poop cabin. Yonder, cocked-hat on head, his sword and sword-belt lying beside him, and his hands—wonderful to say—in his pockets, sits our old friend Captain Dawkins.

In front of the stove stands Spenceer, talking not, but listening. The rough old sea dog of a master—as white as snow is his long hair, so he has no need of puff or powder—stands bare-headed at the extreme end of the table, both his hands resting thereon, as he eagerly drinks in every word the Captain says.

The latter is talking at present, but as coolly and cheerfully as if proposing a game of cricket. There is a smile on his face that is always there when conversing on any subject that is of greater interest than ordinary, a very pleasant and very candid smile it is. He is a man of ordinary stature, but well-knit and hardy looking, and wearing his uniform in a very free and easy fashion.

"Well, sir," said the lieutenant at last, "I think you are right. One is a fifty-gun frigate, the other a thirty six, so our despatches tell us. If well handled they ought to blow us out of the water. And you think it best to fight at once, not to wait for daylight?"

"Yes," said the Captain, decidedly, hitting the deck with the end of his scabbard. His sword was big enough for a giant. "The moonlight will be our friend."

As the Captain said this, there seemed almost a gleam of mischief in his smile.

The old master laughed outright.

"I know what you mean," he said.

So ended the council.

Meanwhile, all was getting quietly ready forward, shot and powder was handed up and all hands were at quarters, the men to their guns, the idlers,* and even stewards, assisting the powder-boys or the doctors.

The head surgeon, a merry-faced, busy little Irishman, kindly dispositioned and pleasantly spoken, though sadly marked with the smallpox, had the largest cabin in the ship excepting the Captain's. It was on the lower deck, and well aft, with no guns in it. It was roomy and airy, and capitably lighted.

At this moment, instead of being below in the cockpit, he was standing in the centre of his cabin, two sick-berth stewards with him, both Irish, like himself.

"I'll do it," he said.

"I would," said our steward.

"So'd I, faith," said the other.

"Well," said the doctor, "hang up two hammocks here at once; then there's my own cot; place the operation table just there. It'll be capital."

"Fust rate!"

"And all for the quality?"

"Certainly," cried the little surgeon, turning sharply round on him. "And why not? Why should wounded officers be hauled all the way to the cockpit?"

"Certainly not," said Tim Daly.

"No sorr, surtintly not," said Pat O'Regan.

But big McNab was below, with his coat and waistcoat off and his sleeves rolled up to the armpits.

He looked just then, with his extreme muscularity of arm, his broad chest and grim, serious face, as like an old-world gladiator as a doctor in the King's service.

He had one satisfactory glance at his preparations, then a look around at his assistants.

"I see," he said, "I've a few volunteers. But volunteer or no volunteer, I'll ding any man flat that doesna do preceesely as I tell him when the row begins."

The row began by more sail being clapped on the *Blazer*, and by her showing the enemy a clean pair of heels; if, however, the Frenchmen thought she was running away, they were much mistaken.

After making a good offing, top spars were got down, and there was not a vessel in all the Channel fleet could clear more speedily for action than the bold *Blazer*.

Down she came now, with the wind with her and the moon behind her, the old master himself and two of his best hands at the wheel, with more at hand in case of accident.

Down she came to meet the foe, for foe they were well-known to be, and

* Those who had no actual fighting duty, such as purser's clerks, extra servants, etc., were so called, and often are to this day.—G. S.

almost at the same moment from the Blazer's bows, there rang over the water this trumpet tongued hail,

"What ships are these? We are British."

And before the French could reply, up into the moonlit sky ran

"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

The port chains rattled, the guns were run out, and a cheer rent the sky, such as is only born in British lungs.

There was a feeble yet defiant one from the foremost frigate—the smaller of the two.

"Luff," cried the Captain, when almost close on board of her.

And luff it was, and never, perhaps, in all the war, was a better aimed broadside than that which carried away that frigate's mizen, shot off the wheel, split her poop as if a shell had burst in it, and ploughed up her decks.

As the Blazer wore round, to complete, if possible, the disorganisation of the crippled ship, she received the broadside of her consort. It was a sadly scattered one, but it killed three men and wounded five, among whom was borne below to the doctor's cabin, with a splinter-gash in the forearm, Saxon-faced, curly-haired, six feet high Lieutenant Ben Burroughs.

"Ha, Ben, my boy," said the doctor, "I'm sorry for you, but there's a big artery cut, lad, and, faith, you'd have bled to death if carried all the way to the cockpit, as true as I'm telling you."

Before she could help herself the smaller frigate was raked from the bows aft.

"Ready, boarders!" cried the Captain.

The Blazer was now in a position to invite the smaller frigate's broadside, and got it, too. But, like her consort's—now bearing up—it was scattered. She never fired another. In three minutes that grim old master had laid the Blazer alongside, and, led by the captain of marines and another officer, the boarders sprang down on her decks, while shots from the British ship tore in through her main fighting deck.

So certain was the Captain of victory that he cleared off, leaving his gallant men on board that frigate.

So certain were those thus left on board her that victory was theirs, that in ten minutes every Frenchman was *hors de combat*, wounded, dead, or driven below.

An attempt was then immediately made by her captors to put her once more in steering trim, but this was found to be all but impossible, so poor were the preparations the Frenchmen had made for any such unforeseen accident.

It was the custom in those days to despise the naval power of France. In most of our great battles, and in our single ship actions as well, we fought the foe to disadvantage numerically, as regards men and guns also; and seldom was it, indeed, that victory did not lean to the side of the British; indeed, the greater numbers of the enemy helped to enhance that victory, and a fine sight it must have been to see a six-and-thirty-gun frigate coming into Plymouth Sound in company with a great French liner, her prize.

Some would have blamed the Blazer's officers for their strange policy of denuding their ship of at least one-third their hands in order to capture the smaller frigate. It was a piece of splendid audacity, it must be allowed, but—well, there is nothing so successful as success.

Having seen the tactics of the British ship as regards her consort, the large frigate endeavoured to fight so as not to permit the Blazer to either rake or board her. The captain of this ship preferred an artillery duel *à outrance* to a close tuzlie hand to hand.

To do him justice, he fought well and pluckily, and for a time successfully, the Blazer having many men carried below, and two guns put out of action.

I have now to record a deed of daring on the part of Dick, which greatly redounds to his credit. But I must premise that many, very many, such were done during the deadly struggle 'twixt England and France, by midshipmen who were little more than lads. Although, then, thanks to the tuition of old Harry, Dick was well up in the duties of the ship even a fortnight after he came on board, and in a month's time could fight a gun; still, as yet no regular quarters had been assigned him—he was in a manner a supernumerary. Lieutenant Spencer well knew the boy's pride and pluck, and had meant to station him during this combat, but in the hurry had forgotten.

"Better go and help the doctor," Peniston had told him.

"I feel," said Dick, laughing, "like a fellow in a dance who hasn't a partner, but I won't help the doctor, I'd be sick. No, bother it all, I'll help the powder-monkeys."

So he did, denuding himself of his upper garments in true sailor fashion. As the battle went on, he got begrimed with smoke and dirt, and no one could have told him from one of the ship's boys.

But when he saw a gun lie idle, he saw at the same time his chance.

It was a gun near the bows, and one he had been helping to serve. He rushed into the sick bay.

"Volunteers wanted!" he sang out. "Any sick fit to fight? Hullo! you fellows with coughs and colds; turn out, a sweat will do you good."

He soon had enough; and there was not a gun in all the ship better manned and managed than Dick's during the remainder of the action.

The Blazer could sail closer to the wind than the Frenchman, and so bothered her considerably. In her confusion she forgot her old consort, and received such a telling broadside that for a time she seemed staggered.

In a minute the Blazer took the advantage, and swooped down on her. The master himself laid her alongside. Then came the terrible tuzlie.

The very war-cry of our lads, as they leapt like tigers on their prey, must have paralysed the foe. The principal charge was led by the third and fourth lieutenants and officers of marines.

Where was Spencer? Not far away. During the action, each time he was near enough to see, he noticed the brave form of the young and gallant French captain.

"That fellow," he said to himself, "will never be taken alive. But I mean to try."

Behold Spencer now, then, fighting his way aft, backed and flanked by six picked men.

Two fall before he reaches the poop.

The French crew, amidst the clashing of cutlass and sword, amidst piercing cries and wild hurrahs! amidst the ringing sound of pistol and death-dealing thuds of pikes, are being driven forward and below, when Spencer sees the captain make a dash for the after-companion.

Was he trying to escape?

Nay, Spencer knew better than that. Knew that the pistol he grasped in his right hand he meant to fire into the magazine.

But Spencer followed like hound after hare. It was indeed a race for life. The Frenchman had nearly gained the foot of the second and last ladder when Spencer was at the top. There was but one thing to do now, and our lieutenant did it: he caught the combing of the hatch and swung himself bodily down on top of the captain.

Both lay in a heap, just as they fell, stunned and still and bleeding.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

UNDER the above heading the music-shops in Berlin are exhibiting a hymn set to music by Robert Radecke. The words are by Ernest von Willich, the only son of Ehrenfried von Willich, composed at twelve years of age, when the boy lay on the bed from which he never rose again. The hymn, and the tune to which it is set, pleased the present Emperor so much that he often ordered it to be sung, and so it has got to be accepted as his favourite. In as close a translation as possible the hymn runs as follows:—

When the Lord me sorrow sends,

Let me bear it patiently,

Lifting up the heart in prayer,

Comfort He will not deny.

Therefore let there come what will,

In the Lord my heart is still.

Though the heart is often weak,

In despair and all forlorn,

When in days of utmost pain,

Not a day of joy will dawn;

Tell it: Let there come what will,

In the Lord all pain is still.

So I pray, O Lord my God,

That my faith and hope may stand,

Then no care I know, nor need,

Guided ever by Thy hand.

Therefore let there come what will,

In the Lord my heart is still.

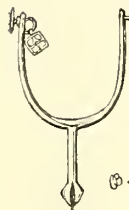
WORDS OF CHEER.

A Stafford correspondent writes: "The B. O. P. is now in its tenth volume. I have been a subscriber from the first, and wish to express my hearty admiration. Many a happy hour have I spent in reading its interesting pages, and I hope to enjoy many more in the same way; for, although I am getting rather an 'old boy' now, the B. O. P. brings back to mind the merriest time in our life—i.e., school-days—and I should be lost without my old friend if I were to discontinue it. My B. O. P. makes a pretty row. I take them in in numbers, and have them bound with Christmas and Summer numbers, half-calf (which costs more than the paper itself). I have nine of these, all alike and clean; and, to say the least, am proud of them, as I know they are as good inside as out."

COLTISH CHRONICLES; OR, THE BOY'S OWN PONY.

BY CUTHBERT BRADLEY.

CHAPTER VI.



OUR pony is round at the door, sir!"

When this announcement is made you should be quite ready, and, without any hurry or flurry, go out to the pony, and pat him, and talk to him.

There is an old saying that politeness costs nothing, and is the oil that makes life

run smoothly. Say good morning to the groom and the pony, and walk round the pony, feel his legs, notice his feet, and look to the condition of your bridle and saddle. By doing so you rise fifty per cent in the estimation of the groom, a by no means unimportant consideration. The pony appreciates the little attention, and you start for your morning's ride on thoroughly good terms with every one.

The way not to go about it is to keep the pony waiting at the door whilst you finish dressing. He gets cold waiting; his coat goes dull and begins to stare; the gravel gets kicked up, much to the indignation of the gardener, who vents his rage on the groom, who, losing all patience, imparts his hasty temper to the pony.

At last you arrive, all hurry and scurry, with one legging all twisted, most probably. There is no time to look round the pony, so

you just jump on his back as if he had no more fine feelings than a bicycle has.

He is cold and very fresh, so, resenting this treatment, he squeals, arches his back, and the next minute you measure your length on the gravel.

A flying start is bad form, except in a Pony v. Bicycle Match, at a place like the Agricultural Hall, Islington. A pony should be taught to stand quite still whilst the rider mounts, and not move until the signal is given to start. If a groom is there, he will hold the pony's head and pull the right stirrup leather, when the weight is on the left one in the act of mounting.

To mount, stand with the left shoulder against the pony's left shoulder. With the left hand draw the reins up to the length you intend to hold them, just feeling the pony's mouth, and seize a lock of his mane. Next place the left foot in the stirrup, spring with the right off the ground, the right hand on the cantle of the saddle. The right leg is thrown over the back of the pony, whilst the right hand leaves its hold, and the body falls into its natural position in the saddle, the right foot finding the stirrup. To dismount, reverse the process of mounting exactly.

The control of the pony is effected by the reins, heels, voice, and whip, variously used, according to his disposition and temper.

A sluggish pony, that will not walk up to his bit, should be gently persuaded by a tap from the whip down the shoulder and a kick from the heels, or he will become so idle that he will stumble and fall.

"The hands" are the very soul of riding, just as expression is the soul of music; the hands must never be idle whilst the pony is moving; they must be light, firm, and never inactive. Do not attempt a heavy-handed pulling-match with the pony, because you will at once strike a note of discord, and the pony being much stronger than his rider, you look so very foolish.

Ladies accomplished in the art of riding will often restrain an impetuous horse much more effectually than a man can, because they have better hands, showing that it is not a matter of mere strength.

The young rider at the earliest age should be taught first to examine the girths and bridle before mounting. Know how things work! notice in which link the curb-chain is hooked, and how the throat-strap is lashed. Find out whether the girths are tight enough, or whether they will want taking up a couple of holes after the first mile. Understanding these little arrangements will add to the safety and comfort of the rider, and make him secure from clumsy servants' mistakes. For supposing you put up at a friend's house, and your friend's



Trotting.

gardener puts the bridle on again for you. Perhaps he puts the curb-chain three links too tight, and the throat-strap two holes too loose. If you know nothing about these little arrangements, and happen to pull your curb-rein a bit sharp, the pony from pain to his sensitive mouth might stop short, and perhaps you, knowing nothing was the matter, and not prepared for this, gracefully do a voluntary over his head. So look to your bridle and saddle before mounting.

Possibly at starting the pony may be brimfull of spirits and play up a bit, just tip up and down like the ponies on the Elgin marbles. All you have to do is to take a good grip of the saddle with the knees, balancing your body like the horseman of the Elgin marbles. Take the reins in both hands, but on no account pull at them or jerk his mouth, or he may resent such treatment and turn awkward.

Feel his mouth gently but firmly, give and take, but do not let him gain on the hand; if he should be inclined to, take a steady pull and stop him.

But he will not; talk to him, tell him that you are in good spirits yourself, and are not the least little bit frightened at his play. Why! you yourself, when starting out of the house to go to the stable this morning, did a hop, skip, and jump before you could settle down to walk across the yard to the stable. The pony is in just the same frame of mind; he is glad to be out of doors, and before he has gone twenty yards he will blow his nose and walk away gaily until you give him the signal to trot.

He must be a very poor nervous horseman who is frightened at buoyancy of spirits. But if the rider is not nervously inclined how delightful it is to feel a bit of life under him; your own spirits rise like mercury. If you want to appreciate this, try the other extreme, and start out on a spavined donkey that can hardly hobble until it gets warm.

Having persuaded the pony to settle

vice for the unexpected; be ready to grip again like grim death at a moment's notice.

Hold your reins now in the left hand, and if you meet any vehicle or horseman remember the rule of the road, "Keep to the

should be on the iron of the stirrup, do not ram the foot home right up to the instep.

Street Arabs are wonderfully quick at detecting a good horseman from a bad one, and if the rider looks hot, nervous, and un-



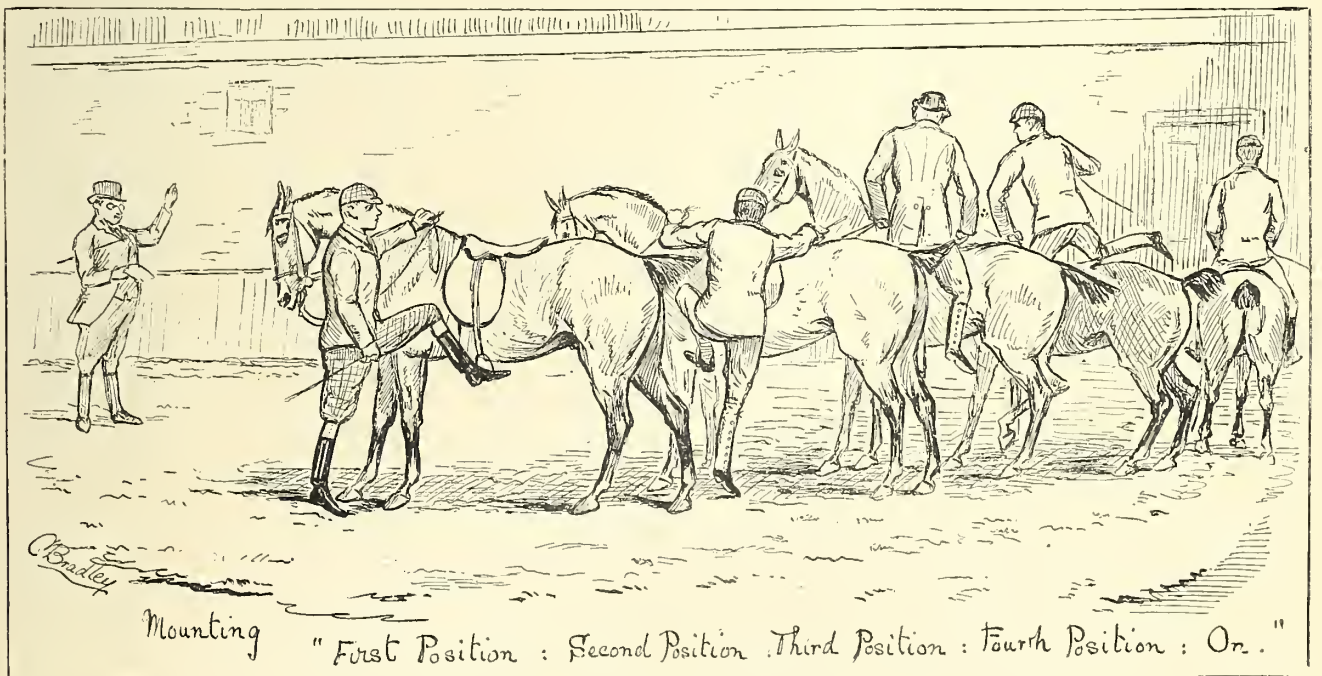
The Flying Start.—Amusing but undignified.

left and you are sure to be right." If you overtake a vehicle and want to pass it do so on the right side.

The first plate-glass shop window you come to get a sight of yourself in it as you pass. Do you think you look dignified, or do you look ridiculous on horseback? Peo-

comfortable, jobbing his pony in the mouth in a nervous frenzy, do not be surprised to hear an urchin sing out "Hi, mister, get inside and pull the blinds down!"

But you, of course, have taken trouble to ride to rules, and so do not make an exhibition of yourself, and hear the street



Mounting.

down and walk, now you can relinquish the vice-like grip of the saddle with the knees, for you will find that it tires the muscles of the thighs. But be on the qui-

ple generally look the one of the two extremes. Remember not to poke forward towards the pony's ears and look at that stirrup. When walking the ball of the foot

Arabs, as you pass, say, "My eye, Bill, ain't that a pretty little 'oss!" The pony has found out that you intend to ride in good form, and he is proud to carry you,

and bends himself splendidly to your light touch. To crown all, Miss Lucy, the prettiest girl in the county, catches sight of you, and thinking that you look very nice this morning, she gives an opportunity to bow to her.

Now that you have got clear of the town, trot along, but avoid loose stones, and get by the side of the road if you can. In order to start the pony to trot, hold the snaffle-rein firmly in both hands, and do not let them slip an inch whilst the pony is trotting, taking care not to jerk his mouth. Pull the pony's head slightly to the left, and this will make him lead with the right

fore leg, and he will look to you to hold him to that pace. Rise in the stirrups from the ball of the foot, not to show the seat, but to ease yourself and the pony with the least possible daylight between the seat-bones and the saddle. Be correct without being rigid, easy without being slovenly, upright, not poking towards the pony's ears.

If you try to trot with the stirrup-leathers too short you will turn your toes out, have no grip with the knees, bump straight up and down twice when once would have done, and bring all your weight down on the pony's back each time like an hydraulic battering-ram. People will laugh at you,

your groom will grumble, and the pony will be laid up with a sore back. Rise in good time with the pony, or you will look as bad as two people waltzing out of time, and feel just as uncomfortable, bobbing about like a cork in a choppy sea, and the pony will break into a canter. A pony trotting fast should be stopped slowly by gradually shortening the reins, sitting down in the saddle, and speaking to him; he will understand you. Avoid hammering along the hard high road, because the weight on the pony's back and the hard ground will cause inflammation of the joints, resulting in lameness.

(To be continued.)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1887 AND 1888.

PART III.

SUSSEX will have the same programme in 1888 as last year, when they beat Kent and Gloucestershire at Brighton, and drew only two matches out of the twelve. Disappointing as were the results, Sussex played a capital game all through the season, and had in every way a first-class team. In Quaife a professional batsman came to the front, whose play was modelled a little too much on the leggy Nottingham style, but who made a reputation as one of the best men of the year. He headed the county averages with 32. Mr. Newham, of Ardingly fame, coming next with 29. Though Sussex is not likely to be champion county of 1888, it is a dangerous outsider, capable of playing up in extraordinary form when least expected. The Oval match is fixed for the 26th of July, the Australian match being arranged to take place a week before at Brighton.

Yorkshire has the most hardworking of county teams, and every year gets through the longest of county programmes. In 1887 sixteen first-class county matches were played and only three were lost, but then only six were won. Luck has been against Yorkshire for several years now, match after match being drawn when a few minutes more would have given victory. Perhaps now that county matches are to begin at noon on the first day, and 11 sharp on the following days, the Yorkshire draws may be less frequent. It is in bowling, strange to say, that the Yorkshiremen are weak; in batting they are as strong as any team, and in wicket-keeping they are strongest of all. Never had "keeper" such a success as Hunter in 1887. He stumped 5 and caught 42! The feature of the season in the scoring way was the Bradford match against Lancashire, in which Ulyett got 67, Hall 160, Lee 165, and the Hon. M. B. Hawke 58—the gross total being 590. Ulyett headed the batting averages with 48, Hall coming next with 47, the rest of the team ranking behind Lee, who had 29. Yorkshire will be at the Oval on the 7th of June, and at Lord's on the Queen's birthday. The county cricket season of 1888 will end on August 27th.

So great was the interest taken in county cricket last year, that but little attention was paid to the other first-class matches. The Players beat the Gentlemen in both matches. Never were the players stronger than now. The team in both matches consisted of Shrewsbury, Ulyett, Gunn, Read, Barnes, Bates, Flowers, Briggs, Peel, Lohmann, and Sherwin—a combination without a weak link in it. The Gentlemen were nowhere. In the Oval match they were beaten by an innings and 16 runs; and in the Lord's match they were beaten by an innings and 123 runs. In the Lord's match Shrewsbury made 111, the first time

a professional has got into three figures in this match at Lord's since 1872. In 1886, it will be remembered, Shrewsbury made 127 at the Oval match.

This year Gentlemen and Players at the Oval is fixed for the 5th of July, the Lord's match following on the 9th. Another fixture that will cause a good deal of interest is that of England against Australia at Lord's on July 16th, as will also the return at the Oval on August 13th. Oxford and Cambridge is fixed for the 2nd of July; last year Oxford won by seven wickets, the match being noticeable for a score of 103 not out made for Cambridge by Mr. Crawley, and one of 100 made for Oxford by Lord George Scott, who only secured a place in the eleven through an accident to the first choice.

In 1887, when all the world went jubileeing, cricket was not left out in the cold. It had, in fact, a double jubilee, for just a hundred years before the M.C.C. had been founded. In celebration of the important centenary there was the usual banquet without which no centenary would be complete, and two extra first-class matches were played at Lord's. The first was M.C.C. against England, which went in favour of England to the tune of a win by an innings and 117 runs. The second was a veterans' match between members of the M.C.C. over forty and under forty—the Pavilion Fathers against the Boys in fact. The result was a draw.

Coming to the individual performances we find at the head of the averages in all first-class matches Dr. W. G. Grace, whose record gave 2,062 runs during 1887 for 54·10 runs per innings. Second on the list comes Mr. A. J. Webbe with 1,244 runs at 47·22 per wicket. Third on the list is Mr. W. W. Read with 47·17 on 1615 runs. Fourth is Mr. K. J. Key with 43·7 on 1,684 runs; and fifth is another Surrey star, Mr. W. E. Roller, with an average of 40. Next to the 40's come three 34's held by Messrs. W. C. Bridgeman, F. Thomas, and A. J. Thornton. Then come Lancashire's Mr. Eccles with 33, Surrey's Mr. Sluter with 32, and Cambridge's Mr. Crawley with 30. Among the 29's are Mr. S. W. Scott, late of the Australians and now of Middlesex, and the old Ardingly crack Mr. W. Newham; and among the 28's are the veteran Mr. A. N. Hornby, Mr. Stoddart of long score fame, and Messrs. L. Wilson and Rashleigh of the Kent team.

Among the Professionals Shrewsbury is top of the tree, with 1,653 runs at 78·15 per innings, this being more than double that of any of his followers. Hall and Ulyett, both of Yorkshire, come next, each with 38, Hall on a total of 1,240 and Ulyett on a total of 1,487. Robinson and Gunn have each an average of 35, Barnes one of 33, Quaife

one of 31, Sugg and Lee have each 29, Briggs has 28, and Lohmann 25.

Briggs and Lohmann were the busiest and best bowlers of 1887, but neither had a particularly low average, Lohmann's being 154 wickets for 15·94, Briggs's being 114 for 17. Watson took 100 wickets at 14·82 runs apiece, Attewell took 89 for 13·81, Wootton 100 for 18·92. Others we need not mention; the lowest average of the year was Surrey Jones's 24 wickets for 11·18. The amateur bowlers were simply nowhere on the dry ground. The best average was Mr. Nepean's 60 wickets for 18·11; all the others were over 20, the most noticeable being Dr. W. G. Grace's 97 wickets for 21. This was more than double the number of wickets taken by any other bowler barring Mr. Nepean.

Coming to the big scores, we find that in 1887 about three dozen over 200 were hit in matches of all classes. The biggest individual score of the year was Mr. F. M. Atkins's 364 for Mote Park against Shorncliffe Camp. Mr. A. E. Stoddart, that great punisher of poor bowling, was four times over the 200, making 275 for Hampstead against London Scottish, 238 for Hampstead against Willesden, 230 for Hampstead against Old Finchleians, and 205 for Hampstead against Ne'er-do-weels. What his Club average was like may be guessed. Another big scorer of the year was E. J. Diver, who put together 312, 213, and 200, all for the Cambridge Victoria.

Six scores over the 200 was obtained in a first-class match, and 63 over the 100. The double centenarians were Mr. K. J. Key, with 281 for Oxford against Middlesex; he also obtained 179 for Surrey against Kent, Shrewsbury, with 267 for Notts against Middlesex; he also obtained 152 for England against M.C.C. and Ground; 135 for Notts against Sussex; 130 for Notts against Lancashire; 119 for Notts against Gloucestershire; 111 for Players against Gentlemen; and 101 for Notts against Surrey. Mr. W. W. Read, who appeared twice in the list, once with 247 for Surrey against Lancashire, and once with 244 for Surrey against Cambridge; and to him were also due 145 for Surrey against Derbyshire, 118 for Surrey against Oxford, and 100 for Surrey against Kent. Mr. A. J. Webbe, with 243 for Middlesex against Yorkshire; he also obtained 126 for I Zingari against Gentlemen; and Gunn, with 205 for Notts against Sussex.

Among the scorers of over the century in first-class matches were Lonis Hall, four times, Barnes three times, Ulyett three times. Dr. W. G. Grace had six scores of more than a hundred in first-class matches last year. Altogether it was a great season for runs, a season of level excellence that we are not likely to improve upon for

some time; 1888 will be busier, and with fewer chances for the dawdler. The alteration in Law XIII, adopting five balls to the over instead of four, will save time, and make matches shorter. The revised version of Law XIV, allowing the bowler to change ends as often as he pleases, providing he does

not bowl two overs in succession, will cut the scores down considerably. And new Law LIV, that "on the last day of a match either side may at any time declare their innings closed," will put a stopper on the farcical throwing away of wickets that has provoked such ill-feeling during the last two seasons.

THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY W. J. GORDON,

Author of "The National Arms," "Standards of Old England," etc.

PART V.

AND now we have reached the combinations to which so much objection was made when our new territorial system was introduced. Hitherto both battalions of a regiment have been the two battalions of the old regiment. With the Cameronians we begin the series in which the old single-battalion regiment has been linked with one farther on in the list, and combined with it in its honours and badges, very much to the advantage of the less distinguished of the two. A good deal might be made of this, but it is best in these notes to let bygones be bygones.

The present Cameronians, then, are the old 26th Cameronians and the old 90th. They are now a rifle regiment—the "Scottish Rifles"—and consequently have no colours; and, like all rifle regiments, by the way, they are armed with the sword-bayonet instead of the familiar rapier-pointed weapon. They are the representatives of the heroes of Old Mortality, the men who bore "the bloody banner" with "no quarter" on it, and were not unnaturally severely handled by Claverhouse in consequence. There is no doubt about this banner now, for the old flag has been found and pictured in Ross's "Scottish Colours." The original regiment was under the command of the Earl of Angus, whence the "mullet" now worn as a badge. The old 90th was raised by Graham of Balgowan, and was first under fire at Alexandria. In the long list of combination honours the names new to us are Mandora—Cradock's defeat of the French under Lanusse in 1801—and Guadaloupe.

The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers are a combination of the Inniskillings, who date from the defence of the Orange town in 1691, and the old 108th. Their colours display the castle of Inniskilling with a flag on the top. Inniskilling Castle, heraldically, has two towers, while Edinburgh has three, and neither is in the least like the real thing. Besides the castle, the colours show the Sphinx and the white horse. The Gloucestershire are the representatives of the old 28th—"the Slashers"—and the 61st. The colours bear the Sphinx, in memory of the 28th at Alexandria, where the old regiment also won the strange right of wearing its number on the back and front of its head-gear for a remarkable defeat of a French attack. The regiment was drawn up in double rank in the old style, when, as it was being attacked in front, the French cavalry suddenly charged it from behind. "Rear rank right about face!" roared the colonel, and back to back stood the Slashers, and settled the French each side of them. A tough lot were these lads! We might fill a chapter with their deeds, but in this concentrated essence of history every inch is valuable.

The Worcestershire is made up of the old 29th and 36th. Their badge is the silver lion, and their motto, like that of the Northumbrians, is "Firm." The star on the

pouch was a special distinction for long service in the field. The 36th were at one time "The Saucy Greens." The old 30th, 31st, and 32nd began life as Marines in 1702. The 30th plus the 39th now form the East Lancashire Regiment, which on its colours displays Java, for Auchmuty's capture in 1811; Canton, for Straubenzee's capture in 1858; and Aluned Khel, for Donald Stewart's Afghan victory in 1878. The 30th are the triple X's—a joke on the same lines as Calvert's Entire. The 31st plus the 70th form the East Surrey Regiment, bearing, as the first honours on its colours, Dettingen, where George II. mistook the 31st for the Buffs, and, in consequence, caused them to be nicknamed "the Young Buffs." Their badge is Guildford Castle. The 32nd plus the 46th are now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, with "One and all" and the ten gold balls—fifteen balls one and all in some versions—and a turreted archway and a couple of red feathers, as motto and badges. The 46th got its nickname of "The Lacedæmonians" from its commander lecturing them on the conduct of Leonidas at Thermopylae while the shot and shell were flying around and making havoc of their ranks. The study of Greek history under difficulties!

The 33rd, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is now combined with the 76th, known of yore as "The Seven and Sixpennies," or, "The Pigs," from the elephant on the colours won at Leswarree, and is recruited in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It bears the old distinction of the crest and motto of the Iron Duke, who in it obtained his colonelcy. The motto is, "Virtutis fortuna comes," or suppose we say, "Luck, the friend of pluck." Its honour roll ranges from Dettingen to Abyssinia.

The Border Regiment is the old 34th and 55th combined. The colours bear a laurel wreath and a green dragon, the dragon being the regimental badge. The laurel wreath is in memory of the war in which the 34th covered the retreat at Fontenoy; and the peculiar thread in the drummer's lace is in commemoration of the same gallant feat of arms. In the honour roll stands Arroyo dos Molinos, where, in 1811, the old regiment won the right to wear the red-and-white pompon, to record that it, the 34th of the British Line, there met the 34th of the French Line, shivered it into fragments, and captured its drums and drum-major's staff, which were used by them for many years afterwards in the regiment—the number, "34," fitting in so conveniently. No other regiment has Arroyo on its colours. The Royal Sussex is the old 35th plus the 107th. The 35th were the "Orange lilies," now their facings are blue. They were in America under Wolfe, and fought at Quebec, in 1759, and they were also at Maida, and in these later days at Abu Klea.

(To be continued.)

Man Overboard!

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

(See Coloured Plate with Monthly Part.)

WE had sailed the seas from North to South,
And from South to North again;
From Plymouth's breezy harbour mouth
To the sunny Austral main.
From England's chalk to Sydney's cliffs,
We had spanned the great world round;
And now once more, the white waves o'er,
Hurrah! we were homeward bound!

We had had fair weather from the start,
The trade-winds from the Line;
And the stalwart skipper was blithe of heart,
And his speech was frank and fine.
Not one mishap to mar the trip,
Not a fault our course to check;
And the skipper praised the stout old ship,
As he walked the quarter-deck.

But when in the dreaded "Bay" once more
Our good luck changed at last;
The wind blew hard upon the shore,
And wildly shrieked the blast.
When high above the blackening gale,
A cry rose sharp and shrill,
That turned each sunburnt cheek foam-pale,
And made each heart stand still.

"Man overboard!" the cry rang out—
Twice has that word of tear,
Of sudden terror and boding doubt,
Rung on my startled ear.
"Man overboard! who is it? how?"
For questioning little space—
The lifeboats loose from the davits, and now
Each man is in his place.

Now we know who's missing, what life's to save,
The name's on every lip:—
Will Westwood, the quartermaster brave,
The smartest hand in the ship.
The bos'n has fixed his seaman's eye
On a tiny speck, yet dark,
Mid the churning surge, and the rowers urge
Straight for that wavering mark.

Through the heaving swell, and the blind-ing gale,
'Tis, I trow, an up-hill task;
We watch the boat with faces pale:
"Can he last till they reach?" we ask.
Yes, they've seized the fainting form that clings
To the buoy with ebbing grip;
A cheer o'er the wide wild water rings,
As the lifeboat hails the ship.

A rough, plain sailor—but one who went
To the edge of death—he saw
His duty only—on that intent,
He knew no other law. [Dropped]

Dropped from the yard-arm, straight and plumb,
To the wild, black gulf below !
Because, though his arms were stiff and numb,
The rope he'd not let go.

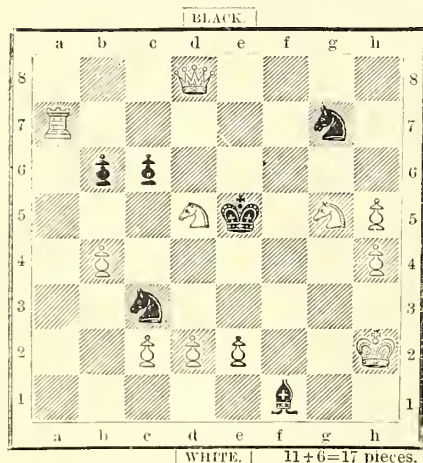
But the Father who watches a sparrow's fall,
Saw the fall of Will Westwood too ;
And lifted him straight from Death's dark gate,
And—boys, this tale is true !

CHESS.

Continued from page 491.)

Problem No. 203.

By H. F. L. MEYER.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

THIS presents a combination of the four Knights in a fourfold manner.

Problem No. 204.

By G. HARRIS, of Dublin.

White, K—Q Kt 8; Q—Q Kt 4; B—Q Kt sq.; Kt—Q B 4; P—K Kt 5. Black, K—Q 4; Ps—K 4, K 6, K B 4, and K B 6. White mates in two moves.

Problem No. 205.

By J. R. COTTER.

White, K—K R sq.; Q—K sq.; R—Q Kt 6; Bs—Q R 2 and K R 8; Kts—Q 3 and K Kt 7. Black, K—Q 5; Ps—Q B 4, Q B 6, Q 2, K 4 and K 6. White mates in two moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

J. A. Miles, of Norwich, author of excellent works on chess problems, is preparing for publication a small collection of self-mate problems, by himself and other composers, which will contain over seventy of the finest on large diagrams, and the title will be "Chess Stars, a Galaxy of Self-Mates." Price to subscribers, 2s. per copy, post free.

J. and W. T. Pierce, authors of two works on problems, have in the press a work which "will comprise an exhaustive analysis of the new variation of the Vienna Game, called Pierce Gambit, with illustrative games; together with articles on chess, and a selection of original problems." Price to subscribers, 2s. 6d., or six copies for 12s. After publication the price will be 3s. 6d. Address: J. Pierce, Langley House, Dorking, Surrey.

A. W.—PROBLEM No. 195: R to Q 4 or to Q B sq. is prevented by Q x P; and B to

Kt 8 must not be defended by R to R 2, but by B to R 4.

A. W. C. H.—Notice 1, Q—K 6 mate.

W. R. H.—A double problem, in which either side mates in two moves, is very interesting, but yours is too easy. A problem, especially a two-mover, should, as a rule, not begin with a check.

D. S. M.—Some of the moves are fairly well played.

J. S.—Both Kts in No. 199 are required, the one against the B, the other against 1, K—Kt 5.

Correspondence.

E. J. E.—You will find a full list of authorities on the different periods of English history in Cassell's "Dictionary of English History," now publishing at the rate of sixpence a month.

G. E. C.—A flagship always has more officers than another ship, owing to the admiral's staff being on board. It does not afford a fair criterion. However, here is the list for the Nelson—admiral, flag-lieutenant, secretary, two clerks, captain, commander, eight lieutenants, staff-commander, captain Marine Artillery, lieutenant Marine Artillery, chaplain, fleet-surgeon, paymaster, chief-engineer, sub-lieutenant, two surgeons, two assistant-paymasters, three engineers, two assistant-engineers, three gunners, boatswain, carpenter, nine midshipmen, and a clerk.

C. J. H. (Hereford).—For full information as to "skinning and stuffing birds and animals," read our recent articles on "Practical Taxidermy."

IGNARA.—All that was meant was that it is generally quite useless for amateur verse-writers to trouble editors (who are often nearly overwhelmed with utterly useless "poetry") with their immature productions. If your rhymes have real merit, send by all means—but keep copies.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER (Winnipeg).—The earlier volumes are now out of print. The later ones (i.e., Vols. v. to ix.) would cost the published price plus postage.

W. H. H.—We can neither purchase back numbers ourselves, nor negotiate their sale with others.

LANCASHIRE.—Will probably reprint the articles you mention, but cannot say when.

G. Y.—The part containing our articles on cardboard models (November, 1882) may still be had.

A. W. R.—We have already given two splendid coloured plates of parrots, with full details as to treatment, etc. Refer back.

R. B. (Kent).—The articles you mention will all be included in our "Boy's Own Bookshelf" volumes.

TELEPHONES.—Out of print.

WOULD-BE PAINTER.—We have already given some articles on drawing, and hope shortly to give a series of illustrated papers on sketching from nature.

UNIONIST.—At present we cannot think of starting any other fund, as we want all the strength of our readers to be thrown into the "Boy's Own" (Gordon Memorial) Home of Rest.

P. V. B. (Winnipeg).—Of no special merit.

A. K.—Unfortunately, in the absence of an international copyright law, we are unable to prevent the American papers pirating stories and pictures from the B. O. P.

LOVER OF CANARIES.—We may have a paper on Mule Breeding next season. It is a lengthy subject to treat here.

READER (Rabbits).—1. Most fattening foods—cereals. 2. Any large breed or cross-breeds—perhaps Patagonians—would suit your purpose.

FROGGY.—Tree frogs; now is as good as any time. Most bird-shops or naturalists keep them.

A. FORD.—The genera of macro-lepidoptera most apt to become "greasy" are *Hepialus*, *Cossus*, *Zeuzera*, *Leucania*, *Nonagræa*, *Gortyna*, and *Sesia*. Micro-lepidoptera are less addicted to this disagreeable propensity.

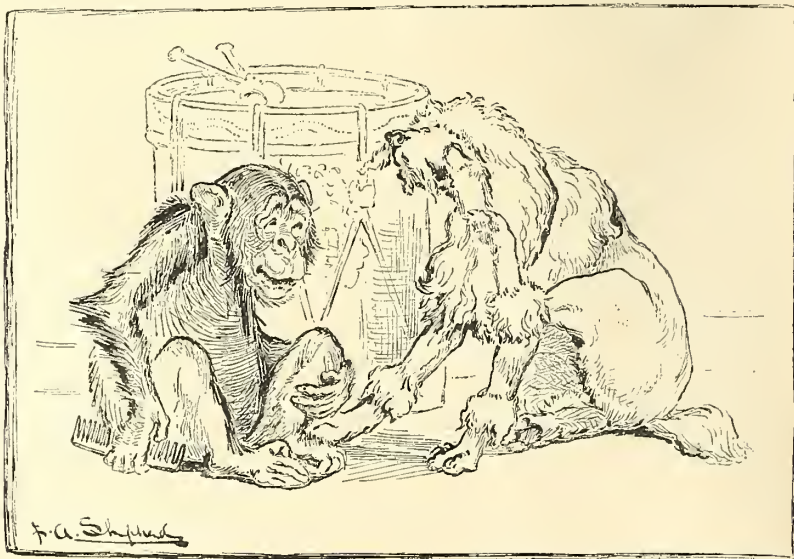
YOUNG BEGINNER.—Read answer to LOVER OF CANARIES. Cock—a canary.

BEGINNER.—1. No, not when in kindle. 2. No change; only give better food, bedding, and mash. 3. Till they get too irisky.

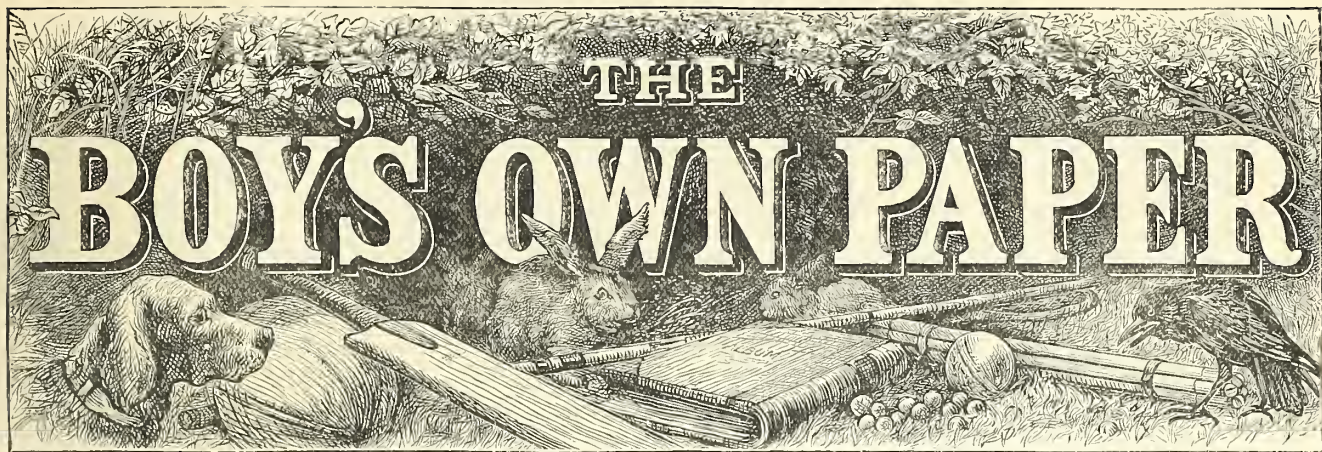
A. E. G. and A. CLARK.—See a surgeon; all interference by yourself is dangerous.

A SUFFERER.—Your blood is thin. Get up an appetite by outdoor exercise, and live well.

CHUZZLEWIT AND Co.—1. For Homers fresh tick beans, tares, and grains generally—no hemp or rice; you do not want to fatten. 2. Only a short distance at first—say a quarter of a mile. 3. No certainty.



"Oh my! you do want combing!"



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THE TREASURE OF
THE CACIQUE:

A MEXICAN STORY.

By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL,
BART.,

Author of "Waifs and Strays,"
"On a Winter's Night,"
etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—THE TREASURE
OF THE CACIQUE.

FOR more than three days
the brothers had partaken
of the hospitality of Indian

"A well-aimed bullet caused the monster to turn over on its back."

Joe; nor was it the old hunter alone who had shown his sympathy for their loss; the whole of the mining community had displayed the deepest indignation at the treacherous attack upon James Sedgwick's cabin.

For two whole days they had scoured the country round in the hopes of securing Cifuentes and Halfhung Simon, but no traces of them could be found.

Guzman, who had been wounded by a rifle-bullet, was found by the miners among the dead terribly scorched, but still living, and had at once been hung by them, with their rough sense of justice, upon the very tree beneath which reposed the remains of James Sedgwick. But they could spare no further time, and had to return to their work; and so the chief actors in the sanguinary drama remained for the time unpunished.

It was a bright, clear morning as the two boys sat on a rough bench at the outside of the hut, conversing upon their future plans. Indian Joe was away looking after some traps.

"Bob," said Arthur, "where were you this morning? Just as it was light I woke up, and your place was vacant."

"I went down to the *caché*," answered Bob. "Do you know, Arthur, that father must have made some mistake; there are not more than sixty ounces, so that we can only count upon about one hundred and eighty pounds at the price gold sells for here. I thought he had much more."

"So did I," answered Arthur, thoughtfully. "Stay, I have it. Do you not recollect, some four months ago he borrowed Sandy's mare and went to Orivada? I've a notion that he sent away the greater part of the gold to mother; you know he often said that it was not safe to keep large sums here."

"Likely enough," replied Bob. "If mother has got the gold it is all right, but—" and his young face darkened as he spoke—"if we are to track those who caused our poor father's death, we shall want money, for be sure that Cifuentes and Simon will soon be at the head of another band, and it will require money as well as skill and courage to circumvent them. I am half afraid we shall have to take to gold-washing again for a time, though the season is so much against it."

"No," said Arthur, "if you will be guided by me, I think that I can show you a way to get more treasure than you ever dreamt of, and we can then join our dear mother and sister once again."

"You!" cried Bob in astonishment, "what are you thinking of, Arthur?"

"Do you recollect last year?" answered his brother. "The old Indian that I used to be always talking with, and about whom you used to chaff me so much?"

"Certainly I do," replied Bob, "but the poor old fellow had hardly a blanket to cover him, and if your hope of getting treasure rests upon him—"

"It does; poor as he then appeared, he was descended from the nobility of the Indians, the Caciques of the Aztecs, and many and many a tale has he told me of their ancient power and prosperity, and the wealth they had amassed. He asserted that hidden far

in the hills in the interior of the country a remnant of the tribe still exists, and he told me with the most solemn asseverations that he had vast treasures amongst them, and that if I gave them a certain sign, which he would place in my hands, fierce and warlike as the tribe is, it would hand the gold—for which they cared comparatively little—over to me without a murmur."

"To you—but why to you?" asked Bob, in amazement.

"Don't you recollect his death?" replied Arthur.

"Certainly I do," answered Bob. "You found the poor old fellow dying, close to our fence one evening, and father and I came out when you called, and brought him into the hut, but he didn't last long."

"No; but before you came he gave me this," replied Arthur, producing from his bosom a small piece of deer-skin exquisitely dressed, and covered with strange signs and symbols in various coloured threads.

"Well, I am not much the wiser now," said his brother, turning the skin over and over in his hands. "Pray what might this mean?"

"You are clever enough, Bob, at reading Indian signs," said Arthur, with a faint smile, "but you are not good at Indian language. This shows me pretty clearly the route I must take to get to the Indian city, and will further assure me a safe return with the treasure of the Cacique."

"I say, then, Arthur, we are in for a good thing at last. With this money we can easily organise a band to follow up and secure our father's murderers, and then perhaps have enough to rejoin mother and Lily in old England. How much do you think it may amount to—perhaps some few thousand dollars?"

"It is always difficult to get correct figures from Indians," answered Arthur, quietly; "but, as far as I could, from repeated conversations, make out, it was nearer a million and a half pounds sterling."

Bob started from his seat in amazement.

"And you have kept all this to yourself, old chap!" exclaimed he. "Well, you are as close as wax. I should have blabbed it out directly."

"It was no good," replied his brother. "Father mistrusted Indians, and would never have let us start on the search; so I determined to bide my time. Will you come with me, and search for the treasure? The quest may be long and dangerous, but something tells me that we shall be successful in the end."

"Will I come? aye, with heart and soul; but had we not better take Indian Joe into our confidence? he is staunch and true, and we shall be the better for an unerring rifle like his, and surely there is enough for all."

"Yes, yes, take Joe, and let Lopes come too. Remember how he stood by us that night at the hut. As he took part in our adversity, let him have a share in our good-fortune. We will tell them all to-night, and if they agree, let us lose no time in starting."

The next morning a little party of four might have been seen descending the mountain road. Bob and Arthur led the way, well armed; Indian Joe

followed, leading a mule, upon which the modest baggage of the party was securely packed; whilst Lopes, whose wound still gave him some trouble, brought up the rear, supporting himself on a long stick; then the gaunt hounds, which had aided their master in many a tough struggle with panther and Mexican lion, followed at his heels in a dignified manner; and in this guise they set out to find the treasure of the Cacique.

CHAPTER VI.—A QUIET POOL.

IN three days' time the little party had got clear of the mountains, and had entered upon the magnificent plains which stretch for hundreds of miles to all points of the compass. Some of these are entirely without trees, whilst others have large clumps of timber, generally known as "islands," which afford a welcome shelter from the rays of the sun, for now that the mountains were left behind all signs of frost and snow had disappeared.

The travellers had encamped in one of these islands, having determined to take a couple of days' rest, for the double purpose of recruiting themselves from the fatigue caused by the journey, and of securing a supply of venison, which, dried in the sun, affords palatable nutriment, so well-known to the Mexican hunter.

The spot that had been selected for the bivouac was wonderfully picturesque; the island was composed of lofty locust and cottonwood trees, from the branches of which depended long masses of silver-coloured moss, whilst the soft turf beneath, smooth and velvety as on a well-kept lawn, seemed to invite repose, and the exquisitely tempered light beneath the trees was an intense relief from the hot glare of the sun outside. Far away upon all sides stretched the prairie, the soft grass of which was dotted with flowers of varied hues, whilst some fifty yards from the island ran the Rio Negro, whose sparkling waters rippled merrily along between steep banks.

Lopes, whose wound still incapacitated him from heavy work, had constituted himself cook to the expedition, and was busy watching an earthen pot which he had placed upon the fire, and which, from the savoury odours that emanated from it, appeared to contain something superlatively delicious. Indian Joe was fast asleep upon his back, every now and then starting the rest with the most hideous combination of snort and snore that human ear had ever listened to, whilst Arthur was poring over the talisman given him by the old Cacique. Bob had taken his rifle and wandered down to the river, whither we will follow him.

He had pursued the winding of the river for nearly two miles, when a fine doe sprang up from the high grass some fifty yards away, and made off with a series of rapid and graceful bounds. In an instant Bob's rifle was to his shoulder; for a moment the polished tube remained stationary, and then, hardly had the echoes that the report caused died away, than the doe could be seen stretched upon the ground, kicking convulsively. Bob

hastened up, intending to finish her with his knife, when, to his surprise, she sprang to her feet, and though she moved her hind legs with difficulty, managed to make for the river bank. "She must drop now," said Bob, to himself, and he followed the wounded doe for some two hundred yards, until he came to a spot where the river made a sudden turn, the elbow of which formed a large pool, with a huge willow-tree hanging well over the water.

It appeared to Bob as if there had been several trees of a similar kind round the water, but that they had fallen into it, as he saw what he fancied were trunks of trees floating on the quiet surface of the pool. Feeling that he was now certain of his quarry, Bob deliberated as to the best way of securing it. "If," thought he, "I walk up to her, the odds are that she'll take to the water, and I shall get wet through in my efforts to secure her. What shall I do? I have it!" he exclaimed, as a thought struck him. "I'll get on to that tree that projects over the pool, whence I can reach her."

The project was no sooner conceived than executed. Laying his rifle upon the ground, he crept cautiously along the slanting trunk of the willow until he had got as far as he could, and then he turned round with the intention of waving his cap, so as to drive the animal away from the river's bank, but as he was about to do so he saw something that at once arrested his attention. The trunks of trees which he had noticed floating upon the surface of the water seemed much nearer the bank than when he had first noticed them, as though some current was carrying them closer to the land. Suddenly one of them, which was only some three yards from the bank, appeared to be indued with life. The waters foamed and splashed, and a huge alligator shot towards the bank; then with a convulsive effort its long, scaly tail swept the shingle, and, catching the wounded deer fairly in the centre of its body, forced it into the water, and into the ravenous jaws, which were widely open in expectation of their prey. At the same moment all the other trunks of trees made a brisk movement, and Bob saw his prize fiercely contended for by half a dozen greedy alligators not three feet beneath him.

"Whew!" thought he; "now that I see how handy these gentlemen are with their tails I had better clear out of this, or they may take it into their heads to indulge in a second course;" and laying his hand upon a branch of the tree to steady himself, he prepared to gain the shore with as little delay as possible.

But his adventures for the day were not yet over. As he clasped the branch of the tree he felt some slimy, clammy substance beneath his fingers, whilst the sharp hiss which greeted his ears showed him at once that he had unwittingly placed his hand upon one of the many kinds of serpents that infest the plains and forests of Mexico. Strong as Bob's nerves were, and inured as he was to all the perils attendant upon a forest life, this was almost too much for him. Drawing his hand hastily away from the dangerous vicinity, he made a

sudden step backwards, and in another second plunged heavily into the water not ten yards from where the alligators had just been disputing for the body of their victim.

As the waters closed over his head, a pang of horror shot through him as he felt that the hideous monsters were all around, and it seemed to him an age before he came once more to the surface. As he did so, his hand came in contact with the handle of his hunting-knife, and he instinctively drew it from its sheath. Well was it for him that he did so, for not ten feet from him lay one of the largest of the saurians, looking about as if anxious to know the cause of the disturbance. Mechanically Bob struck half a dozen blows at the monster's face, evidently with some effect, for it turned violently round and lashed the water with its tail, whilst a suffocating musky odour was diffused around.

Not waiting to see the effect of his

blows, Bob swam hastily to the shore, and, seizing his rifle, felt once more that he was safe. His late antagonist was still swimming in circles and lashing the water violently with its tail, and to Bob's extreme surprise getting nearer and nearer to the spot upon which he stood. At last it came so close that Bob could resist the temptation no longer, and a well-aimed bullet caused the monster, after a few unavailing struggles to turn over on its back, life being quite extinct. By the aid of a hooked stick Bob managed to get him into shallow water, and he then perceived that he owed his life to the random strokes of his knife, which had blinded the reptile before it could seize him.

That night at the bivouac if Bob had brought in no venison he had at any rate an alligator story to tell, to which they all listened with the deepest interest.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

NTO Grenoble let us go, and beyond to the delightful valley of Gresivaudan, to Castle Bayard.

On the top of a hill the castle stood, proudly rising from the ruins of a Roman villa, owing both strength and beauty to its position. Round the hill flowed the river, at the base of inaccessible cliffs, which gave out only one side, where a long narrow isthmus formed the only connection with the mainland. The isthmus sloped steeply from the hill, and was defended by an outer line of palisades, a deep fosse, and a massive high wall. The hilltop itself was of considerable extent. On the land side was a well-wooded park; on the river side a magnificent terrace, which commanded the whole valley. Behind was a group of buildings, irregular and massive in form—

dwelling-house, guard-house, stables, and barns. On the highest point was a huge donjon, or keep, the crenelated summit of which could be seen for miles around.

It was thus impossible to approach this castle, even in times of peace, without being instantly observed. In case of siege a few devoted men would be enough to defend the isthmus, and that was the only point where an attack had a chance of success. And there could be no fear of famine on the fertile plateau, which could easily grow food enough for a numerous garrison. After Count Bayard's glorious death and the departure of Amaury and Berenger, it was to this castle that the countess had retired with her five other sons.

It was a quiet clear evening in early April. Already, in that almost southern climate, nature had resumed her ver-

dant robe, and the spring flowers filled the air with their perfumes. A slight transparent mist hung in the valleys, and on the still snowy tops of the mountains the last rays of the setting

lawn. And close by the mother sat and watched them in the shade of two gigantic larches, as she worked briskly at her distaff and spinning-wheel.

She was in mourning, and the mourn-

A light footstep caused her to turn her head.

Two ladies were coming towards her in the simple graceful costume then worn — a long gown, with straight



“‘Take my promise,’ she said.”

sun were glowing in all the hues of the prism.

The sough of the wind in the trees, the murmur of the river as it beat against the cliff, the fitful song of the birds and insects, the awakening of distant echoes, rose to mingle with the merry laugh of the Bayard boys as they ran chasing each other on the terrace

ing showed itself, not only in her dress, but in her looks. During her eighteen months of widowhood her hair had become quite white; but beneath this early snow her eyebrows and eyelashes had retained their raven colour, and gave her noble face the majestic beauty we are wont to associate with the mother of the Gracchi.

parallel pleats, cote-hardie fitting close to the figure, with long falling sleeves, and a hooded mantle.

The different parts of the dress were all of the same colour; and one of the ladies was in blue, the other in white.

The lady in white, who was still young, ran towards the countess and held out her forehead to be kissed.

"Good evening, mother!" she said, in gentle tones.

The countess kissed her, and rose with respectful deference at the approach of the lady in blue.

She was dark, not fair like her young companion; but she also was beautiful, splendidly beautiful! But although she was young, she had evidently known sorrow.

As the countess bowed to her she motioned to her to sit down again.

"Do you forget your promise," she said, "to treat me as you do Geneviève? Do you not remember that Judith thinks herself happy to be here your second daughter, with the right to say to you, 'Good evening, mother!'"

And how had Judith and Geneviève found their way to Castle Bayard?

When they left Tortona the outwitters of Mangis had taken the road to the Alps, but in order to throw pursuers off the scent many were the turns they thought it well to make. And as they were in Lothar's own particular territory there was everything to fear from the resentment of those from whom they had released the prisoners.

The escort consisted of Roland, Eginhard, Count Efflam, Landrik, and the two brothers Amaury and Berenger, and with them were several knights who had been persuaded to join the cause of the Emperor Lodwig. They thus did not form an army, and yet it was by an army that they might be pursued.

Prudence was a law to them on account of the precious charge they guarded, if for no other reason. And the march was conducted with as much subtlety and circumspection as if the knights were Indians on the war-path. At first they pretended to be on the road to Germany, as if to find out Lewis, whose rumoured repentance justified their trusting themselves to him. Then after a day's march to the north they bore off to the west, taking care to send off twenty horsemen on a false trail, with two women dressed exactly like the empress and her attendant. Again at Lake Lemman was the same device resorted to, and a second squadron sent off. The escort was thus weakened, but the farther it went the less cause there was for fearing an immediate attack. And soon they bore straight away for certain passes through the Alps, where guides chosen by the twins were ready to show the way.

The fugitives suffered much from fatigue and cold, but their courage equalled the devotion which was clearing the way for them, and not for a minute did they delay the retreat.

On the slopes of Mont Cenis their first disappointment awaited them. They had reckoned on the interview at Aachen, on Lodwig's reconciliation with Lewis and Pepin, on the overthrow of the usurper. We know how, owing to Ebbo's threats, silence was imposed on the old emperor, and how he again fell under the yoke of Lothar.

This was a severe check for the Thirteen; they would have to begin the battle over again, and meanwhile provide the empress with an honourable and safe retreat.

Amaury and Berenger had proposed

she should go to Castle Bayard, and at the first halt this was agreed to. The next day but one they arrived in sight of the castle, and then a body of the knights parted company and escorted a pretended empress into Burgundy. The remainder left the usual roads, made a wide circuit, and in the darkness of the night reached Castle Bayard, where, owing to the twins having already arrived in disguise, everything was ready for them.

We pass over in silence the delight of Countess Bayard at again seeing her sons, and finding them stronger and handsomer than ever, and perhaps more respectful and loving to their mother than they were used to be. But the next night more happiness came to her. She welcomed Geneviève, whom she regarded as her daughter; and with her came Count Efflam, to whom she had confided the two boys whom he had brought back as men.

"Count," said she, "no words can express my thanks to you; there is no worthy recompense I can offer you for what you have done for us."

"Madame," said the husband of Clothilda, "do not thank me at all. Your sons are my reward; their frank affection, ready sympathy, and cheery bravery have given me patience and strength to master all my sorrows. I am in their debt, they are not in mine. They are my brothers or my sons, if you will!"

And the two stalwart boys sprang to Efflam's side, and each took one of his hands.

"Never did I pray as I have prayed for you, Count Efflam!" said the

sources and conveniences, made it just such a residence as the Empress Judith required. In the whole empire no better could be found. And it was arranged that the fugitives should for a time remain there in charge of Count Efflam and the twins and a few knights of the escort, who, with the servants and vassals, would make up sufficient garrison to withstand any surprise.

The rest of the rescuers departed to work for the deliverance of Lodwig and Karl, under the orders of Eginhard and Roland. They took with them the faithful Landrik, who would return with news, or, in case of success, with orders to escort the empress to her triumphant husband.

Nearly three months had elapsed before anything was seen of Landrik, or anything heard of the new campaign begun by the Thirteen. And now Judith and Geneviève were talking to Countess Bayard in the shade of the larches.

"The day is nearly over," said the empress, impatiently, "and still there is nothing—nothing! Oh! this uncertainty will kill me; and rather than continue to suffer thus I will face the danger and go to some large town where I can hear the news."

"You will not do that!" said Count Efflam, who had approached unobserved. "I can spare you such useless imprudence. I have come from Lyons."

"Well?"

"Things seem to remain where they were, and, try all I could, I learnt nothing to allay your anxiety. But rest assured, madame, that our friends are at work, and that at this very moment



"Amaury and Berenger rose and kissed her on both cheeks."

countess; "and Heaven answereth the prayer of the widow!"

"Then," said the godson of Charles the Great, "if that is so, pray for her who has been waiting for me so long—for her who is now a mother, and besieged by implacable enemies. Pray for my dearly-loved Clothilda!" and to the warrior's eyes came tears which he did not seek to hide.

"Those tears of sorrow," said the countess, "I pray may be added to mine, which in this moment are tears of joy, and together may they go to the throne of God!"

Meanwhile Eginhard and Roland were inspecting the castle. Its isolation, its nearly impregnable position, its re-

sources and conveniences, made it just such a residence as the Empress Judith required.

"But the Emperor Lodwig! But my son Karl! I do not know if I should weep for them! Are they dead?"

"Such a misfortune would have been noised about, and public rumour says, on the contrary, that the emperor is at St. Médard, and that his son Karl is with him."

"At St. Médard? Both at St. Médard? Count Efflam, if no news arrives to-night I shall start in the morning for St. Médard. I will have it so! Do you think a mother can live without knowing what has become of her son?"

Countess Bayard had all this time been working the spinning-wheel and saying

not a word. At the last desperate attack of the empress she rose and respectfully laid her hand on her arm, and said to her, calmly and gently,

"My two sons left me the day after their father died. They went to fight for you. They were young, and could only survive the fatigue and danger of their enterprise by a miracle. For ten months I received no news of them, and great was my perplexity at not seeing them. But I knew they were doing their duty, and that it was the will of God. I resigned myself without a murmur. I prayed, and I waited."

And as she told of her noble abnegation Judith became suddenly abashed and lowered her eyes.

Count Eflam took up the word.

"It was on my wedding-day that Eginhard brought me this sword. She whom I married was young and fair, and loved me, and I loved her. I left her. Later on, when I was on the way to work with Roland for your deliverance, a faithful messenger came to tell me that my castle was besieged by the Bretons, and that my Clothilda was about to be a mother. She begged me to return to embrace my child and defend them both against their enemies! I hesitated for a moment—I confess it, my heart was torn—but honour proved the strongest, and I chose the road to Tortona. That is eighteen months ago, and Glay Acquin could not hold out for more than a year. At this moment my wife and child may be massacred or pining in shameful captivity. I hear them every day calling to me to help them or avenge them—and I never told you a word of this, madame—and yet I am here!"

The empress raised her eyes and looked first at the count and then at the countess.

"Pardon!" she said. "Pardon me for my ingratitude and my cowardice! Such examples have recalled me to myself, and I thank you for them. I, like you, will have the courage to suffer, and, like you, I will wait."

And she burst into tears, while Geneviève knelt at her feet, clasped her in her arms, and sought to soothe her with her caresses.

"Mistress," she said, "hope in the future, trust in God, rest in the valour of the devoted servants who are at this moment watching over the Emperor Lodwig and our dear Karl. When those we love are in peril, when death is about to strike them, secret warnings come to woman's heart. I have known none, and you have known none. And I answer for both—they are alive, they will be free, and you will see them soon. Patience, then—hope—and courage!"

The empress smiled through her tears, and holding out her hand to Eflam, said,

"What you have done for us we will do for you. And if it takes all the armies and treasure of the empire to deliver your loved Clothilda you shall have her back again. I give you my promise—you will be happy! Be convinced, as I have been, be consoled with the hope of a better future."

Count Eflam bowed, but it was in vain that a furtive smile fled across his pallid face where the illusions of youth seemed to have died in sorrow.

Then the empress turned to the countess and spoke of her profound gratitude to her sons, and promised to look after their fortune and happiness. And as if a sudden thought had struck her:

"But in my present misery," she said, "I can perhaps reward one of them. What would you say, countess, if I were to give away the only treasure that remains to me. This beautiful golden-haired blue-eyed angel we have here?"

And she pointed to Geneviève.

"Mistress," shuddered the girl, kneeling before her with her face burning with blushes. "Oh! I beg you do not speak of that."

Astonished, Judith turned to the countess, to Eflam, who looked at her with mute anxiety not exempt from reproach.

"What have I done!" she continued, "have I by chance touched on some mysterious wound! Pardon me."

"It is only natural, madame," said the countess, gravely, "that you should have no suspicion of the past. My two sons both love Geneviève and she loves them. And the poor girl wishes to enter a convent, and my sons are in despair."

"Mother!" said Amaury and Berenger, "Geneviève! think no more of that. We understand each other now. We are agreed."

"This morning," said Berenger, "we met in the forest, and heart to heart we spoke to each other. We saw it was folly to grieve over what may one day be settled without us."

"Or rather," said Amaury, "what the God of battles may settle for us. It is certain that the struggle will revive more fiercely than ever, and that before the achievement of our task one of us, at least, may die."

"And happy will he be," said Berenger, "for as he falls he can say to the other, 'Geneviève is thine, brother, you can be her husband without fear; the dead know not jealousy.'"

"And we promised each other," said Amaury, "to be patient and wait for the future."

And kneeling before Geneviève they said together,

"Geneviève, promise us that you will be our betrothed."

And Amaury added,

"If I am the first to fall, promise to be Berenger's wife."

"And," added Berenger, "should I be the first, promise you will marry Amaury."

"Such is our ardent wish," said they together, "such is our agreement."

And each held out his hand, and in their hands Geneviève solemnly placed her own, as she lifted her blue eyes to the sky.

"Take my promise," she said, "and if neither of you come back home, I shall never be wife to any man."

Amaury and Berenger rose and kissed her on both cheeks; and that, in those days, was the simple ceremony of betrothal.

Notwithstanding the strangeness of all this, notwithstanding the prevision of death that seemed to sadden it all, the result was welcomed with joy, even by the mother. These were heroic times. The only misfortunes that were feared

were sickness, sorrow, or old age. Such as died thus were pitied; but to die with arms in hand, to die gloriously, was not to die at all!

The countess opened her arms to Geneviève and clasped her in them.

"Embrace me, my daughter," she said.

And the empress and Count Eflam, no less moved, held out their hands to the brothers.

But suddenly, from the top of the keep, was heard the sound of a horn.

It was the signal that a stranger was approaching the castle.

A fanfare sounded in the valley, a fanfare from an oliphant, a fanfare from a paladin, given with much vigour and with such a characteristic flourish that Count Eflam and the twins looked at each other and joyfully exclaimed,

"That must be Landrik!"

He was not long in appearing.

Overwhelmed with questions, he told them what had happened at St. Médard and at the palace of Thermes.

The emotion and anxiety of all were such that when he had ended there was a long silence.

Then the empress asked,

"And what happened at St. Denis?"

"The Emperor Lodwig found himself surrounded by a friendly multitude and an enthusiastic army, who pressed him to resume the sword, the sceptre, and the crown. But he wished first to be relieved of his penance, and reconciled with God by the bishops who were in his train."

This pious ceremony had taken place at St. Denis, amid the acclamation of an immense crowd, and it was remarked that the elements seemed to be in accord with the general rejoicing, for the rain ceased to fall, and the sun appeared in a blue, cloudless sky.

"But Karl? My son? You do not tell me about my son?"

"He was there, standing by his father's side, and all were glad to see how much he had grown, and how brave and high-spirited he had become. I hardly recognised him, but the marvellous transformation did not astonish me when I heard that it had been the work of Count Robert."

Count Eflam asked about Lothar.

"He has fled, and notwithstanding all our exhortations, the too clement emperor will not have him pursued, or constrained by arms to submission and powerlessness to do evil."

"That is an excess of kindness for which we shall one day repent," said Eflam. "But tell me, Landrik, where are now the conquered son and the victorious father?"

"Lothar is at Vienne, the old city of the Allobroges, and is fortifying it till a new army arrives from Italy to help him. Lodwig issued a complete amnesty, and has gone to Kiersy-sur-Oise, where Lewis the German is to join and do him homage. Then all three are going to Aachen, where a general reconciliation is to take place to cement the agreement for the future. Lothar has been summoned to appear, and has been promised a pardon, if he undertakes never again to trouble the empire."

The empress then demanded what were the emperor's orders regarding herself.

"Till peace is definitely established you are to remain in this unknown retreat, safe from all danger."

"Here!" exclaimed Judith. "Remain here, when I have not seen my son for eighteen months, when he is now free, and I can go to him! Oh! no, no, it is impossible. We will go to-morrow."

In vain Count Efflam strove to combat this imprudent project; in vain Countess Bayard and Geneviève endeavoured to shake Judith's resolution.

Then Landrik, who had modestly kept silence during this conversation, broke in.

"Master," he said, "I think the journey would not be unwise."

"Why?"

"For many reasons."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, Lothar is too near, and day by day he becomes more formidable. In the second place, I saw, as I neared here, certain scouts pushing about the valleys as though in search of some lost scent; and I am not often wrong. And—"

Landrik stopped, as if not daring to continue.

"And," said the empress, "it is about time you got back to Brittany; and as soon as you have taken me to my husband I will relieve you of your oath, and order you to go to the help of Clothilda. That is what you would have said, Landrik, is it not?"

"Madame—"

"Yes. You see we must go, Count. Leave off trying to convince me. I will go."

With deep emotion Efflam thanked Judith; but, great as was his own impatience, he had the courage to insist on her waiting two days, while he sent his faithful servants, Kob and Puk, to ask the emperor for an escort.

The empress consented, and the count took his leave to get everything ready for the departure.

Landrik followed him.

As soon as they were alone the count interrogated him with a look.

"Nothing," he answered. "I have heard nothing from Glay Acquin."

The count heaved a deep sigh.

"Do not forget that the castle had a good garrison; and that it is commanded by my brave cousin, Romarik, who in all respects is as I am."

"Yes, yes, I remember. But it is such a long time that we have been away. Who knows what we shall find when we return?"

"Courage, master, God is good!"

"It is in Him I trust."

And Count Efflam raised his eyes and breathed a silent prayer.

Landrik then ordered one of the servants to tell Puk and Kob they were wanted.

"But," said the count, "where are they to go? The emperor may be at Kiersy; he may be on the road to Aachen."

"Then it is to the road between that we ought to send them separately."

"But is it prudent to trust both of them with the statement of the road we intend to take? If they are attacked on the way, what then? If one of them turns traitor?"

"They are faithful servants, and I can answer for them."

"But Kob is quarrelsome, and Puk is a drunkard."

"Yes, more's the pity; but they are superstitious, and I can bind them by an oath that will keep Puk from drinking and Kob from quarrelling. Trust to me. Besides, they need not take our itinerary to the emperor."

"True; and unforeseen circumstances might oblige us to change our route. What we want is a rendezvous where the first comers can wait for the others. You have been over the ground, do you know of any place easy of defence, where only loyal people are about?"

"Let me think," said Landrik. "Yes! I know of such a place."

And he continued,

"It is not far from the Meuse, on the edge of a wood at a place called Vaucouleurs. There is there only one hut—that of the guardian of the little-used ferry. He is a brave man, but an old one, and never did white hairs frame a more honest face. For his only companion he has his daughter—a tall, strapping girl, very modest and very beautiful—who helps him at his ferry-work. There we passed the river, Egimhard, Roland, and I, when we went from here; there I crossed it on my return. The father is away, the girl manages the heavy boat, for she is as strong as she is good. She seems like one of the women in the Bible. In the middle of the river, when a warm ray of sunlight lingered in her golden hair, I could not help admiring her beauty. She blushed and lowered her eyes, and I was silent, but I still looked at her. When she held out her hand to receive the fare her hand trembled. I went; and, I do not know why, but at the turn of the road I looked round. The ferryman's daughter was standing by the riverside looking towards me. Never on this earth did I see a face on which were more clearly written the words, 'Honour and duty!' Yes, we can halt in safety there."

"Be it so, Landrik. What is the name?"

"Vaucouleurs."

Count Efflam was the Great Karl's godson; he had been educated under his eyes, and that is equivalent to saying he was not an ignoramus. And so he wrote two letters in the Latin language, in which, after excusing the somewhat bold disobedience of the empress, he asked for a considerable escort, and gave the rendezvous indicated by Landrik. One of these letters was addressed to Lodwig, the other to the first of the Thirteen the messengers might meet on the road. And it need not be said that all the Thirteen were well known to Kob and Puk.

The varlets received their orders—to travel together to the fork of the roads where the old Roman way went off to the north of Gaul, to take no more rest than was necessary, to change horses often enough to keep on at the gallop, to avoid all encounters and interviews with strangers, and, in case of attack or wound, to instantly destroy the writing of which they were the bearers.

To these instructions the count added a large sum of money, and then made each of them promise unequalled speed.

Landrik led the messengers aside, and over one of those strange little iron crosses still seen in Brittany made them take an oath as follows:

"Swear on this holy symbol of our country that you will not fail in delivering the letters with which you have been trusted, that you, Kob, will have the patience of a saint, and you, Puk, the temperance of a hermit."

Kob placed his large hand on the cross and replied, "Except it is needful for me to defend myself, I swear I will not hit with blade or baton, foot or fist, until I have ended my errand."

With the same gesture, and in the same respectful way, Puk repeated, "While the letter is in my pouch water only shall be my cup!"

"Good!" ended Landrik; "good, my lads! Now I trust to your word, and let him that fails beware! A pleasant journey to you!"

A few minutes later Kob and Puk were mounted, and had started at a hand gallop.

The next day but one, at nightfall, the empress and Geneviève took the same road. Their escort consisted of the brothers Amaury and Berenger, Count Efflam, and Landrik, and a single varlet who knew the country, and acted as scout.

The countess accompanied the travellers to the foot of the slope by which they descended from the castle, and then she took leave of the empress and embraced Geneviève, and tearfully bid her sons farewell.

(To be continued.)



OUR OPEN COLUMN.

GORDON.

One Titan form, the hero of our age,
Stands forth pre-eminent; he sought not fame,
But bravely did his duty, and the name
Of Gordon now shines brightly from the page
Of Britain's roll of honour. Who could gauge
The depth of sorrow when the tidings came:
"Kartoum has fallen!" Like a fiery flame
Burst forth his country's unavailing rage.

Too late she mourned her best and bravest son,
Slain undefended in the lone Soudan;
Too late she wept for her departed one.
Britons, awake! our noble countryman
Though dead, yet speaketh; though his race be run,
His name shall be to us a talisman. B. R. W.

OLD ENGLAND'S HEROES.

SONG FOR BOYS.

Words and Music by the Rev. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.MUS. (Lond.)

VOICE. *S: SOLO.*

1. Come, boys, let us tell of the

PIANO. *p* *f*

he - roes Who have fought and dar'd to die, For St. George and mer - ry Eng - land, In the brave days long gone

by. Who have swell'd their coun-try's glo - ry, And made the foe-men flee. The pa - tri-ot, prince, and sol - dier, The

f CHORUS. *f e maestoso*

ma - ri - ner bold and free. Tell how Eng - land won her glo - ry, Tell how Eng - land won her fame. We'll sing a - loud, for we are

f *maestoso* *ff*

Con Svc.

proud, Proud of our Eng - lish name.

p *f*

S: 1st, &c., verses. || Last time.

S: 1st, &c., verses.

How the Black Prince won at Cressy,
And King Henry at Agincourt ;
How Sidney fell right nobly,
And Marlboro' bravely fought.
Tell how Wolfe, at Quebec, died happy,
And of Clive on Plassey's plain ;
Of the Iron Duke, the hero
Of many a long campaign.

And tell of the grand old Sea-Dogs
In good Queen Bess's reign,
When Howard, Drake, and Hawkins
Beat back the pride of Spain.
And tell how when Spain was humbled
The Dutchman thought to win ;
And then the Frenchman swagger'd,
But we made them both give in.

And tell how the gallant Nelson
In the hour of triumph fell ;
Of such true sons of England
We ne'er shall tire to tell.
And as we recall the story
Of victory bravely won,
Let us try to add to the record
Of Duty nobly done !

FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE BATTLE-DECK—THE GUEST IN THE GUN-ROOM.

ALTHOUGH Dick had no orders to board the French frigate, and a commanding officer of more than ordinary strictness and severity might have tried him by court-martial for leaving his ship without leave;* still the lad had too much spirit to remain behind. So he quietly fell in with the men, and was one of the first to fall out with the foe.

Armed with a ship's cutlass which he had snatched from the grasp of a dead sailor who had fallen on his face near a gun, Dick took the shortest road on board, and let himself down actually in the centre of a group of Frenchmen. Did he slash about him with his cutlass and fell the Frenchmen right and left? He did nothing of the kind. Boys of Dick's age often work wonders, but they cannot perform miracles except in the pages of a penny dreadful or on the boards of a twopenny theatre. He would not have been a Trelawney, however, if he had not at once attacked the enemy. That is, he made a lunge at a fat round-faced Frenchee; a big fellow he was too, and as his stomach stuck out considerably in advance of him, Dick made his prod at that. And such a determined and skilful prod was it, that, had it entered where it might have entered, it would have spoiled the fellow's appetite considerably.

Only it did not.

"Yah!" cried the Frenchee, "mon petite diable!"

Next moment Dick's cutlass was up in the rigging somewhere, and he himself down on the slippery deck. His antagonist was about to give him the *coup de grace* when his cutlass in turn was struck up. Dick had time to catch one glimpse of his friend Peniston before he himself was shuffled under a gun, stunned with a blow from a sailor's heel. So great and terrible was the *melée* at this particular spot, that the dead and the dying were literally piled around this gun. Oh, the grim horrors of war!

To return to Spencer and the French captain. Neither was much hurt. In a few minutes the former roused himself and started to his feet. For a moment or two he felt confused, but the inanimate form of his enemy, with the pistol lying near, revealed by the glimmer of a fighting-lantern, recalled him to what had happened.

The French captain already showed signs of returning life, thanks probably to the blood that flowed freely from a cut on his brow. So, as the battle was by this time virtually over, picking up the pistol, which lay in dangerous proximity to the open magazine, Spencer ran on

deck, and meeting some of his own men, sent them below to secure the prisoner.

When some time afterwards he was brought before Lieutenant Spencer on the captured frigate's quarter-deck, he addressed him briefly as follows:

"You have attained to de victory dis time, sare; to me it is much pain that I can not place my sword in your hands."

"Your sword is secured sir," said the first lieutenant of the Blazer, sternly. "As for you, I admired your conduct during the engagement, I thought you noble, but any commander who determines to blow his ship up rather than surrender her to those whom God has made the victors, is but a cur and a coward."

The young Frenchman's lip curled in scorn.

"C'est possible?" he said. "Les Anglais sont braves. Pah! Sare," he added with uplifted finger and fierce emphasis—"Sare. I am in your power. So—you insult me. But, re-mem-ber, sare, *we may meet in Parée—Den—*"

Spencer was far too much of a gentleman to hurt the feelings of a fallen foe, else he might have prophesied to this fire-eater that he was more likely to spend the next few years of his life at Perth than at Paris.

The lieutenant was walking somewhat gloomily up and down the deck. The wild excitement of the fight was all over now; there were no more exultant British cheers, no more victorious hurrahs! Only the mournful moaning of the wounded and dying, an occasional sharp agonised cry as some poor fellow was hurt in being borne away to the surgeon, and continual quivering cries of

"Wa-ter. Water. O! Wa-ter."
From a battle *field*,

"When glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high with pride
Now feel that pulse no more,"

the victor may escape—may forget.

From the battle *deck*—ah! no. For hours and hours he is surrounded by sights the most harrowing, and sounds fall upon his ear that, if his feelings are those of a true man, are sadly depressing. By sights and sounds like these the palm of victory is shorn of its leaves, till it seems but a worthless twig.

From thoughts such as these Spencer was suddenly aroused by young Peniston.

"Have you seen Mr. Trelawney, sir?"

"No, I have not seen the lad. Is he not on board the Blazer? Truth is, I had meant to station him, but I had forgotten. Perhaps he is with Dr. McNab on the orlop deck."

"No, sir," returned Peniston Fairfax.

He then related to him all he knew about Dick's share in the fight, and where he had last seen him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fairfax,"

said a seaman, coming up and saluting, "we have found poor young Mr. Trelawney's body, and just hauled it out from under a gun."

Fairfax followed the man at once.

"He is still warm, you see, sir," he said, as Peniston touched Dick's brow with his own cold hand.

They had not been friends or even acquaintances very long, those two young lads, yet as he bent over the body Fairfax felt, and felt bitterly, that he had lost a brother. But he stood quickly up and averted his eyes, else the tears would have come fast enough.

"Have him carried on board our own ship, my man; and—yes, you may as well have the doctor to look at him."

The man went away to procure assistance, and Peniston returned to the quarter-deck, and was soon very busily engaged carrying out the first lieutenant's orders.

There was much to be done. The French dead received instant burial, *sans cérémonie*, but certainly with no degree of levity. The wounded were brought aft, where their own surgeons attended to them.

Our own dead and wounded were taken on board the Blazer, and the latter placed under the charge of the doctor and his mate, who attended now to all in turn.

Then decks were washed and cleared, and the evidences of disorder put straight, as well as could be done in the uncertain light.

Morning was breaking before Peniston found time to get below to the gun-room.

As he passed the hatchway over the cock-pit he noticed in the bright light of dozens of candles Dr. McNab, still busy at his ghastly occupation. Peniston turned away with a shudder. Much to his joy and astonishment, the first to jump up and shake hands with him was Dick himself.

"Dick," cried Peniston, "risen from the dead!"

"Risen from under a gun," said Dick, laughing; "where one of those Frenchees kicked me."

In half an hour, just as the steward was putting a meal on the table of biscuits, butter, cold pork, and coffee, in popped McNab, clean and tidy, and with his coat on.

"Why, boys!" he exclaimed; "it is nearly daylight up here! How the time has flown, to be sure! It doesn't seem an hour since I began to work. My conscience, lads, but I'm hungry! One, two, three, four, five, six. You're a' here thegither, and no one o' ye wounded? Well, I did think I'd have had one middy's leg to whip off!"

The honest doctor was eating as he spoke; tongue and jaws were both going.

* There is a tradition in the service that a certain man-o'-war captain having fallen overboard, a sailor leaped after and saved his life; and that this strict-service captain first punished the man for leaving his ship without leave, then, to prove his gratitude, rewarded him handsomely. A pretty story, perhaps, but I don't believe it.—G. S.

"A most excellent bit o' pork. An ugly gash the second lieutenant's gotten across the thick o' the arm. Pass the biscuits, Peniston. Both the gunner's mates are dead—died on the table one o' them. Poor fellow! Steward, bring the beef, there will be three starving pursers' mates in here in a minute. Barry, man, give me a cup o' coffee and pass the butter, if you've done skylarking with it. And the pickles, Barry—the pickles, man! Really, boys, it is mony a day since I sat down to such an enjoyable meal. But there is one thought, Barry—only one—that mars my pleasure."

"Yes?" said Barry.

"The thought that I had not your arm to whip off!"

"Thank you. I'm sure you're kind."

"But you've no idea," insisted McNab, "of the advantage an empty sleeve gives a good-looking fellow like you, Barry, me boy, among the leddies. 'Here comes a hero!' they say at once, and they flock around him and hang on every word he says."

"I'd rather have my two arms," said Barry Hewitt, "and let somebody else have the ladies, or the leddies, as you call them."

"Barry, ye wadna like me to pitch this ham shank at your head, would you? I'm sorely tempted, but there is a picking on it yet."

"Officers to muster in the Captain's cabin!" bawled a sentry, pulling back the curtain.

"Up you go, lads, every one o' ye. I'm going to finish ma meal. If the Captain makes any inquiry after Dr. McNab, you just say, 'the doctor's busy with a joint, sir.'"

* * * * *

With prize crews on board the captured frigates—French no longer now, for the Union Jack floated from their halliards—the three vessels made sail next day for Plymouth, where, after a week of baffling winds and heavy seas, they arrived safely, and cast anchor in the Sound.

There were three officers whom the Captain specially commended for their daring and courage, as well as general good conduct.

One was Dick Trelawney.

"I think, though," he told the lad, "you were somewhat foolhardy in boarding. You are only a child. And, besides, you really had no orders to join the boarders."

"He had no orders *not* to, sir," said Spencer, laughing.

And so Dick left the cabin, happy and proud.

"I'm going to recommend you for promotion, doctor." This to McNab.

"Dinna, sir, dinna," cried McNab, forgetting his English in his excitement. "Promotion means banishment from the dear auld Blazer, and I love my boys ower weel to leave them, ay, and every timber in the auld ship's decks."

The Captain extended his hand, which McNab shook heartily.

"A grup o' your hand, Captain," he said, and the tears were trickling over his "big Scotch nose;" "a grup o' your hand, Captain, like this, and the thochts that my endeavours to do my duty are no unappreciated by *you*, are more to

me than all the promotion in the power o' man to gie."

* * * * *

Busy times now were beginning in the British Navy. The Channel fleet was being repaired and refitted, and remanned for immediate service against the enemy.

As it did in the previous unfortunate year, when our fleet, after being tossed about in the Channel and Bay of Biscay for weeks, only managed at last to sight the French fleet, without the ability to attack them, the command was to devolve upon Lord Howe.

There were not wanting grumblers, both ashore and afloat, who demurred to this arrangement. "Why," said some, "it is simply ridiculous; the man is in his dotage. He must be nearly ninety."

In reality the Admiral was in his seventieth year.

"Besides," another would say, "what *did* Lord Howe do last year? Why, potted about the Scilly Islands all the summer and autumn, and at last succeeded in *seeing* the enemy, forsooth, as the tailor-sportsman *saw* the hare, but couldn't shoot him. Oh, for a Government like what we used to have in the good old times!"

Admiral Lord Howe took matters very easily. The language of his detractors, if ever it came to his ears, which doubtless it did, troubled him very little indeed. He was a man of action, and went quietly on refitting the fleet.

Captain Dawkins received the thanks of the Admiralty, and promises of future reward, but no officers were changed in the Blazer, even Burroughs being sent to hospital for a time without creating a vacancy.

The Blazer was not to go again on special service, but stick to the fleet; so, as some months would elapse before the ships could be ready for sea, some leave was granted, and Dick, with his friend Peniston, ran up to Agincourt Hall, where, despite the cold and wet, they enjoyed themselves intensely. Barry Hewitt also came hither for a week, and improved the occasion by falling into a hopeless calf-love with Dick's oldest sister. He did not declare his passion, but his silence and melancholy spoke volumes.

Dick's father was almost well and burning now to rejoin his regiment, which he very soon had an opportunity of doing.

Old Harry, it is needless to say, was rejoiced too. Dick, again "his boy," as he proudly called him—and it was certainly not to be wondered at that he took some of the credit of Dick's noble conduct and courage during his first engagement on his own shoulders.

But when Dick proposed to this ancient mariner that he should run over to Plymouth and pay him a visit on board the Blazer, Harry's delight knew no bounds. Of course Peniston Fairfax seconded the motion, and assured him that his visit would give pleasure to all the gun-room fellows. That clenched the matter and made it a something that was really to be.

Their leave being up, back to their ship went the two friends. Peniston's parting with the girls being of a most

affectionate description, for was he not their brother's friend? Yes, and therefore their big hero, so that they had hung upon every word he had uttered. Baby was plunged in the deepest grief, and watered his uniform coat with tears when he came to bid her good-bye.

"Dood-bye, Penitent," she sobbed. "You'll come again soon, won't you, Penitent?"

"Penitent" assured her he would, and that perhaps after that he would never leave her again, and so "they tore themselves asunder," as the immortal Burns says.

For the next fortnight Harry's "old woman," as he called his wife, was very busy indeed. For Harry's best blue coat wanted many a stitch to make it ship-shape, tidy, and trim, to say nothing of new gilt buttons that he had walked ten miles to purchase.

Then there were new ribbed stockings to be knitted, and ruffles to be made for his shirt-front. So the old woman was not idle.

On the morning he started she must needs wheel him round and round for more than a dozen times to see he was right fore and aft, till old Harry declared his head was all of a whirl, and that he did not know what prevented him from falling.

Dick had told McNab all about his coming guest. He was not sure how the doctor, who was caterer and acknowledged head of the mess, might take it.

"Bring him to dinner, boy, by all means." That was McNab's answer. "We ought to delight to honour the aged. Do the Scriptures not tell us that 'the hoary head is a crown o' glory'? Bring him, boy, bring him."

So Dick's friend came to dinner.

Old age is naturally garrulous, but Harry knew the company he was in. He "sir'd" them all round, and put the greatest restraint upon his tongue.

The mess place boasted an armchair, a seat of honour, usually tenanted by the doctor. To-night it was given up to the guest.

And it really would have done any one's heart good to have seen the fresh-looking though sadly wrinkled old tar, sitting there with his long pipe in his mouth, and the lads around him, listening entranced to his strange old-world stories.

"Ah! young gentlemen," said Harry, as his eyes filled with moisture, "what is it I would not give to be sailing with Black Dick once more."

"And you actually sailed in the same ship?" said Dr. McNab.

"I did that, doctor, and, mind you, I'm five years older than Black Dick."

The doctor jumped up and pulled aside the curtain.

"Sentry," he said, "pass the word for Snufflums."

The call went ringing along the decks, sentries took it up like an echo, the men sang it, and even the cook's mate must needs shout Snufflums.

Snufflums was the doctor's factotum, in other words, the loblolly boy, and as he trotted along aft everybody had a

* Black Dick was Lord Howe's pet name in the service.—G. S.

joke at his expense. One man caught his cap; Snufflums let him keep it, and ran on. Another caught him by the jacket; Snufflums wriggled clear and continued the race, leaving the garment in his captor's hands. He jumped over a shot-rack, leapt a coil of ropes, sprang across a mess-table, parried friendly blows, dodged affectionate kicks, and appeared in the gun-room in two minutes after starting.

"Snufflums," said his master, sternly;

"do you want to be let live another day?"

"In course I does, sir. Lots on 'em."

"Then execute my orders, or I'll execute you first thing in the morning. Snufflums, are you listening?"

"Intensely, sir."

"Then, Snufflums, bring hot water, sugar, and my special. And look here, Snufflums, if you let any of the hands as much as smell it, I'll draw one of your back teeth to-night."

When the doctor had brewed old Harry a jorum, and old Harry had quaffed a modicum, and put down the tumbler handy,

"Now, my friend," said Dr. McNab, "tell us something about Black Dick."

The boys drew closer now to old Harry, and every face beamed expectant as he took three long, thoughtful pulls at his pipe, cleared his throat, and began.

(To be continued.)

THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "*A Dog with a Bad Name*," "*The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—"AFTER YOU."

THANKS to youth and strong constitutions, Arthur and Dig escaped any very serious consequences from their night's exposure at Wellham Abbey.

They slept like dormice from eight in the morning to six in the afternoon, and woke desperately hungry, with shocking colds in their heads, and with no inclination whatever to get up and prepare their work for the following day.

The medical doctor came and felt their pulses and looked at their tongues, and listened to their coughs and sneezes, and said they were well out of it. Still, as they assured him with loud catarthic emphasis that they felt rather bad still, and very shaky, he gave them leave to remain in bed for the rest of the day, and petrified them where they lay by the suggestion of a mustard poultice apiece. They protested solemnly that the malady from which they suffered was mental rather than physical, and required only rest and quiet to cure it. Whereat the doctor grinned and said, "Very well." They had leave to stay as they were till the morning; then, if they were not recovered, he would try the mustard poultices.

To their consternation and horror, after he had gone, they suddenly remembered that to-night was the night appointed for the first grand rehearsal of a performance proposed to be given by the Comedians of the house on the eve of speech-day at the end of the term.

The "Comedians" were a time-honoured institution at Grandcourt. Any casual visitor to the school from about the middle of April onwards might at any time have been startled and horrified by finding himself suddenly face to face in a retired corner with some youthful form undergoing the most extraordinary contortions of voice and countenance.

Railsford himself used to be fond of recounting his first experience of this phenomenon. He was going down early one morning to the fields, when on the shady side of the quadrangle he encountered a boy whom he recognised after a little scrutiny to be Sir Digby Oakshott, Baronet. The reason why

he did not immediately grasp the identity of so familiar a personage was because Sir Digby's body was thrown back, his arms were behind his back, his legs were spread out, and his head was thrown into the air, with an expression which the Master of the Shell had never seen there before, and never saw again.

There was but one conclusion to come to. The Baronet had gone mad, or he would never be standing thus in the public quadrangle at seven o'clock in the morning.

The supposition was immediately confirmed by beholding the patient's face break slowly into a horrible leer, and his mouth assume a diagonal slant, as he brought one hand in front, the index finger close to his nose, and addressed a lamp-post as follows:—

"When Abednego Jinks says a thing, Tommy, my boy, you may take your Alfred David there's more in it than there is in your head."

Railsford, in alarm, was about to hasten for professional assistance for what he considered a very bad case, when Dig, catching sight of him, relieved him inexpressibly by dropping at once into his ordinary sane manner, and saying, with a blush of confusion,

"Oh, Mr. Railsford, I didn't know you were there. I was mugging up my part for the Comedians, you know. I'm Abednego Jinks, not much of a part, only you can get in a little gag now and then."

Railsford, after what he had witnessed, was prepared to admit this, and left the disciple of the dramatic Muse to himself and the lamp-post, and secretly hoped when the performance of the Comedians came off he might get an "order" for the stalls.

Although the Grandcourt House Comedians were an old institution, they had not always been equally flourishing. At Railsford's, for instance, in past years they had decidedly languished. The performances had possibly been comic, but that was due to the actors, not the author, for the scenes chosen were usually stock selections from the tragedies of Shakespeare, such, for instance, as the death of King Lear, the

ghost scene in Hamlet, the conspirators' scene in Julius Caesar, and the banquet in Macbeth.

But as soon as the irrepressible Wake got hold of the reins, as of course he did, the old order changed with startling rapidity.

The new director made a clean sweep of Shakespeare and all his works.

"What's the fun of doing Roman citizens in Eton jackets and white chokers," said he, "and sending everybody to sleep? Let's give them a change, and make them laugh."

As if everybody hadn't laughed for years at the Roman citizens in Eton jackets!

So he hunted about and made inquiries of friends who were supposed to know, and finally submitted to the company a certain screaming farce, entitled "After You," with—so the description informed him—two funny old gentlemen, one low comedian, two funny old ladies, and one maid-of-all-work, besides a few walking gentlemen and others.

It sounded promising, and a perusal of the piece showed that it was very amusing. I cannot describe it, but the complications were magnificent; the two old gentlemen, one very irascible the other very meek, were, of course, enamoured of the two old ladies, one very meek and the other very irascible; the low comedian was, of course, the victim and the plague of both couples, and took his revenge by the usual expedient of siding with each against the other, and being appointed the heir to both. The walking gentlemen were—need it be said?—the disappointed heirs; and the maid-of-all-work, as is the manner of such persons, did everybody's work but her own.

This work of classic dramatic art was read aloud one evening by Wake to one or two confidential friends, with much approval, and was thereupon adopted with enthusiasm as the *pièce de résistance* of the forthcoming performance.

The parts were allotted with due care and discrimination. The two funny old gentlemen were undertaken by Sherriff and Ranger, the two funny old ladies by Dimsdale and Maple, the low

comedian by Sir Digby Oakshott, and the maid-of-all-work by Arthur Herapath. As for the walking gentlemen, cabmen, detective, *et hoc genus omne*, they were doled out to any one who chose to take them.

There had been no regular rehearsals yet, but private preparation of the hole-and-corner kind I have described had been going on for a week or so. The actors themselves had been looking forward with eagerness—not to say trepidation—to the first rehearsal, which was appointed to take place this evening in the Fourth class-room, in the presence of Wake and Stafford and a few other formidable critics of the upper school.

Great, therefore, was the dismay when it was rumoured that the low comedian and the maid-of-all-work were on the sick list with a doctor's certificate.

The first impulse was to postpone the date, but on Wake representing that there was no evening for ten days on which they could get the use of the room, it was resolved to do the best they could with the parts they had, and read the missing speeches from the book.

Although the house generally was excluded from the rehearsals, the Fourth-form boys managed to scramble in on the strength of the class-room in which the performance was to take place being their own. And besides the invited guests named above, it was frequently found, at the end of a performance, when the gas was turned up, that the room was fuller of Juniors and Babies than it had been when the curtain rose.

On the present occasion, not being a full-dress rehearsal, there was no cur-

tain, nor was there anything to distinguish the actors from their hearers save the importance of their faces and the evident nervousness with which they awaited the signal to begin.

And here let me give my readers a piece of information. A screaming farce is ever so much more difficult to act than a tragedy of Shakespeare. Any—well, any duffer can act Brutus or Richard the Third, or the ghost of Banquo, but it is reserved only to a few to be able to do justice to the parts of Bartholomew Bumblebee or Miss Anastatia Acidrop. And when one comes to compare the paltry exploits and dull observations of the old tragedy heroes with the noble wit and sublime actions of their modern rivals it is not to be wondered at!

So it happened on the present occasion.

(To be continued.)

THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

By W. J. GORDON,

Author of "The National Arms," "Standards of Old England," etc.

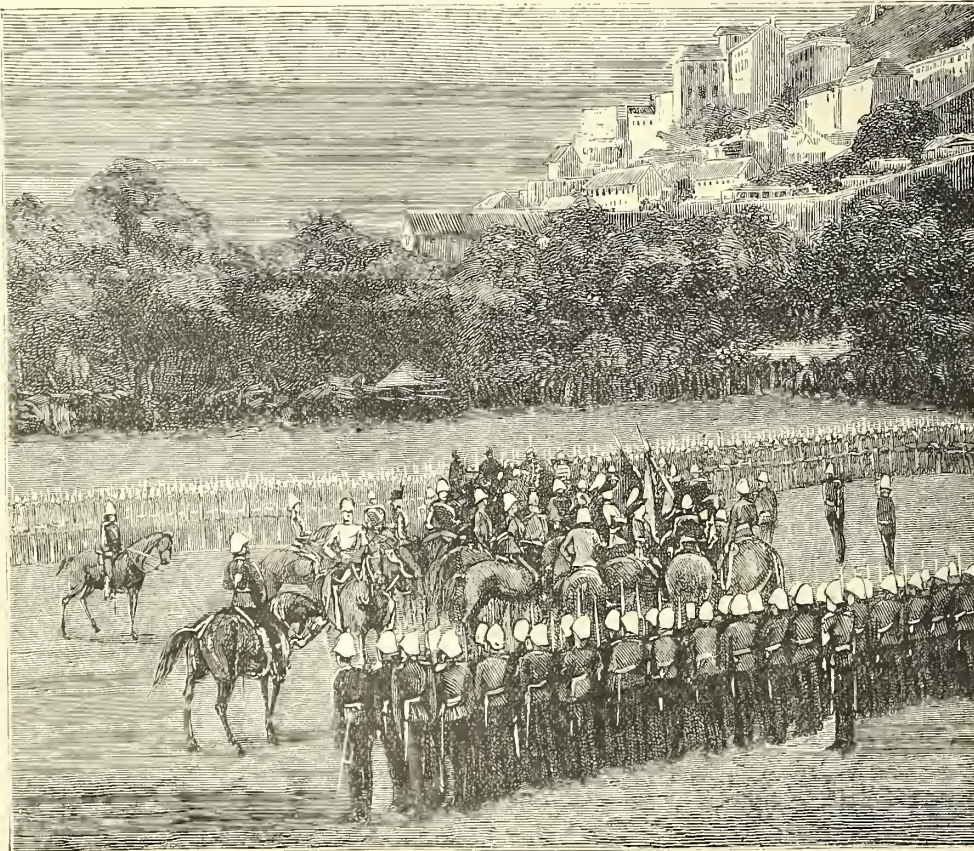
PART VI.

Now we reach a further cause of confusion in army matters. Hitherto, the number of the new regimental district has been that of the old number of the regiment's first battalion. Henceforth, the old number leaves us. Owing to the 36th having been linked with the 29th, Regimental District No. 36 has the old 37th for its first battalion. The old 37th, then, and the 67th, form the present Hampshire

Regiment, which has the Tiger on its colours, and in the list of battles from Blenheim to Afghanistan (1878-80), includes Tournay, the Duke of York's victory, in 1794.

The South Staffordshire, with the County Knot as its badge, represents the old 38th and 50th, and has a crowded colour, in which Monte Video appears conspicuously in memory of Auchmuty's capture of that

South American seaport from the Spaniards, in 1807. The honour roll begins with the Egypt of the Sphinx, and ends with the Egypt of Wolseley, including Kibekkan. The 80th were for years "The Staffordshire Knots;" and once upon a time the 38th were "The Pump and Tortoise," from their fondness for cold water and leisurely drill, as displayed during their stay at Malta.



Presentation of New Colours to the South Wales Borderers by Lord Napier of Magdala.

The Dorsetshire combine the glories of the old "Green Linnets" with those of the 54th. The Linnets were under Clive, in 1757. "Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army," says Macaulay, "were the men of

tory over them on the 13th of October; and Miami, the battle of the 1st of May, in which the Welsh and Canadians fought side by side with such good results.

The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) is

ending with Cameron's New Zealand. The Essex has on its badge the three seaxes, dating back to the days of King Redwald. It represents the old 44th and 56th—the "Old Stubbons" and the "Saucy Pom-



The Prince and Princess of Wales presenting New Colours to the Gordon Highlanders at Aberdeen.

the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gaseony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*. And on the colours is the *Primus* still, and the Gibraltar castle, and the Sphinx, and, as a name new to us, *Marabout*, which was captured by the 54th, in 1801. The Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment) are the 40th plus the 82nd, the 40th being dubbed "The XL'ers," as a matter of course—the combination resulting in no less than twenty-two legends on the colours. The Welsh Regiment is made up of the old Welsh 41st and the 69th—Nelson's "Old Agamemnon"—and on its colours combines the Rose and Crown, with the Plume. It has for its motto, "Better death than shame," or rather, its equivalent in that old language which from its appearance must evidently have existed before the invention of printing. The collar badge of the Welsh is the red dragon. The list of honours includes Bourbon, Detroit, Queenstown, and Miami, Bourbon being for the island's capture, Detroit being the defeat of the Americans, on August 21st, 1812; Queenstown, the vic-

the old Forty-Two plus the 73rd. The story of the Forty-Two has now been traced back to the Highland Guard in the days of Charles II., whose black jackets distinguished them from the red soldiers, and procured them their nickname. Until recently it was said they got their name from the dark colour of their tartan, but it seems that at first every company wore the special tartan of the clan among which it was raised. The combination of the 42nd and 73rd was a most appropriate one, for the 73rd was simply the 2nd battalion of the 42nd, that was made an independent regiment in 1786. The colours bear the royal cypher, the Sphinx, and St. Andrew, and some twenty legends telling of service in India, Egypt, Spain, France, Russia, South Africa, and Ashantee. Mangalore appears in record of the repulse of Tippoo's army in 1783. One exploit of the Black Watch (Guillemarsen in 1795) is not displayed; it is sufficiently commemorated by the red heckle in the cap, which the regiment has worn ever since.

The Oxfordshire Light Infantry, a combination of the 43rd and 52nd, has the rose in the centre of its colours, and a record of battle, beginning with Wolfe's Quebec and

peys"—and, with the Sphinx and Gibraltar Castle, has a battle-roll including Bladensburg and Ava, ending with the Nile (1884-5), and beginning with Moro, where the 56th—the "Pompadors"—distinguished itself during the capture of Havanah. The Sherwood Foresters sport "the Stag of Merry Sherwood," and combine on their colours the records of the 45th and 95th Regiments—quite an imposing array. The Loyal North Lancashire combine the legends of the 47th and 81st, the 47th—"The Cauliflowers,"—Wolfe's Own still wearing a black worm in the lace in memory of his death in the moment of victory at Quebec, and the 81st, called The Loyals, in honour of the motto of their first colonel, and their enthusiastic volunteering for service when they were the Lincolnshire Militia. The Northamptonshire Regiment has for its badge a St. George's Cross and Horseshoe, and is a combination of the old 48th and 58th—"The Steelbacks," and "Black Cuffs," no longer. The Berkshires are the 49th and 66th, and bear on their colours the legend of Copenhagen, in memory of the victory over the Danes in 1807, when Sir Arthur Wellesley fought his first battle in Europe.

The West Kent, a combination of the 50th and the 97th—"The Dirty Half-Hundredth" and "The Celestials," both nicknames being due to the old facings—has Almaraz on its record, in memory of the escalade under General Hill in 1811. Like the Artillery and Engineers, it has the "Ubique" motto. The King's Own Light Infantry, the combination of the old 51st—the "Kolis," or "Brickdusts," and the 105th, are now the South Yorkshire Regiment, and are recognisable by the "Cede nullis" on their colours. The motto of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, "Aucto splendore resurgo," comes from its second battalion, the 85th, which was the first light infantry regiment, and was disbanded in 1763. In 1780 it was raised again, and three years afterwards the whole regiment was lost at sea on its voyage to Jamaica. It was, in 1808, raised again, and in 1813 obtained the name of "The Elegant Extracts," owing to its officers being dispersed through the army and their places filled with selections likely to get on better with a court-martialing colonel. The battle-roll on the new flag begins with Nieuport, a success of the old "Five and Threes" over the French in 1793. The "Duke of Cambridge's Own

Middlesex" is a combination of the "Die Hards" and "Pothooks," that has brought together on the colours the Prince of Wales's plume and the Duke of Cambridge's coronet. "Pothooks" comes, of course, from the two sevens of the 77th. Let those who wish to know the origin of the 57th's nickname read Napier's account of the Battle of Albuhera.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps, late the 60th—once "The Royal Americans," from being raised among the American backwoodsmen in the old Quebec days—still rejoices in the motto of "Celer et Audax" given it by General Wolfe. As a rifle regiment, it has no colours, but its four battalions have given it a record of no less than thirty-two honours. The Wiltshire Regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's, represents the old 62nd and 99th—the 62nd to whom were granted the privilege of having a "splash" on their buttons in memory of their having had to fire away their buttons instead of bullets in the repulse of the French at Carrickfergus in 1760. The 63rd plus the 96th have gone to form the Manchester, whose badge is the Manchester arms, whose motto is "Concilio et labore," and whose battle-roll begins with the

Sphinxian Egypt and ends with the Victorian. In the battle-roll of the North Staffords—64 + 98, expressed arithmetically—we find mention of Surinam and Kooshab, Surinam being the Guianan capture from the Dutch in 1804, and Kooshab Outram's Persian victory in 1857. York and Lancaster—65 + 84—take the name and Union rose from the 84th side of the combination. The Durhams—68 + 106—the "Faithful Durhams," rank next in precedence, and are followed by the Highland Light Infantry, that combination of the 71st and 74th, to which the bugle of the first and the elephant of the last has given the nickname of "The Pig and Whistle." The union has resulted in a grand collection of names on the colours, but perhaps the most cherished of them is Assaye, to which the elephant also refers. The 71st was raised as Macleod's Highlanders in 1778, and met with disaster at Buenos Ayres in 1807, when it had to leave its colours behind it. The 74th, like the 78th, had a special white colour granted to it for its conduct at Assaye. At Fermoy, in 1818, the 74th solemnly cremated the colours they carried in the Peninsular War, and the ashes are still kept enclosed in a gold snuffbox.

(To be continued.)

Our Match with Amanda College.

By REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Buried Treasure," "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc.

OH, what a day was the twelfth of May!
Not a cloud nor a wreath of mist;
And the sky so blue with a dazzling hue
Of sapphire and amethyst!

There were none to lag when the four-horsed
drag

Drove up to the Highfield gate;
We climb on board with blithe accord,
Courageous hearts elate:
Such joyful lads!—bats, shoes, and pads,
Panoply for the fray;
And off we race, at a spanking pace,
Along the Queen's highway.
With a glorious clamour and whirl of
wheels,
Clatter and clink of flashing heels;
Horses straining at collar and trace—
Models of beauty and strength and grace!
Nature, exulting, seems to say,
Never a thought of work to-day!

Greek and Latin for brains that are thick,
Algebra, Euclid, Arithmetic;
History, Geography, German and French—
Agony worse than a dentist's wrench—
Essay, Translation, and Exercise,
Fondly supposed to make boys wise;
Grammar, Dictation, Verse and Prose—
We threw them all to the kites and crows.

No thought of books,
No gloomy looks
That frown on the road to knowledge;
For we were to play, on that twelfth of May,
The match with Amanda College.

Down the valley and up the hill,
By the river and past the mill,
Rush-grown swamp and reedy pool,
Shadowy nooks and corners cool;
Haunt of plover and willow wren,
Mosterton Marsh and Hawthorn Glen;

Oaken coppice and grove of pine,
Heathery waste and furze-clad chine;
Now with a song as we bowl along,
Now with a shout of glee;
Now with a laugh, and now with chaff,
We drive right merrily!

* * * * *

We tossed for innings—the florin spun
Skywards and fell—Amanda won.
Their luck they praised, their hopes they
raised,
And, swaggering, said we should have
the fun
Of hunting the leather till set of sun.
And, oh! they looked so gallant and tall
In scarlet blazers, and tossed the ball
From one to another with mighty jerk,
And never the tightest catch would shirk.
College men all—we Highfield boys
Felt rather abashed by their swagger and
noise;
We seemed but as imps, insignificant
shrimps,
Beside the lobsters boiled but bold.
Would they bowl lobs? Not they! fast
round,
Or daisy croppers along the ground,
With a fearful twist—so we were told.

Their innings began—a stalwart man,
Shaven and sleek, professor of Greek,
Stepped down to the wicket with jaunty
air;
His comrade followed, thick-set and
square,
With a black moustache à la militaire;
They flourished their bats and smiled in
scorn
At the Highfield boys on that blithe May-
morn;

They whistled and crowed, and seemed to
say,
"We'll make mince-meat of you lads to-
day!"
They cut and they drew, and they drove to
the "on,"
They smacked us to "leg"—Harry Steven-
son
Changed his bowlers, and still the score
Rose 10, 20, 30, and more,
Growing as tall as a grim giraffe
On the gaunt black face of the telegraph.

At last the professor of Greek was out—
A shooter sent him "right about;"
Our next opponent failed to score—
Two wickets down for 84.
Telegraph soon showed 90 for three
Had we a chance of victory?
Four and Five increased the score
To runs 124:
Six made 20; Seven and Eight
Were very sorry, but could not wait.
Nine made 10, and Ten made none,
Total 181.

Harry advised us during lunch
To take it easy, and not to munch
Too much plum-pudding, and not to quaff
Anything stronger than shandigaff.
We took his advice, but I grieve to say
It did not improve our feeble play.

Down went our wickets, alas and alack!
Our cheeks turned blue, and our looks were
black:
Dawson was out for a meagre 7,
Hercules only achieved 11;
I made a duck with the worst of luck,
Aston was bowled first ball;
Jones was no more with "leg before,"
Harry outlived us all.

Harry had played in splendid form,
And weathered the brunt of the leathern
storm ;

Forty and five had he made in style,
Cool as a cucumber all the while.
Harry, of course, would carry his bat,
But very poor comfort, alas ! was that.
The ninth wicket fell for 72,
There only remained old Bob Carew.

Poor old Bob ! he raised no throb
Of hope in our hearts ; we thought that a lob
Would decide his fate, and settle the job :
But he poked away and managed to play
Several balls in a rustic way ;
His aim was true, and he nicked a few,
While Harry hit lustily—" Go it, Carew ! "

Confident grew the bold Carew,
He swung his long arms and swiped anew ;
Oh, it was grand, that splendid stand !
Harry and Bob—to see them hit !
Round or lob didn't matter a bit !
A threeer to leg and a cut for five,
Six to the " on " by a slashing drive ;
A wide and a three and a bye for two—
Ones and threes, and another six
That hit the pavilion and rattled the bricks.

The ball was a wandering Jew !
Oh ! there's a catch—'twill lose the match !
Who on the ball dare bet ?
We held our breath for life or death—
Dufferton missed it ! A wild " hurrah "
Burst from our lips and echoed far—
Only three runs to get !

Slinger was bowling—his aim was true,
But it cleared the bail of Bob Carew.
Longstop missed it—a twoer bye !
A maddening cheer proclaimed the Tie !
With heart in mouth, in hope and fear,
We still kept up that frenzied cheer,
The next ball sped on its fatal course,
Straight for the middle with awful force ;
Bob played forward—oh, horror ! he's
caught !

Slinger can reach it ! Quick as thought
He springs to the grasp ! He has it—he
trips—
The ball through his buttery fingers slips !
They run ! Hurrah ! Well done ! Well
run !
The battle is ended ! We've won ! We've
won !

Wild with excitement we rush on the
ground,
Some seized Harry, and some did carry
Bob on their shoulders. Never before
Did shouting swell such a mighty roar !
Never in annals of Highfield lore
Shall be forgotten their splendid score !
Bob got 30, and Stevenson
Made 121 !

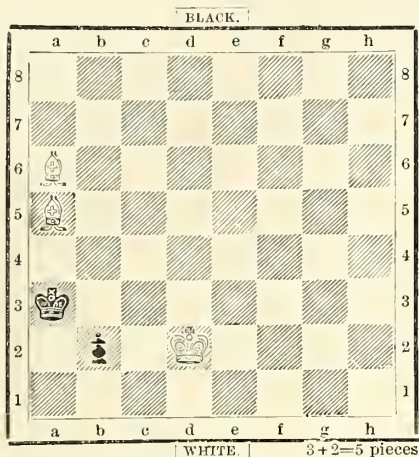
Oh ! it was grand, their splendid stand !
Spread it abroad by sea and land ;
Bear it afar over land and sea
On thy white wings, oh, " B.O.P. ! "
Victory's wreath did crown our play !
Long live the fame of that glorious day !
Never the memory fade away
Of that famous match on the twelfth of
May !

CHESS.

(Continued from page 544.)

Problem No. 206.

By J. C. WEST.



White to play, and win.

VON DER LASA.

Baron T. von Heydebrand und der Lasa, the celebrated Editor of Bilguer's Handbuch des Schachspiels, has been staying in New Zealand and Australia, and played two games with our correspondent C. W. Benbow, of Wellington, Chess Editor of the New Zealand Mail, of which we reproduced the Ruy Lopez game. Von der Lasa occupied a most eminent position among the chess players of the fourth and fifth decades of this century, and he was the leader of the famous Berlin school of players, playfully known as the Pleiades, or Seven Stars of Berlin, which consisted, in addition to himself, of Dr. L. Bledow, C. Schorn, B. Horwitz, C. Mayet, W. Hanstein, and P. R. von Bilguer. Lasa was born October 17, 1818, is the youngest of the "Seven" and now the only survivor. B. Horwitz, the celebrated author of end-games, died in London in August 1885. J. Mendheim is sometimes mentioned as one of the Pleiades, but he was the founder of the Berlin School of chess.

WHITE.	BLACK.
C. W. Benbow.	Von der Lasa.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3. B—Kt 5	Kt—B 3 (a)
4. Castles	Kt × P
5. R—K sq. (b)	Kt—B 3
6. Kt × P	Kt × Kt
7. R × Kt (ch.)	B—K 2

8. Q—K sq.	P—Q B 3
9. B—R 4	P—Q 3
10. R—K 2	B—K 3
11. P—Q 3	Castles
12. Kt—Q B 3	P—Q 4
13. B—Q 2	B—Q 3
14. P—K R 3 (c)	P—Q R 4
15. P—Q R 3 (d)	B—Q B 2
16. P—K B 4	Q—Q Kt sq.
17. Q—R 4	B—Q sq.
18. Q—B 2	P—Q Kt 4
19. B—Kt 3	P—R 5
20. B—R 2	B—Kt 3
21. B—K 3	B × B
22. Q × B	P—Kt 5
23. Kt—Q sq.	P—Kt 6
24. P × P	P × P
25. B—Kt sq.	R—R 5
26. P—Q 4	K R—K sq.
27. Q—B 2	Q—Kt 3
28. R—Q 2	B—Q 2
29. Kt—B 3	Q R—R sq. (e)
30. B—Q 3	Kt—K 5
31. B × Kt (f)	P × B
32. Q—K 3	P—K B 4
33. Q R—K sq.	Q R—Q Kt sq.
34. Kt—Q R 4	Q—R 4
35. Kt—B 5	B—K 3
36. Q R—Q B sq.	Q—Kt 4
37. R—Q B 3 (g)	B—Q 4
38. Kt—Q 7	R—Q R sq.
39. K R—Q sq.	R—R 2
40. Kt—K 5	P—Kt 3
41. K R—Q B sq. (h)	R—K 3
42. Kt—B 4	R—Q Kt 2

And the game was given up as drawn.

NOTES.

- (a) The Berlin Defence, which is now very popular.
- (b) P to Q 4 might just as well have followed.
- (c) This shuts the Q B out of the game as much as possible, and permits the advance of P to K B 4 at the proper time.
- (d) This prevents the loss of the B, as Black's 18th and 19th moves will show.
- (e) R to B 5 would have lost the exchange by B to Q 3, etc.
- (f) If the Kt had taken, then the black P would have become dangerous.
- (g) Had White captured B with Kt, and followed it up with R to B 5, he would have won the K B P at once, and the K P a little later on.
- (h) Kt × B P, B × Kt ; P to Q 5 might have followed with good results.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

THE BEE WORLD.—Successful bee-keeping is far more of an art, not to say science, than poultry-farming or any other fancy we give hints upon. It is on this account that we earnestly advise our bee-boys to possess themselves of a good handbook on the subject, unless they happen to have the back numbers of this paper containing the articles on Bees.

Any bookseller could recommend such a book ; but it must not be a mere sixpenny thing, but a manual with some sense and substance in it.

It is well to tell you at once that unless you do make bee-keeping a study you will never get pleasure or profit either out of the hobby ; but, if well followed out, no fancy pays better. We have

known boys take to it with a very great flourish of trumpets, and get no end of new-fangled apparatus, for which they spent no end of money, go on for a time, then get tired or bothered or forgetful or what not, and allow their bees to go to the dogs. And we have known others begin with a good old-fashioned straw skep or two, and with a little thoughtfulness and care, and a little study of the bees and their comforts, do very well indeed.

Well, then, whether you procure a mammal or not, you ought at all events to pay a few visits to the bee-farms of your neighbours, and get them to put you up to a wrinkle or two. You will learn more from ocular demonstration in five minutes than you would from a week's reading. But having seen things, and having had things explained to you, you will be in a proper position to understand what you do read.

Now, if you want to go in for bees, go and see bee-hives, and ask a lot about them. You will be told that there are two kinds of these, the old-fashioned skep, with fixed combs, and the more manageable frame-comb hives. The flat-topped skep is the best, and also the cheapest.

Perhaps in this month of June you have managed to secure a swarm in an empty hive from some neighbour. Well, do not run away with the idea that your bees are going to get wise and prosperous all at once. The weather may be fine, but it may be quite the reverse, so you must feed regularly, else there will not be a sufficiency of wax secreted, combs will not be built, and the whole economy of the hive is retarded. So the plan advised by the best authorities is to give food till plenty of comb is formed, and this too in good weather as well as bad. After this, feeding will still be needed during inclement days.

There are various plans of feeding; these you must learn, and adopt the best or the easiest—little stick troughs, for instance—as suits you.

The food generally used for swarms is a syrup made by boiling about two pounds of lump-sugar to a pint or rather over of pure water, and adding, while it is still boiling, half an ounce of vinegar.

Another thing you must learn all about, almost at once, is the use of the supers or top hives, and we may add the drone-trap. But we advise you to ask your mentor now to dispense with this, as it is an expensive bit of refinement.

THE POULTRY RUN.—You might still set some fowls, for cockerels, if only ordinary, would do for the pot; while pullets, if of the correct stamp and

strain, would come in for spring or winter laying. We might as well remind you here that pedigree or breed alone does not always secure good layers, and that you should try if possible to get eggs to set from a good laying strain; then, by giving the fowls plenty of non-fattening food, and letting them have free exercise to pick up on the grass whatever they choose, you will be sure of eggs.

You will be by this time in a position to know which birds to keep and which to send to pot or market. If you have a book from which to judge the points, so much the better; if not, you should take advice; only keep the best, and beware not to overstock.

Vermín in poultry is sometimes troublesome about this time of year. Re-whitewash your fowl-run, clean out and renew your dust-bath, putting plenty of sulphur in it. A little blue ointment may be smeared under the wings, or on the neck and rump, of the fowls plagued with vermin.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Breeding will be proceeding apace; and, as the weather may soon be exceedingly warm, you had better see that everything about the loft is in tip-top order; that your food is the best, and not too hard; that the fountains are always kept filled, and that plenty of air and sunshine find their way inside the loft and aviary.

The bath should be placed in the aviary now about three times a week, in the forenoon. Do not leave any slop about. Sweep up, and do not forget to put down more gravel.

Pigeons in dovescots will look after themselves in the matter of green food, but aviary birds need seeing to in this respect.

THE AVIARY.—Troubles and trials are sure to come, especially to young beginners. We have heard boys say at the end of a season, "Well, I've had no luck; one thing or another went wrong; birds died; cock ate the eggs; hens sweated the young ones; and everything was higgledy-piggledy." "But," we would reply, "everything would not have gone higgledy-piggledy if you yourself had not been higgledy-piggledy in the first instance." And we can assure our readers that a lad's luck in any fancy is of his own making.

Your birdies, when first hatched, will be very wee and helpless-looking; but, if the mother be healthy and strong, she will feed well, and they speedily grow. If there be not daily progress in growth, you

can feed now and then yourself with a morsel of hard-boiled egg made soft with a drop of water.

If the hen is doing well by her progeny, and they are thriving, all you need do is to keep her egg-and-bread-crumbs trough well replenished. We generally give the receipt as one of egg and two of biscuit-crumbs, but it may often be better to make it equal parts. And add a little maw-seed now and then, and crushed hemp. So much depends on your own common-sense in noticing how things are going.

See that the hen's claws are not too long, or she may throw the birds out of the nest.

By the way, do not forget groundsel, or lettuce, or chickweed. But it must always be fresh, and fresh every morning.

THE RABBITRY.—Keep extra clean as the weather gets warmer. Leave no roots smelling about. Nothing is more likely to breed disease. Beware of leakage. Your hutches will be out of doors, and the rabbits may have young, so everything should be dry and quiet. Let nothing or nobody near the hutches to cause fright or annoyance.

Collect bedding to store for autumn and winter, and see that it is free from dust. Make it into hay in the sunshine, and store it in a clean, dry place.

THE KENNEL.—See that the dog has his food regularly, and an abundance of water not placed in the sun. Let him bathe when he wants to; dry him down before he goes into his bed. Give plenty of exercise, but beware of over-running, or over-exciting him in the sunshine. Never run a dog—whatever be his breed—far behind either a cart or cycle.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Be guided by the weather as to watering, only give plenty when you are about it. Do not water in the sunshine; it chills either plant or flower, and to chill is often to kill. Weeds will run to seed now if you do not watch them, and one sow-thistle or two or three bits of seeding groundsel will overflow a garden. French beans may still be planted. Look after your potatoes, and plant "kail" for the coming winter wherever you have a bit of vacant ground. Keep the hoe going.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Annuals, such as tropeolum, may be transplanted to where they are wanted to bloom. Some of them make a very gorgeous autumn show. Finish bedding-out. If you are not too rich in geraniums, do not forget that dwarf asters may take their place, either in beds or window-boxes.



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I am,

Yours Truly
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23	42.16	29	43.01	34	44.27	39	46.00	44	48.52	49	52.72
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6	199.58	6	199.06	6	198.54	6	197.92	6	197.10	6	195.00
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9	327.97	9	327.13	9	326.89	9	326.80	9	324.82	9	321.50
10	374.82	10	373.89	10	373.62	10	373.78	10	370.90	10	366.88
11	423.88	11	423.89	11	422.54	11	422.27	11	419.36	11	414.86
12	475.28	12	474.24	12	473.05	12	473.09	12	469.51	12	463.93
13	529.15	13	528.09	13	526.39	13	525.14	13	520.96	13	514.55
14	585.64	14	584.59	14	582.14	14	581.00	14	576.36	14	569.02
15	644.90	15	643.72	15	641.42	15	639.00	15	634.33	15	627.67
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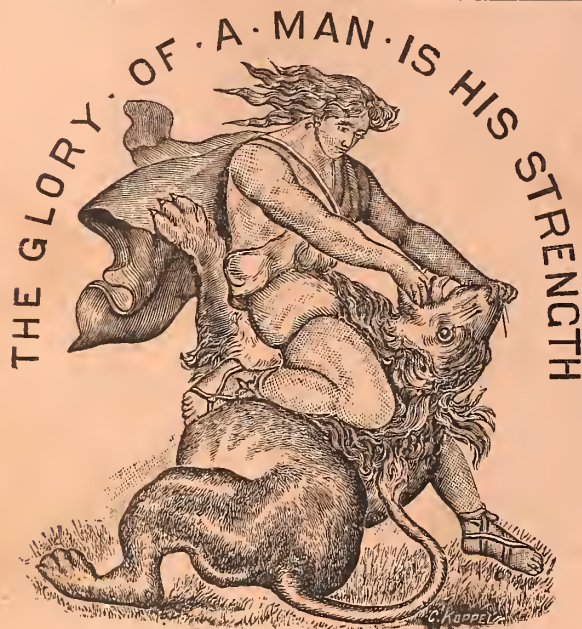
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